THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 196. Number 40

APR. 5, 1924

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Fou lin

Norman Rockwell

F. Britten Austin—George Weston—Sewell Ford—F. Scott Fitzgerald
Richard Matthews Hallet—Sam Hellman—Felix Isman—Hugh Wiley

Energy to meet the languid moods of Spring

An insistent need so often neglected—yet so easily filled!

Eager, expectant, we wait for Spring, the perfect season. Yet when it comes, do we enjoy it fully?

So often languid moods come creeping over us, withholding full enjoyment of all Spring's new delights. We lag along, seemingly incapable of energetic action.

In grown-ups and children alike this condition is due to the fact that one great insistent need is unsatisfied—the need for energy! To overcome the lassitude of Spring, this basic need must be filled abundantly.

A food to meet your need for energy

The natural source of energy is, of course, food. What you must have just now is food known to be very rich in energy. More than that, it must be so simple and easy to digest that you get every bit of this energy quickly, without wasting any in hard, extra work of digestion.

One favorite food provides this very combination of qualities—Cream of Wheat! Wonderfully rich in energy, yet it imposes no extra tax upon digestion.

Send coupon for FREE booklet

Cream of Wheat Company, Dept. 1-A
Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Please send me, FREE, your recipe booklet, "Thirty Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."

Name_____

Address_____

Baked Apples with Cream of Wheat

Wash, core and remove about half the center of four apples, fill with cooked Cream of Wheat which has been buttered and slightly sweetened, add raisins. Sprinkle with sugar and bake until tender (about twenty minutes). Serve hot or cold with cream

For Cream of Wheat is made of the heart of the best hard wheat—that part richest in energy elements which scientists call carbohydrates. And these, of all food substances, are most easily and quickly digested.

Many foods, of course, are rich in energy. And many others are easy to digest. But the combination—high energy, quickly released for use, at so little cost to digestion—in this Cream of Wheat fills a great necessity!

And with these practical food values, it also affords great enjoyment in the variety of new delightful ways of serving it. For in addition to serving it as the always welcome breakfast cereal, you can use Cream of Wheat in so many tempting dishes—dainty desserts, meat and vegetable dishes, cold and hot.

Recipes for these new dishes are collected in a booklet. We also have, for mothers, a new booklet of information on feeding babies and children. Both are free; check coupon below.

Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
In Canada, made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

© 1924, C. of

ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

The Chatham is the type of suit favored by millions of America's best dressed men. It is in good taste for any everyday purpose. It conforms to the newer style in its generous lines, without going to extremes. Made of substantial all-wool fabrics, in rich blues, browns, greys and other colors, in the preferred patterns.

The Adler Collegian dealer in your community has The Chatham and other Spring models in Suits and Topcoats at moderate prices. Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70.

Consider *the* Vest

While the vest is not often displayed by gentlemen, yet, as in other more-or-less concealed garments, true quality is necessary for good appearance and comfort.

There are ten or a dozen places in a vest where materials and workmanship can be varied to turn out a good vest—or one which had best be described as "not so good." For instance:

Adler Collegian inside vest foundations are made of high-grade wigan. The foundations of some vests are made of heavily starched wigan. When the starch falls out, the vest front forever-after wrinkles.

The bottom of the Adler Collegian vest, the back and the armhole linings, are turned under for neat appearance. Many vests are not so carefully finished, for this care costs a little more in manufacturing.

The front and neck of an Adler Collegian vest are cut in one piece for better service and better appearance. Some vests have fronts and necks cut in two pieces. It then is possible to use scraps for making the neckpiece.

Even in vest buckles, there is a difference. We use oxidized metal buckles and double-stitch them to the straps. Ordinary iron buckles cost less, but they rust.

So it goes. We shrink our woolens in cold water. Steam shrinking is cheaper for the manufacturer—but not for you. For your coat foundation we use pure, Irish all-linen canvas—loose-woven cotton canvas can be bought at one-third the price. Every major Adler Collegian seam is securely sewn with new silk thread. Costs could be cut by using old, brittle thread or cotton thread. To insure the fit, we attach coat collars by hand. Machine work costs less.

Buy good clothes—clothes worth what they cost. We don't believe you can get good clothes for less than the moderate prices asked for Adler Collegians.

If there is no Adler Collegian dealer in your town, we shall be glad to send you the name of one near you.

DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX COATS FOR WOMEN FOR SPRING

THERE are rare and exclusive fabrics from the world's greatest looms The weavers have gone to the famous museums for inspiration Beautiful Bombay and Sanskrit traceries; artistic foreign motifs; quaint crochet and cross stitch weaves, hopsack and homespuns

The colors creep into patterns / droll plaids, chic chequers, new stripes in tufted, curled and nubbed effects, classic screened designs and marble blends with all the rich soft tones predominating Many are airily furred

The lines fall in slim, straight silhouettes; in new three-quarter length coats; in colorful sport coats, motor coats, afternoon and evening coats; for every need a woman has It's a remarkable showing You'll find exactly the coat you like

Write for a Style Book - Chicago or New York

Copyright, 1924, Hart Schaffner & Marx

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1924, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 196 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., APRIL 5, 1924 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 40

LABOR ARRIVES IN ENGLAND

By F. Britten Austin

WHEN I wrote the article Will Labor Rule Britain? for the October thirteenth issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST last year, few people in England, including the Socialists themselves, expected to see a Labor-Socialist administration at Westminster in a period of less than from three to five years. The improbable has occurred, and the attention of the whole world is focused upon the phenomenon with an uneasy curiosity. The control of the nerve center of the world-wide British Empire by a party whose fundamental principle is "the gradual supersession of the capitalist system by an industrial and social order based on the public ownership and democratic control of the instruments of production and distribution," and which has explicitly surrendered its autonomy in foreign affairs to an alien Socialist Internationale, contains possibilities to which no nation on the globe can be indifferent. In every country subversive revolutionaries, mindful of the Marxian slogan so desperately reiterated by the Moscow Bolsheviks, "The world revolution can only begin in England," are asking themselves with a fiercely eager anticipation, "Is this the beginning of the British revolution?" And both in Great Britain and outside, nervously apprehensive honest citizens have been asking themselves the same question. To which the answer at once is, "Not yet." It may—or may not—be the prologue; it certainly is not the first act.

COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Ramsay Macdonald, Prime Minister of England, Accompanied by His Daughters, Joan (Left) and Ishbel, Taking His First Stroll Through the Beautiful Grounds of Chequers, the Official Country Residence of the Prime Minister

But nevertheless, this Labor-Socialist government established in Great Britain, no matter how impotent it is at the moment to put its pet social theories into practice, and no matter how short a time it lasts, is bound to have immense reactions upon the very delicately sensitive and closely interwoven international polity in which all the nations of the earth dwell together in this twentieth century. At the time this article is written, except for the *de jure* recognition of the Soviet Government, to which they were compelled by a thousand pledges, the new government has committed no definite act for criticism or approbation. This article is merely an attempt to estimate, by a survey of the conditions of its being, the probabilities of its future actions and reactions.

The potentialities of the British political situation can be correctly gauged only if the circumstances in which the Socialists achieved power are borne in mind. Those circumstances are highly adventitious; they may not recur for a generation—and perhaps never.

In October of last year the Conservative government, possessing a compact majority of seventy-six over all comers, seemed safe almost indefinitely. The Liberals—Asquithians and Lloyd Georgians—were bitterly divided by personal factions. Labor had made a tactical mistake with its clamor for the demonstrable fallacy of a capital levy, and, as Mr. Arthur Henderson, chief whip of the Labor Party, told me when collecting material for my article of October thirteenth, neither expected nor desired power for five years. Mr. Baldwin, agreeably press-agented as the simple honest man with the democratic pipe in his mouth, had only to continue to steer the ship of state on that course of tranquillity which Mr. Bonar Law had promised the electorate in 1922—a promise to which the electorate had responded by putting the Conservative Party in office for the first time since 1906.

Suddenly, in November, for reasons that are still a subject of controversy, Mr. Baldwin threw over his inherited policy of tranquillity and announced that he had been converted to the conviction that only a system of protectionist tariffs could solve the unemployment problem in Great Britain; that this was his personal policy, and that as an honest man he was going to ask the country to release him from the pledge given by Mr. Bonar Law that no contentious fiscal legislation should be introduced by the Conservative Party. In other words, for some urgent motive undisclosed—since no tariff scheme had been thought out and therefore could not in any case be applied for many months—he was going to force an immediate and apparently wantonly unnecessary general election. The suspicion that the tariff question was merely a pretext is intensified by the fact that all through the summer of 1923 Mr. Baldwin was trying hard to persuade the ex-Liberal cabinet minister, Mr. McKenna, one of the dyed-in-the-wool champions of free trade, to become his Chancellor of the Exchequer; and the suddenness of this *volte-face* was very freely and pointedly commented upon in the press. What was the real reason for this feverishly hasty appeal to the democratic gods?

An explanation, put forward with some show of authority, is that just at that moment Mr. Lloyd George was on the ocean, returning from the United States, where his political stock had made a startling recovery from the slump into which it had fallen in England, and that secret information came to Mr. Baldwin of a sensational *coup de théâtre* meditated by the Welsh wizard. Mr. Lloyd George, according to this alleged information, intended on his arrival in England to steal the thunder of the Conservative Party by proclaiming that the prosperity of America had converted him to a tariff policy of imperial preference as the only solution for the economic problems of the empire.

Everything and anything is possible with Mr. Lloyd George; but the first thing he did on landing at Southampton was to make a speech in which he affirmed his unshakable adherence to the Liberal doctrine of free trade. If such rumors as to his protectionist

intentions did in fact reach Mr. Baldwin, it is possible that the astute Mr. Lloyd George launched them himself with the object of making the naïve Mr. Baldwin jump before he looked. According to the story, Mr. Baldwin jumped instanter—forestalling the redoubtable and smiling Mr. Lloyd George, then still on the Atlantic, by a speech at Plymouth in which he committed himself and his party to vague unspecified tariffs and a rush election. Simultaneously and eagerly, his party organizers assured him that such an election would catch the Labor Party with empty coffers and probably diminish their unwelcome representation in the House of Commons. That is the story that has perhaps obtained most credence.

The real reason, one may suspect, lies deeper. It is a reason that has its roots in the unhappy Irish business of the past and that vital problem of the present and the future—Great Britain's attitude to France. The apparent homogeneity of the Conservative Party was only apparent; behind the imposing façade of its parliamentary majority was a deep and widening fissure. One of the wedges was a purely personal matter. Two of the most important and most able of the Conservative leaders, Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, had, while ministers in the Coalition government, put their signatures to that establishment of the Irish Free State on which the electorate of Great Britain was never consulted and which a large section of the British public still considers was a betrayal of its interests and its honor—delighted to be rid of the Irish troubles though it is.

For the most influential section of the Conservative Party those two politicians were henceforward beyond the pale, nevermore to be admitted to leadership. For another section, however, their talents were too valuable to be wasted, and that section was perpetually intriguing to get them back and replace the not particularly inspiring Mr. Baldwin with one of them—Mr. Austen Chamberlain for choice. This was one source of weakness in the Conservative Party, constantly vitiating Mr. Baldwin's authority as Prime Minister.

Mr. Sidney Webb, President of Board of Trade

Conservative Geeing and Hawing

THE other—the question of France—was far more important. One section of the Conservative Party, represented by the London Times, was profoundly uneasy at the rapidly increasing military preponderance of France on the Continent. To another, equally powerful, the idea of breaking with Britain's staunch wartime ally for the possible benefit of a fraudulent Germany that was perhaps merely playing 'possum was repugnant in the extreme. This view was voiced day in and day out by the syndicated press of Lord Rothermere, with Hats Off to France as its slogan. The pull-devil-pull-baker struggle between these two sections of the Conservative Party had become intensified since the French invasion of the Ruhr, and all through the summer of 1923 the preponderance of first one then the other was reflected in that vacillating and self-contradictory policy of the British Government which evoked the amused contempt of Europe.

Every week, almost, Mr. Baldwin made haste to unsay what he had said the week before. It was obvious that such a state of things could not endure. Very soon Great Britain must—and must still—define her attitude to France. Mr. Baldwin felt himself to be the leader of the Conservative Party only on sufferance; he had succeeded to Mr. Bonar Law merely because he was supposed to be an innocuous sort of person, amenable to pressure, and exciting none of the fierce disruptive passions that the appointment of Lord Curzon or Mr. Austen Chamberlain, otherwise designate, would have unleashed. It is possible that Mr. Baldwin thought in November that if the country gave him a majority on a policy admittedly personal to himself he would at least be able to take up a consistent attitude with regard to France. As it was, his position was becoming intolerable. What minor circumstances combined to make him think that he had arrived at the strategically favorable moment are not likely to be divulged. The clear fact is that he took the plunge.

From the point of view of the Conservative Party, it was a mad plunge to disaster. The whole of the syndicated newspapers of Lord Rothermere, nominally Conservative furiously attacked Mr. Baldwin in pursuance of the Rothermere policy of championing M. Poincaré, and the syndicated newspapers of Lord Beaverbrook joined in the chorus of abuse for less immediately discoverable reasons. The effect was to deprive the Conservative Party of any support among the popular press—for the British workingman reads neither the Times nor the Morning Post. The issue Protection versus Free Trade made a present to the two factions of the Liberal Party of the only formula on which they could reunite; and the economically hard-pressed population of the British Isles, 80 per cent dependent for subsistence on sea-borne imports, can be stampeded on a cry of dear food more quickly than on any other.

But the Labor Party was anything but optimistic. Its fighting funds had not recovered from the election of the previous year. Its battle cries of the capital levy and the nationalization of railways, mines and land had failed to evoke any general enthusiasm among the people.

The result startled everybody. On the day prior to the election, the generally accepted forecast was that the Conservative Party would probably return with a majority of about thirty over all comers, and an immense business was done on the London Stock Exchange in a gamble on majorities at this average figure. It was thought that the Liberals would probably win enough seats from Labor to replace the Labor Party as the official opposition and Labor would be further from power than ever. Actually the Conservative Party, which, at the dissolution on November sixth, left the House of Commons with 343 members and an over-all majority of 76, returned with 257 and an under-all minority of 101. The united Liberals increased their strength to 158 as against 118. The Labor Party jumped from 142 to 192. It was still therefore the second strongest party, and it was immediately obvious that if the Liberals combined with it to vote the Conservatives out of office it must constitutionally be invited to form a government.

The Why of Labor's Victory

AT FIRST sight it would appear that this dramatic downfall of the Conservatives could only be the result of some great revulsion of popular feeling. It was not the case, however, and the fact must be borne in mind in estimating the future. The total vote was more than 14,500,000. Out of that, the Conservatives polled only 27,126 less than in the election of 1922. Labor polled 194,550 more and the Liberals registered an increase of 147,815. The heterogeneous independent candidates provided most of this with a net decrease of 201,244, and new electors made up the balance. The British system lends itself to such vagaries of final representation, particularly when, as in the last election, there is a great number of three-cornered fights. Here is the tabulation of the results:

PARTY	VOTES CAST		SEATS IN PARLIAMENT	
	1922	1923	1922	1923
Conservative	5,554,648	5,527,522	347	257
Labor	4,236,733	4,431,283	142	192
Liberal	4,130,613	4,278,428	118	158
Others	466,664	265,420	8	8

PHOTOS. COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Premier Macdonald and the Prince of Wales at a Dinner in Honor of the American and British Ambassadors. Left to Right—Premier Macdonald, H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, Mr. Frank Kellogg, the New Ambassador to Great Britain; Lord Desborough, Who Presided, and Sir Esme Howard, the New British Ambassador to the United States

When the total results were announced, one thing only was clear—the Liberals held the balance of power. What would they do with it? During the election they had been at least as hostile to the Labor Party as the Conservatives, and had loudly advertised themselves as the only possible bulwark against a Socialist government. They could not consistently, therefore, put a Socialist government into power a day or two later. But vindictive personal feelings—at least, so it is generally believed—on the part of their now more or less amicably reunited leaders, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George,

(Continued on Page 221)

THE RAWLEY STEEPLECHASE

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

YOU might have thought that Jedson Phillips would have looked out of place in the dining room of that London hotel. He didn't though. It is true that he had been born and bred in Montana, and knew infinitely more about horses than he knew about *hors d'œuvres*, but strange to say, he didn't stalk into the dining room wearing a pair of hair pants or start his breakfast by throwing a lasso over the nearest waiter and calling out, "Rustle me out some grub, pardner—something tasty that I can throw my lip over quick—or there's going to be a dead waiter round here, savvy? For I'm wild and woolly and full of fleas, and I shoot up waiters when I damn well please!"

Oh, nothing like that! As a matter of fact, Jed was in a dark serge which fitted him better than most men in that room had been fitted; and although he was taller than many of them, and had been tanned by the weather until his eyes looked bluer than they really were, there was little to distinguish him from the other young men in the room, unless perhaps it was the somewhat moody frown upon his face as he walked across the room behind the head waiter.

They stopped at a table which overlooked the Thames—a table for which Americans usually paid a nice tip—and there he was given over to an ordinary waiter who looked as though in his younger days he might have been an actor, an orator or a learned undertaker—a sort of William Jennings Bryan with a haircut.

"Breakfast or lunch, sir?" inquired this one, with a respectful smile.

"You speak wisely, Jeames," said Jed, looking at the clock by the side of the desk, a dignified old affair which returned Jed's glance with a ten-to-twelve expression. "It's late for one and hardly time for the other. So what do you say if we compromise?"

He did this by ordering oysters on the half shell and a small steak, and then returned to his reflections.

"Of all the rotten luck ——" he began to himself.

This, however, was largely youth's hyperbole. It is true again that Jed had come all the way to London to see a man on business—a very important man and a very important business, as you will presently see. But when Jed had reached London the previous afternoon and had presented himself at the hotel where Mr. Peter Davidson had been staying, he had learned that Mr. Peter Davidson was on the Continent, wouldn't be back for three weeks and couldn't be reached in the meantime. So what it all amounted to was this: Jed Phillips was in London in the month of May, with twenty-one days on his hands; and although, to be sure, he didn't have any too much money, at least he had enough—if he were prudent.

He was halfway through his steak when he noticed Miss Graham at the table behind the pillar. No one ever tipped for the table behind the pillar; hence it had become a natural resting place for little old ladies, unaccompanied. Miss Graham was a retired school-teacher. She had taught history, geography, English and French for twenty-seven years in the Plainfield High, and was now fulfilling the dream of her life in seeing at last some of the things which she had taught so long. She and Jed had sat at the same table on the boat coming over; and although at first he had frowned to himself because she wasn't a beautiful young girl whose name frequently figured in the New York society news—he had certainly hoped to find some measure of romance on the trip—he had finally decided to make the best of what he had, and he and Miss Graham had become distinctly chummy.

On her way out she stopped at his table.

"Oh, you see the Thames here," she began, looking out.

"Yes," said Jed with a large manner, as though all these things had been arranged.

"Dave," said Jed, "Back Up. You're Going Too Strong, and You're Going Too Soon. Let's Get Acquainted. I'm No Wild Man, and I'm Not Betting Any Wild Money"

"Do you know where I'm going this afternoon?"

"To see the king," he gallantly guessed.

"No; I saw him this morning. This afternoon I'm going on a Dickens pilgrimage. I've a book here"—she took it out of her bag and waved it at him—"that tells all the places—where Mr. Pickwick stayed, where Bill Sikes lived, where Mr. Micawber had lodgings; and, do you know, I think some of the places are in the slums, and I'm so excited ——"

Jed didn't bite though. He had never been keen for Dickens. In literature he preferred raw meat—gunman stuff, cave-woman stuff, frozen-north stuff, sea stories with plenty of wrecks and mutinies in them, even crap stories where the hero pulls his trusty dice and knocks the villain cold.

"All the same, I've got to do something to kill time," he told himself when Miss Graham had gone at last; and beckoning the waiter, he said, "What's going on this afternoon, Egbert? Anything exciting?"

"Nothing very exciting in London, I'm afraid, sir," said the waiter with his respectful smile. "But if you would care to run out to Newberry you'll find some very good racing going on there, I believe. To tell you the truth, sir," he continued in a lower voice, "I have a few shillings on the fourth race myself—Pip-Pip to win."

As a matter of fact, although he didn't know it, Jed was nearly starving for excitement; and romance having been denied him, it was the most natural thing in the world that he should have turned to the horses on that particular afternoon of a London May.

Jed flattered himself that he knew a thing or two about man's noblest friend. He hadn't moved in equine circles practically all his life for nothing.

"Pip-Pip?" he repeated, looking at the waiter with growing interest. "What odds did you get?"

"I got ten to one, sir; but personally I think the 'orse 'as an even chance."

From which you may guess that the waiter's blood was warming, too—an *h* dropping every time his temperature went up a degree.

"I'll get you a time-table, if you like, sir," he added. "They have them at the booking office."

It was when he came back with the time-table that he saw the pocketbook on the floor by the side of Jed's table—a blue leather pocketbook with silver corners.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he said, picking it up, "but you may need this."

"Not mine," said Jed, and then he guessed. "It probably belongs to that little old lady who stopped to talk to me. She took a book out of her bag and I guess this dropped at the same time." Cautiously opening the clasp, he saw a neat sheaf of American money, buttered on one side with English notes. "Don't want that," he said, "but here's something."

He drew out a letter addressed "Miss Lavinia Graham" and showed it to the waiter.

"That's who it belongs to," he said. "I'll give it to the cashier at the desk and tell him to put it in the safe for her. I'll tell her you saw it first, and she'll probably give you something. Now what did you find about the trains?"

There was a special at 12:30—a nonstop train which did the sixty miles in the stolid English time of sixty minutes.

"You just have time to catch it, sir," said the waiter, "if you take a taxi to the Euston Station."

Then began a series of those confounded delays which sometimes dish the best laid plans. The man in the cloakroom was talking to someone else; then he had a hard time finding Jed's hat; then on the stairs three old ladies were holding the fort and looking as though the least jostle would throw them down for broken hips or fractured skulls, to say the least. So with one thing and another, when Jed reached the lobby he had eyes for nothing but the clock above the letter boxes and the clock stared back at him breathlessly from behind its fingers, which pointed at 12:21.

"Euston Station! Quick!" he said to the carriage starter. "I want to catch a 12:30 express!"

In the cab, Jed said to himself, "Pip-Pip. Darn these busses. I'll never make it now!"

He did, though, with half a minute to spare.

"Lucky!" he thought, catching his breath in a corner of a first-class carriage as the train pulled out.

Lucky? Heh! Later he was to kick himself whenever he thought of this.

II

AT THE track, Jed was a more conspicuous figure than he had been in the hotel dining room, which was largely the effect of his wide-brimmed hat. And yet the hat was becoming to him, accentuating his height and calling attention, perhaps, to the easy, slightly rolling gait of a man who has spent much of his time in the saddle.

"An American," whispered more than one as they passed him; yes, and more than one glance of passing admiration was leveled at him as he made his way around the stands—"getting the lay of the land," as he told himself. But just because they guessed he was an American you mustn't think that he kept saying aloud, "Well, I swanny to goodness! Dew tell! I want to know!" and biting off large pieces of eating tobacco. Jed did none of those things—neither swannied to goodness nor chewed tobacco—and once when he took off his hat to let the breeze blow through his hair, he looked remarkably like some of the other young men around him; young men who, like himself, had hunted and shot and ridden and lived out-of-doors as much as they could, and could tell a horse

As the Recital Proceeded, Jed's Visitor Grew Radiant With Interest, Saying "Oh!" and "Oh!"

from a handsaw at least nine times in ten. They had the same expression of easy confidence, for instance—a bit of the same godlike sureness of youth—and more than one had the same colored hair—which was the color of molasses candy—and the same beaky nose.

"Ah-h-h!" thought Jed, breathing in the air that blew over the distant woods as though he would never get enough. "This beats hanging around the hotel all day, listening to people get no mail."

The racing had not yet started; and the bookmakers were putting up their stools in front of the grand stand, arranging themselves in avenues and cross streets, up and down which the lovers of horseflesh could presently work their way, looking for bargains in odds and closing out sales in chances. Here and there an industrious bookie was already in business, barking out his figures and trying to give a hoarse note of excitement to an occasion which was not yet ready for it, but would be soon enough.

"Three to one on Golly Eyes! Two to one on Luxor! Three to one, bar one! Four to one on the field!"

The stands were filling, and the paddock too. Jed followed the latter movement and was in time to see the horses for the first race come out. One, a sleek chestnut, turned near him and for one brief moment man and horse looked at each other as the latter danced around.

"You're a beauty," thought Jed, noting the number. "I wouldn't be surprised if I put a ten spot on you."

He turned to see what else he could see, and found a dark, prematurely wizened little man in a gray derby smiling shrewdly at him.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said he, "but I see you have a good eye for a horse."

"What makes you think my eye is good when I look at a horse?" asked Jed.

"Because I saw you just now looking at the winner—Number Seventeen, Golly Eyes. Simply can't lose."

Like many young men who are shy with girls, Jed made friends easily with his own sex; and there is a freemasonry about horses which doesn't stand for formal barriers. Before the next minute was over, the little man in the gray derby had shown Jed a racing license by which it appeared that David Lloyd, the bearer, was a duly licensed jockey, authorized to appear in all sanctioned events for the year 19—— Unfortunately there was a blot over the last two figures, and the whole thing was done in such hurried confidence that Jed couldn't make sure whether the license had expired or not.

"So you see, sir," said friend David, still in his confidential undertone, "I ought to know whether a horse can run frontwards or backwards. So take my advice, sir, and put a bet on Golly Eyes; and whatever you do, sir, put a pound or two on her for me."

Jed didn't think much of that—thought it sounded pretty raw—but for one thing, he needed information; and for another thing, there was a worldly shrewdness about the little man in the gray derby which wasn't to be lightly disregarded.

"I may put a small bet on," he said, "but what do the bookies mean when they say, 'Three to one, bar one'? And what's four to one on the field? And what are those numbers being chalked on the sign up there?"

For the next few minutes he took an intensive lesson on the mysteries of the English turf; and when that was over he strolled into the betting ring and went to a bookie who was barking himself hoarse with, "Golly Eyes, three to one! Golly Eyes, three to one! Golly Eyes, three to one!"

"I'll bet five pounds at four to one," said Jed—this being one of the lessons which he had just learned.

"Three to one! Three to one! Golly Eyes, three to one!"

"Four to one," said Jed, starting to stroll away.

"Four to one, I'll go you! Give the gentleman a ticket, Dick, and mark it America. Five pounds on Golly Eyes at four to one. Two to one on Luxor!" he started barking again. "Three to one, bar one! Four to one on the field!"

"I must put this where I won't lose it," thought Jed, glancing at his ticket.

He was slipping it into the inside pocket of his coat when his fingers touched something unusual there.

"Hello," he thought. "What's this?"

He drew it out and found himself staring at a dark-blue article with silver corners.

"Good Lord!" he thought. "Miss Graham's pocketbook! I was in such a hurry to get away that I didn't turn it in!"

III

THERE are few things that cause such a satisfying thrill as the neck-and-neck finish of a good race in which the horse you have backed finally wins by a nose. At least Jed Phillips thought so when Golly Eyes won the first race by a few breathless inches. He went down into the ring with the air of a young man whose affairs are prospering and collected twenty-five pounds from a none too jovial bookie.

"Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, there you are, sir—and next time please let's have a little less grumbling at the odds."

"I know just how you feel," said Jed, not without sympathy.

He found Dave waiting for him in the paddock and slipped him four pounds. The shrewd little fellow took this apparently without moving a muscle, taking it somehow as a sophisticated bullfrog swallows a fly.

"Now for the next race I've got something good," he said. "I've just seen Beamer. Of course you've heard of Beamer. If anything happens to Donoghe, he'd be the richest-priced jockey in England. 'Dave,' he said, 'in this second race, play Kidney Bean right straight on the nose, and whatever you do, put a few pounds on for me.'"

Jed liked that less and less. The proceeding began to look to him like one of those houses which Jack built. He didn't mind the house so much, but he shied at the crumpled horn.

"What?" he asked. "Put a few pounds on for Beamer?"

"'Whatever you do,' he said," repeated Dave, "'put a few pounds on for me.'"

"And a pound for you as well?"

"A pound—or two. A few pounds for me, I should say—yes, sir."

"Dave," said Jed, "back up. You're going too strong, and you're going too soon. Let's get acquainted. I'm no wild man, and I'm not betting any wild money. Whenever I monkey around a buzz saw—which is another name for betting on horses—I always try to be safe and sane and conservative. Now let me tell you something. If I put a bet on Kidney Bean, I shall bet five pounds—no more and no less—four for myself and one for you; and if you think that isn't a fair proceeding all the way around, you can either find some other American friend, or I can find some other vegetable to bet on—whichever way you prefer."

"I see you know how many beans make five, sir," said Dave with a new respect. "And whatever strikes you as being fair is quite all right with me."

So Jed put five pounds on Kidney Bean, and lost it as easily as he won the other. Dave was waiting for him when he went back to the paddock; and having risked nothing himself, he was the soul of philosophy.

"Can't nail them every time, sir," he said, "or we'd all be millionaires in a week. And, anyhow, you may remember that it was Beamer's tip—not mine. But in the next race, the Hampton Hurdles, I've got a line on a very good thing—Stingaree," he added in a cautious whisper. "You can't go wrong, sir, if you put a few pounds on Stingaree."

But when the horses came in the paddock, Jed didn't think so much of Stingaree. For one thing, he showed too much white in his eye, and he interfered slightly with his hind feet. Jed's fancy turned to a roan mare with white star and stockings, whose powerful legs looked as though they could follow the cow that jumped the moon.

"Pretty heavy jockeys, aren't they?" he said to Dave.

"Gentlemen riders, sir. Sure to be a straight race, this. So if I was you, I think I'd go the limit on Stingaree."

"I wish I was on that roan," thought Jed.

But that, of course, was an idle wish; so he did the next best thing. He bet ten pounds on the roan and five on Stingaree. The roan won at six to one; and when the bookie paid him in pound notes there was such a wad that Jed's wallet wouldn't stay shut, but kept snapping open and threatening to lose the money. For greater safety, therefore, he creased his bill fold as tightly as he could and shut the whole business in Miss Graham's pocketbook.

"There!" he said, making his way toward the station when the last race was over. "I must have made over three hundred dollars, besides what I gave to Dave. Now if I can do as well tomorrow ——"

At the station he had to plow his way through a mob that was making for the third-class carriages.

"Pretty well broke, most of them," he thought, looking them over as well as he could. "Still, we can't all be lucky."

He remembered thinking of this after he had reached his hotel in London and found Miss Graham waiting for him in the lobby.

"I'm so glad you've come!" she exclaimed. "I began to think that something must have happened to you!"

"Not at all! Not at all!" Jed grandly assured her, his hand going to his pocket. "I can generally manage to take care of myself, thank you."

"You know, I hadn't been gone ten minutes when I missed my pocketbook," she continued, "and you can imagine how relieved I felt when I came running back and the waiter told me that you had turned it in at the cashier's desk."

Jed was beginning to sweat.

"Yes, that's right," he said, his hand going to another pocket.

"Of course I went right straight to the cashier; but this is the funny thing—the cashier said that no pocketbook had been turned in."

"No, that's right," said Jed, who was now beginning to feel in his pockets two at a time. "I didn't have time to turn it in. I had to catch a train. So I took it with me."

By that time he had reached the stage of threshing his pockets with the flat of his hands, and you ought to have seen the look of growing horror on his face.

"You—you haven't lost it!" gasped Miss Graham, reading the signs at last.

He swallowed hard, but in the end he had to tell her.

"I'm 'fraid I have," he said, with something like a groan. "Anyhow—anyhow it's gone!"

IV

THEY went into a corner to talk it over, Jed still feeling in pockets which he had already explored a dozen times and gradually perceiving that Miss Graham was the least little bit suspicious of him.

"The waiter said you were going to the races," she said.

"Yes," said Jed, feebly, threshing away.

"It was very strange," she continued, her lips slightly trembling, "that you didn't turn my pocketbook in at the desk before you went to the races."

He tried to keep himself from noticing that.

"I've lost all mine too," he said. "I'm just as badly off as you are. Was there—was there very much in your pocketbook, Miss Graham?"

"About six hundred dollars in American money and twenty pounds in English money. And—and it was all I have, and—and I can't even buy a ticket home now!"

"Any traveler's checks?" he asked.

"No; the money was in twenty-dollar bills. I—I've never traveled before, and it seemed to me that I would be just as likely to lose the checks as I would be to lose the money."

Her tears were dangerously near, so near that Jed began to guess that the lost pocketbook had contained practically all the liquid assets that little Miss Graham had in the world—a guess which was at least partly confirmed by her next remark.

"Why, this is dreadful!" she hysterically exclaimed, as though another slant of the situation had suddenly occurred to her. "I only have a few pennies left in my purse. I won't even be able to pay my hotel bill!"

Fortunately Jed was somewhat better off. In the watch pocket of his trousers were a few folded bills. He straightened these out and found that they amounted to six pounds.

"Here, you take these," he said. "They'll keep you going a few days—till I get the other back."

"What I can't understand," she said, now openly tearful, "is why you didn't turn it in at the desk, especially after you had told the waiter that you were going to."

"That's all right, Miss Graham," he gravely assured her. "Please don't think that I'm enjoying this. I accepted the responsibility of looking after your money and I'm going to see that you get it back—every penny. Please make yourself easy about that. Now if I were you I think I'd go to my room—people are beginning to look—and I'll go out and get things started."

When she had gone he surreptitiously counted his loose change and found that he had exactly seven shillings in the world.

"Good night! Good night!" he sadly mourned.

Of course he could report his loss to the police, but something told him that this would be an empty proceeding, echoing like a vacant sea shell and serving chiefly to make none-too-pleasant headlines resound in the morning papers: "American Wins and Loses at Race Track"—"American Visitor Entertains Pickpocket"—"American Fails to Hold His Gains ——"

"It's bad enough as it is, without having them laughing at me," he thought. "Some crook must have seen me stuffing that money in my wallet, and he followed me and got it while I was struggling through that crowd at the station. The only thing for me to do now ——"

At that he paused, for truth to tell he didn't know what was the only thing for him to do. He remembered then that while searching his pockets he had come across David Lloyd's card at least a dozen times. He took it out again and read the address—285 Beaufort Road, Putney.

"Of course it wasn't Dave," he thought, "but I could go and see him. Maybe he recognized some of the crooks who might have done it, and he may be able to put me wise to something."

The hall man, resplendent in knee breeches and wine-colored broadcloth, told him how to reach Putney. You could either taxi or you could take Bus Number 26 as far as it went and walk the rest of the way.

Jed took the bus. As they rolled along the Strand a deep-toned clock pealed out the hour of eight.

"Old Bow Bells," said a visitor on the next seat.

"It may be Old Bow Bells to you," thought Jed, "but it sounds more like a funeral to me."

V

DAVE wasn't at home. "If he's not back by eleven," said his sharp-looking wife, "he'll stay in Newberry all night. No trouble, I hope?"

"No trouble for Dave, if that's what you mean," said Jed; and after a few moments' moody thought, he added, "I'll take a walk and be back at eleven. If he comes in tell him it was Mr. Phillips who was asking for him—the man who was with him at Newberry today."

But Dave wasn't back by eleven, and Jed started slowly back for the bus line. It was a thinly settled neighborhood, more country than city, and there was just enough moon in the sky to act as aid to mournful reflections.

"I've got to get some money somehow," thought Jed for the twentieth time. "I've got to stay in London long enough to see Mr. Davidson, and I've got to get enough to pay Miss Graham back. Of course there's quite a few people at home that I could write to—maybe for twenty dollars or so—but it would take nearly a month to get it, and when it got here it would only be a pup to do a bulldog's work. No, sir; I've got to get a real live bunch of money, and I've got to get it quick."

His reflections had brought him to a bridge over the Thames and he stopped there for a time, partly to look and listen to the water, and partly to call himself new names. The road that crossed the bridge was evidently a main thoroughfare, and for miles in the distance he could see the occasional hazy glow of headlights picking out the telegraph wires or shining on the trees. Now and then a car rumbled over the bridge, and sometimes Jed turned to look at it; but more often he kept his eyes on the river, gloomily indifferent to how much of the world went by.

"Pretty soft for some people," he told himself once. "I used to think that I'd have a good car and everything, but I'm lucky to have the price of a bus ride." He caught at the word then and gave it a good, round hiss. "Lucky! S-s-s-s-s!" he scoffed. "If I'd only been the least bit luckier I would have lost my teeth as well."

The sound of a distant car roaring along with its muffler open caused him to turn then.

"Some speed!" he thought, watching the headlights swooping nearer. For a blinding second or two the lamps shone upon him like two spotlights illuminating a figure of Tragedy, and then the car was on the bridge. Simultaneously a sound like a shot rang out; and the car, screeching in protest against its brakes, slued over to the right and came to a stop not a dozen feet from Jed, its lights again upon him. It was a ginger-colored speedster, and Jed could almost feel its heat from where he stood.

"Damn!" exclaimed the driver of the car; and jumping out of the seat, he strode around to the front to look at the damage. As he bent over, the light shone upon him, and if you had been there then it would probably have struck you how much this scorching driver looked like Jed before his fall. Mind you, they weren't as much alike as two peas in a pod. Nothing like that. No two men are. But they had the same height and build, the same colored hair and blue eyes, the same air of assurance and beaky nose. The newcomer wore a plaid coat and a cap that matched it; but if you could imagine him without these—or, better yet, if you could imagine him wearing Jed's broad-brimmed hat—you would surely have seen at least a distant resemblance.

"Of all the rotten luck!" exclaimed the newcomer with a touch of passion in his voice.

Jed snorted to himself, "Rotten luck! A little thing like that!

"Think yourself lucky you didn't go over the bridge," he coldly called out. "Won't take you long to change tires."

"Oh, hello," said the other, staring. "Forgot you were there for a moment." At that he stared again; and when he spoke next he had the preoccupied tone of a young man whose mind is on something else. "No, won't take long," he agreed, "but trouble is I haven't time for that. They'd catch me." Suddenly he checked himself, his preoccupation falling from him, as it sometimes falls from a man who

(Continued on Page 64)

"I'll Go You!" Said Jed Simply. "Good Old Sport! I Thought There Was Action in You!"

PIRATE BLOOD

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MR. ADALBERT KIDDER stood facing the door of his hall bedroom. In his right hand gleamed a naked cutlass. In his left, upheld so that the light from the window would fall upon it, was an open Manual of Broadsword Exercises.

"'Number Five: From salute position,'" read Mr. Kidder in a loud, resonant, somewhat breathless voice. "'Raise weapon till point extends above and back of right shoulder. Lunge forward, bending right knee and keeping weight of body on ball of right foot. At same time strike forward and down with weapon as if cleaving adversary's skull.'"

Mr. Kidder reviewed these instructions two or three times, then tossed aside the book.

"I'll try it!"

Standing at the salute position, with the hilt of the cutlass against his chin, he prepared to try it.

"Lunge forward!" he muttered. "At same time strike as if cleaving adversary's skull. Ready, go!"

He lunged and struck. But the blow never was completed. All things considered, it's just as well that it wasn't; for at the precise moment that Mr. Kidder lunged the door opened and there appeared in the path of the descending blade—quite innocently and extemporaneously—an actual skull; a skull with a wisp of gray hair drawn into a peak at the back of it—in short, the skull of Mr. Kidder's landlady.

"Ee-e-eh!" shrieked that worthy woman, clasping her head and staring aghast at the cutlass poised above the part in her hair.

"Mrs. Buttersworth!" murmured Mr. Kidder.

"Well, Lord's sakes, Mr. Kidder, I thought you was a-goin' to chop me up and fillay me, I did. . . . And what are you a-doin' with that there heathen sword in your hand?"

"I'm—I've been exercising, Mrs. Buttersworth."

"So that's it, is it? I thought the house was comin' down, I did. Such another thumpin' and stampin' I never heard! And to think you was only a-doin' your daily dozen! Still, that doesn't explain the heathen sword you came near to destroyin' me with at all, Mr. Kidder. I should like to know," concluded the landlady, folding her arms on her voluminous bosom—"I should like to know, out o' plain ordinary female curiosity, what you was a-doin' with that there sword, Mr. Kidder."

Adalbert assumed an attitude of ease and dignity.

"Mrs. Buttersworth," he said, "you cannot be expected to understand; but—I will tell you what I was doing. I was repelling boarders, Mrs. Buttersworth."

"Yes, I guess you was," returned the other wittily. "I guess if I hadn't of come up here and stopped you you'd of repelled every boarder in the house."

"Your sense of humor is singularly inappropriate, Mrs. Buttersworth."

"Maybe it is, Mr. Kidder. But I warn you ——"

The young man smiled and tapped her lightly on the shoulder with his cutlass.

"Don't let's quarrel about it," he said. "You cannot understand; no one understands. A world of imagination—that's where I live. I prefer to live there. One must make it as real as one can. It's hard, Mrs. Buttersworth—very hard, indeed, in this materialistic age."

Adalbert sighed, and his round, youthful face went wistful.

Mrs. Buttersworth, who had a good deal of emotional content under her brown sweater, sighed in return.

"Lord, Mr. Kidder, you do have a way of wringin' a body's heart. I wonder there ain't some girl or woman, now, who'd get that avaricious for you she'd up and gobble you whether or no, as you might say."

Mr. Kidder looked uneasily at the landlady. Then he shook his head.

"I don't think such an eventuality will ever happen to me, Mrs. Buttersworth."

"Well, I don't know. You're just the sort it does happen to if I know anything about men. And I —— Lord sakes," she exclaimed, breaking off, "if I ain't forgot ——" She paused, fumbling in her ample bosom. "A telegram for you, Mr. Kidder. It come just now. I was a-bringin' it up to you when I heard that thumpin' and stampin'."

"Yes, Mrs. Buttersworth," murmured Mr. Kidder.

"I Shouldn't Do This," He Groaned. "Why Not?" Demanded Letitia With Feminine Frankness. "Don't You Like It?"

He took the yellow envelope and opened it. The landlady peered casually over his shoulder. The telegram was brief. It read:

Can you come up for the week-end?

LETITIA.

"Who's Letitia?" inquired Mrs. Buttersworth with motherly interest.

"A girl," replied Adalbert vaguely. He appeared to muse. "A friend—a girl."

"I know," decided the other. "It's the one what calls for you now and then in that there red sports car."

"Yes, Mrs. Buttersworth; yes, that's the one. Her name is Letitia Goodwin. She has brown hair, brown eyes and a pink-and-white complexion. She is spending the summer at her summer home in Connecticut, on Long Island Sound, with her mother, who is a widow."

If Adalbert had intended this full description as something in the nature of a satire, the satire quite missed its mark. Mrs. Buttersworth received it merely as her due. She had discarded, long since, the usual inhibitions regarding other people's private affairs.

"Well, there now, Mr. Kidder! I call you lucky to have a girl like that a-sendin' you telegrams."

"I knew her father, Mrs. Buttersworth—Mr. Charles Goodwin, now deceased."

"Charles Goodwin? The department-store man? The multimillionaire?"

"Yes; but I was not interested in his department stores, Mrs. Buttersworth, nor in his millions. I was interested in his extraordinary collection of ships' models, which happened to be—and still is, though I cannot impress Letitia with the importance of the fact—the finest in the country."

"Ships' models, Mr. Kidder?"

"Yes, Mrs. Buttersworth. Including"—here Adalbert's voice sank to a reverential whisper—"including a model of the Adventure Galley."

"The which?"

"The Adventure Galley. Capt. William Kidd's famous sloop, Mrs. Buttersworth. The vessel that was burned after the capture of the Quedah Merchant." He looked appealingly at the landlady, who seemed dazed. Adalbert knew it was hopeless, but he added in a kind of desperation, "The model was made by one of Kidd's own men while waiting to be hanged at Execution Dock."

"Well, I never!"

"So, you see, Mrs. Buttersworth, you see ——"

"I see that you got a telegram from a heiress in your hand there, Mr. Kidder. And if I was you I'd answer it and I'd say, 'Can I come up for the week-end? I can come up for life, lovin'ly,' Mr. Kidder, or words to that effect."

The young man frowned, but there was more of sadness than of reproach in his eyes.

"You don't understand, Mrs. Buttersworth. You simply don't understand."

"Then you ain't goin'?"

"Oh, yes, I shall go. I shall go to see ——"

"Letitia?" anxiously prompted the landlady.

"The Adventure Galley," murmured Mr. Kidder, turning away his head.

"Humph! Who did you say made that there model?"

"One of Kidd's men. It has never been determined which one."

"Kidd!" pondered the landlady. "Well, now, maybe he was a relative of yours—a sort of a forbear, as you might say?"

Adalbert's face flushed and he drew himself up to his full height.

"You are right, Mrs. Buttersworth. Captain Kidd was a forbear of mine. I have traced it back. The name originally was Kidd. It has become corrupted, like a great many other things in this materialistic age. I am thinking of dropping the 'er' and restoring it to its original state—to its original glory."

"But this here Captain Kidd now"—protested Mrs. Buttersworth—"wasn't he a sort of a pirate?"

"He was!" cried Adalbert so forcibly that the landlady fell back a step. "He was a pirate. They can't prove he wasn't." The young man in his excitement waved the cutlass, at which Mrs. Buttersworth fell back another step. "Recently," he continued with disdain, "there have been several articles in the press—dastardly articles which attempted to prove that my forbear was not a pirate. They were founded on a single fact, Mrs. Buttersworth—the fact that Captain Kidd refused to confess. Even at the last moment, with the rope around his neck—it broke once and they had to hang him over again, to his great distress, Mrs. Buttersworth—even then, I say, he refused to confess. He was the victim of a dastardly plot, in which the King of England participated—a piece of treachery for which I personally will never forgive the British Empire."

"Won't you, indeed, Mr. Kidder?"

"No, I will not. But it doesn't matter, so far as the man's reputation is concerned. Captain Kidd always has been a pirate, and a pirate he always will be. I intend to devote my life to disproving these canards in the press. I intend—some day—to discover Captain Kidd's buried treasure."

"Lord, Mr. Kidder!"

"That will be proof enough, I hope."

"And do you think you'll find it?"

Adalbert's blue eyes grew dreamy, vague at the landlady's question.

"Yes, Mrs. Buttersworth," he murmured softly, "I think I will. I have a feeling—it's in my blood—pirate blood ——"

"Then you're a-goin' to give up your job sellin' automobiles?"

"Eventually, Mrs. Buttersworth, eventually. I certainly don't intend to spend my life as an automobile salesman. Automobiles are repugnant to me; they are the product of a materialistic age."

The landlady nodded and turned to the door.

"Well, then, if I was you, Mr. Kidder—advisin' you for your own good—I'd answer that there telegram."

Mrs. Buttersworth went out. Adalbert stood motionless for a moment, gazing with a certain melancholy at the ancient blade in his hand.

"They don't see," he muttered aloud. "They simply don't see."

He returned the cutlass to its scabbard and deposited it lovingly in the top tray of his trunk, which stood between the bed and the wall. The cutlass was his dearest treasure. He had bought it, some months before, in a pawnshop in Greenwich Village. Recklessly hiring a taxicab, he had borne it in triumph to his boarding house in East Fifty-seventh Street. There, later, in the privacy of his hall bedroom, he surreptitiously had carved upon its hilt the initials W. K. This gave him a profound and secret satisfaction. In time he was able to persuade himself that the initials always had been there. They possessed an authenticity completely satisfying to Adalbert. He knew, you see, that no presumptuous falsifying hand had counterfeited them.

Having put away the sword, he went downstairs to the pay telephone and called a telegraph office. The telegram to Miss Letitia Goodwin, Sound View, Connecticut, cost him fifty-five cents—no inconsiderable sum to a person of Adalbert's means. But Adalbert thought little of money. He despised it as the symbol of this materialistic age. On the other hand, like most Americans, he had a pride about it. He never, for instance, would marry a wealthy girl while he himself remained a poor young man. The orthodox reader will thoroughly understand this delicacy of feeling.

He had said in his telegram that he would take the 4:30 train. It was a Saturday afternoon, an afternoon in early July, he was free until Monday; and—Adalbert was only twenty-five. As he dodged into the bathroom at the end of the hall, thanking heaven that it was unoccupied, he burst into song:

"The life of the sea is the life for me,
Sing ho, for the bounding main-n-n!"

He shaved and bathed, splashing about happily in a bathtub somewhat too constricted for the length of him. Then rushing back into his room, he dressed, putting on his best gray suit and his best gray tie—Letitia had given him the tie for Christmas.

He liked Letitia. She was a forthright, unaffected, simple sort of girl. Attractive, too—and clever! Oh, yes, Letitia could do almost anything. She had taken up in succession the various arts. She could draw and paint, she had studied wood carving, she could play the piano, she made a marvelous Welsh rabbit and she danced divinely. But at heart she was rather—well, practical.

"Practical" was the word that Adalbert had found for her. In his more severely critical moods he even went so far as to consider her prosaic. Yes, in spite of her artistic education she had retained a good deal of the Goodwin hard-headedness. Not that Letitia was stubborn; but, as her mother frequently remarked—her mother was one of those timid, mouselike women who occasionally speak the truth—Letitia had a lot of her father in her.

Old Charles Goodwin had made his fortune by knowing what he wanted and by going out and getting it. In his latter years he had taken to collecting ships' models. Before he died he had gathered together the most famous private collection in the country, which he kept in a special room at his princely Connecticut home. Adalbert had read of this collection in a special article printed in one of the New York Sunday newspapers. He had written to Mr. Goodwin, begging permission to come and look at—only to look at—the model of Captain Kidd's sloop, the Adventure Galley. The millionaire had replied, graciously inviting him to come and look his fill. He had gone, had met Mr. Goodwin—whom he found a gruff, nervous but kindly man suffering from some obscure kidney trouble—and had proved so entertaining to his host that the latter had asked him to stay to dinner. At dinner he had met Letitia.

That young woman, it seemed, was in need of a new motor car. Adalbert delicately suggested that she look into the virtues of the Stellar Six, for which he was salesman. Letitia was pleased to do so, and promptly made an engagement for a demonstration. The following week she came to town, Adalbert met her, the demonstration was successful and Letitia bought the car. Subsequently Adalbert was summoned to Connecticut on various occasions more or less technical. The car needed adjusting and Adalbert apparently was the only person who could adjust it. By the time it had registered its first thousand miles, Letitia and Adalbert were friends—lifelong friends, one might almost say. When her father died of his complaint, a short time later, Adalbert Kidder was invited to the funeral. He sent calla lilies and wrote Letitia a note in which he said that he sympathized with her in her sorrow and would always remain her friend in a world fraught with bereavement and disillusionment. It was quite a beautiful note, and Letitia, after the funeral, kissed him—on the cheek—in gratitude. Their friendship thereafter took on a warmer, a more personal aspect. Death and the Stellar Six had combined to produce this result.

Riding to Sound View on the train that Saturday afternoon, Mr. Kidder reviewed these details of his advancement in the affections of Miss Goodwin. He knew that she regarded him affectionately; she had told him so—Letitia was nothing if not frank—and he confessed to himself that it was pleasant to be thus regarded by a charming young woman.

"If I were an ordinary automobile salesman, an ordinary business man," he thought, "I would, no doubt, share Mrs. Buttersworth's view. I'd consider myself a lucky fellow. But I'm not the ordinary business man. I have the blood of a great adventurer in my veins. It's impossible for me to order my life according to the usual prosaic standards."

He had bought at the Grand Central news stand his favorite magazine, Sea Stories. In it he found an article on buried treasure. The article mentioned several localities on the New England coast where pirate treasure was supposed to have been concealed. Taking out of his waistcoat pocket a small red-leather notebook, Adalbert carefully jotted down the names of these localities. He had been doing this for the past two years. It was his plan to visit, by degrees, all the places inscribed in his notebook. The previous year he had visited a place called Ogunquit, on the Maine coast, where once upon a time there had been a buried-treasure boom. He had found nothing but sand,

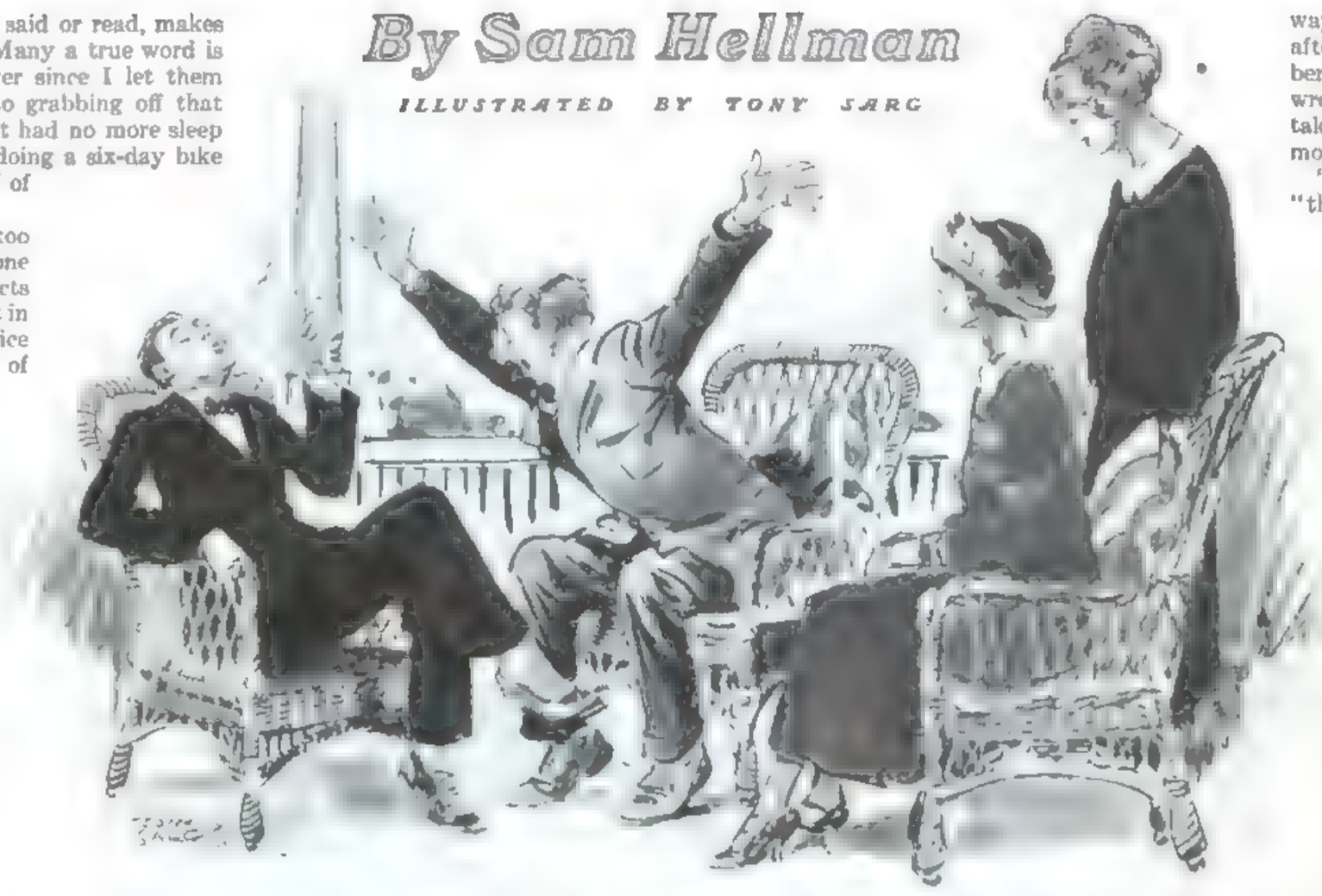
(Continued on Page 146)

Adalbert Kidder Was a Young Man Living in the Iridescent World of a Dream

HERE COMES THE BRIBE

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



"Flying Codfish! And You're the Kinda Guy That's Gonna Make Laws for Fifteen Million People!"

POLITICS, I has heard said or read, makes beds strange fellers. Many a true word is spoken of a pest. Ever since I let them Doughmorons fluke me into grabbing off that job in the legislature I ain't had no more sleep than a guy with the hives doing a six-day bike trick on the corrugated roof of a boiler factory

Ordinarily a new cuckoo elected from Long Island to one of them per-dime grafts attracts about as much attention out in the state as the second vice president of the Lotto Club of Gimme, Utah, would in Somewhere, east of Suez; but in my cases things is different. Besides being the only Democrat that ever copped in the county, the platform I run on was woozy enough to make the big city papers throw a mess of infernal triangles offa the front page to get room for spelling my name wrong, and also for surprising me with reporters' ideas of what I would 'a' maybe said if they'd seen me.

You lads that cuts your breakfast short every Thursday morning and rushes mad to the news stand with a nickel in your hand remembers how Luke Cravens, the boss of the party, sicked me into getting on the ticket with a promise that they was no chance of winning, but a good one of getting the bum's rush outta Doughmore, which, as more than two million and a quarter folks knows, has been the heights of my ambitions from the day the frau and the Magruders f. o. b.'d me into this limousine layout.

I guess it ain't fair to blame what happened on Luke, him not having no way of knowing that the Republican bird was gonna beat it with a frill and the building-and-loan jack the day before the election; but I don't see where I could 'a' done any more. It looked like a cinch that I'd be trimmed bad, and besides would get the air from the club crowd on account of the bill I was talking about introducing to slap a heavy tax on golf balls, sticks, links and such.

Instead, here I is with a Hon. stuck in front of my monniker and stronger'n ever with the pill pushers, them blah boys having figured out that what I was aiming at was a deep schemes to keep the rough-raffs outta the game.

After election night I don't get to see Cravens for a week. Finally I drifts into the village to give my sorrows swimming lessons and I meets up with him.

"Heard the latest?" I inquires.

"Not lately," he comes back. "What's yours?"

"I'm resigning," I tells him.

"I know one better than that," says Luke. "They was once a Scotchman and ——"

"I'm resigning," I repeats.

"Sure you are," returns Cravens. "Talking about something in general, what's your ideas on nothing in particular?"

"What do you think I am?" I yelps. "Kidding or cuckoo?"

"If you ain't serious," says Luke, "you're kidding; if you is, you're what comes after the 'or.' What's eating you?"

"I'm all et," I answers. "Got any notion what I been through since last Tuesday?"

"Better'n you have," says Cravens, prompt. "The boys has been running you ragged for cuts of the cake they expects you'll get for 'em in Albany. In facts, I sent a dozen or so lads up to see you myselfs."

"That's damn nice of you," I barks, grateful, "and I'll set you up to a quart of wood alcohol the first chance I gets. You responsible for them bobos that drug me outta the hay at three A. X. and them janes ——"

"Janes?" says Luke. "What janes?"

"Well," I tells him, "I don't remember the names of more than two or four hundred of 'em, but they was one old gal that wanted to know where I stood, if anywheres, on Sunday shows; another that tried to smoke me out ——"

"Don't let them worry you," cuts in Cravens. "That gang usually gets after the candidates before the election; but not figuring you for a chance, they laid off until right now."

"They ain't no 'right now' in them cases," I growls. "It's wrong whenever."

"You gotta put up with that kinda stuff," says Luke. "You must remember you is in the public eye."

"Yeh," I comes back, "like a cinder. Can you resign with a lead pencil or do you gotta do it with ink?"

"Forget it!" snaps Cravens. "Don't be a scoffjob. They ain't a politician in the state that's sitting prettier than you is. In a coupla years we'll have you in Congress, and you might be governor some day."

"Uh-huh," says I; "and I might also get to be the mother of the late queen of Armenia, but I ain't got none of them kinda itches. I'd sooner sleep tight than be President. Anyways, after what I has been doing since I seen you last, I just gotta get out from under."

"What you been doing?" inquires Luke.

"Nothing," I answers, "excepting to kid everybody that come to see me into believing that I was wild about the hop they was whooping it up for. I shooed out four women with a cross-my-heart that I'd have the law on the sun for making cider cheat. If that don't annoy you none, what do you think of the eleven boys I promised the same job to?"

"What job's that?" asks Cravens.

"Road overseer," I tells him.

"Don't worry about that," says Luke. "It ain't even vacant. I thought you told me you didn't know nothing about politics."

"I don't and I won't," I answers.

"You plays it perfect," comes back the county chairman. "Promise 'em everything; deliver only to them that does."

"Does what?" I bites.

"Delivers," says Cravens. "When do you grab the night boat for Albany?"

"When'd you lose your ear sight?" I yelps. "Ain't I just got done telling you that ——"

"Now, now," interrupts Luke, soft, "be mother's little angel pet. You can't quit, Dink. We ain't never elected a Democrat here before, and if you does a yellow we'll never have another. You can't expect every Republican to play ball for us by jumping the works with a skirt and the roll. Besides, I thought you was wild about getting away from Doughmore. Here's a chance to leave it flat for three months, anyways."

"That part of it's all right," says I; "but I ain't keen about making no sucker outta myselfs. Here I is promised all up to vote nine different ways on everything, from getting after the Pullman folks on this berth-control proposition some wren talked my arm off about, to taking snipes outta little gal's mouths ——"

"Listen, bo," cuts in Cravens, "they is only one way of making a sucker outta yourself at the legislature."

"How?" I asks.

"By going to the mat for something on the account of a campaign pledge," explains Luke. "It ain't even good form to mention 'em after election."

"Ain't I supposed to act like the voters wants?" I inquires. "Or is I supposed to do like I thinks personal?"

"Thinking's even rude," replies Cravens; "but they is two ideas about the subject you brung up. Some holds that a guy should do like he wants to do ——"

"And the other?" I butts in.

"And the other," goes on Luke, "that he shouldn't never do nothing that he don't want to."

"Smelligent," says I. "Where does the people get off in that kinda misdeal?"

"They don't," answers Cravens. "They keeps right on riding and paying fare."

II

IF IT wasn't for the Magruders I would 'a' passed up the job in spite of all that Luke said and done to skid me into it, but them babies is got a way of rubbing my fuzz the wrong way and making me do a lotta tricks I shouldn't oughta. All Jim and Liz has to do is to be for a thing for me to pick up a club and beat its brains in. I ain't ordered ham and eggs since I found out they liked 'em.

After I finishes up my talk with Cravens, in the which I promised to think it over a coupla days, I beats it home and finds the Magruders cluttering up the front porch.

"Has you resigned?" asks Lizzie.

"Want me to?" I comes back.

"Jim says," answers the measle, "that you ——"

"Never mind what Jim says," I cuts in. "Ain't you got no ideas in your own name? Don't you ever get anything in the box score excepting assists?"

"I got a mind of my own," snaps the Magruder nix.

"All right," I admits; "but why don't you take it outta the safety deposit and show it to us sometime? I ain't gonna swipe it."

"Know Who I Am?"

"You'll Find the Least Corpse You Ever Seen"

"I wouldn't trust a politician," says Lizzie, cold; "not even with nothing."

"Is you really gonna take the job?" butts in Jim, quick, to cover up his wife's fox paws.

"Why not?" I inquires.

"Well," says he, "it's a pretty dirty game, ain't it?"

"Ever play in it?" I wants to know.

"I wouldn't touch it with a six-foot pole," he comes back. "They ain't nobody in politics but a lotta grafters."

"We oncet lived in a house," says I, "where we had a furnace that was always on the bum. One day it got so cold I went downstairs to see what the hell. I found out the janitor was peddling the coal I'd bought and hadn't taken the ashes out for a month. So I canned him, cleaned the thing out myself and never did have no trouble after that."

"You should oughta get the kinda furnace we is got," remarks Lizzie. "Jim says ——"

"The furnace I'm talking about," I continues, "is a figure in speech."

"Ours is a Little Diamond Hot Box, ain't it, Jim?" inquires the sciatica.

"Where'd Lizzie go?" I asks, acting kinda surprised.

"I'm here," she answers, wide-eyed.

"You're here, all right," says I; "but you ain't there. What I was trying to broadcast," I goes on, turning to Magruder, "before that frau of yourn turned on the statics, was the idea that if you don't like dirt you can't cuss it outta the room; you gotta grab a broom and sweep."

"I suppose," sneers Jim, "you're gonna make politics as clean as a hind tooth, huh?"

"I'll maybe try," I answers. "What'll you do? Stand around while some dip frisks your pockets and bawl out the coppers instead of taking a crack at the crook?"

"Jim ain't afraid of nothing," says Lizzie.

"I ain't afraid of my wife neither," I shoots back.

"You calling me nothing?" busts out the missus, who ain't said a word so far.

"Not a thing," I returns, hasty. "You vote at the last election, Jim?"

"What for?" he comes back. "They don't count 'em anyways."

"Well," says I, "it's a cinch they don't count them that ain't cast. When I gets to Albany ——"

"So you're going?" interrupts Magruder.

"Yeh," I tells him. "I kinda feels that I owes that much to prosperity. I'm looking ahead to the time when Dink O'Day Day will be celebrated from Rock Bound, Maine, to Climate, California, and when statutes of me in the parks will be as thick as empty shoe boxes after a church picnic."

"You'll look swell in the legislature," sarcastics Jim. "What do you know about parlor-mantel law?"

"No more'n I know about kitchen-sink law," I admits; "but it won't take me more'n a minute and a half to run it down and make it drop from exhaustion."

"I never seen a guy hate his wife's husband like you does," says Magruder. "Ever hear of Roberts' Rules and Orders?"

"I don't wear no man's collars," I answers, "and that bird Roberts ain't gonna give me no orders. Anyways, Luke Cravens is the boss of the district. Where does this Roberts boy ——"

"You wouldn't understand," cuts in Magruder, "even if you knew. For example, suppose you was to get on the floor of the house ——"

"Who's gonna put me there?" I yelps.

I don't want you to get no ideas I'm such a stupe as I sounds, but I'm even willing to carry that reputation for the pleasures of razz-jazzing Magruder.

"I mean," he explains, "if you was making a speech on some bill and a bobo should get up and move that it should be put on the table, what would you do?"

"It all depends," I answers, "on the way he said it. If he was nice and polite, I'd put it there; but if he tried to rough-bluff me into doing it, I'd leave it just where it was and he'd probably spend the next few minutes picking a inkwell outta his hair."

"Flying codfish!" hollers Jim, waving his hands like a yell leader. "And you're the kinda guy that's gonna make laws for fifteen million people!"

"That's what," says I; "but what do you expects if right thinkers like you won't take no interest in politics and'd rather play golf than vote?"

"Talking about golf," comes back Magruder, "is you really gonna introduce that tax bill?"

"I'll tell the popeyed world I am," I replies. "A dollar on each ball and five fish on each club."

"Think you can put over a grab like that?" he asks.

"I wouldn't be so surprised," I answers. "When I gets done telling the boys about the terrible housing conditions of the ducks on Long Island on account of the land being drug out from under 'em for golf courses, I expects the tax'll go with one big sob. D'you know things is so bad on the North Shore that seven and eight ducks is gotta sleep on one rock?"

"I didn't even know ducks slept on rocks," remarks Lizzie.

"You should study national science, gal," I returns. "What'd you suppose they slept on? Credit? Where'd you imagine the expression 'duck on the rock' come from?"

"I don't know," says she.

"I don't know the name of the saloon neither," cuts in Kate, slipping me the glare to sidetrack. "Please stop teasing Lizzie and try and give a imitation of talking sense."

"Who should I imitate?" I inquires. "Jim?"

"You couldn't go further and do worse," suggests the Magruder exposed nerve; and when I starts laughing she goes on, all flustered, "I means, you could go further and do no worse."

"That'll be enough," yelps Jim. "I'll do my own answering back from now and on. Cutting the kidding cold," he continues, turning to me, "I thought that golf-tax idea of yourn was to keep the cheap johns from building links around Doughmore and the other swell clubs."

"Even a natural error like you," says I, "couldn't be no wronger. Can you see me pulling chestnuts at a fire for the plutocats around here? I'm a friend of the common people and ——"

"The commoner, the friendlier," interrupts the frau.

"Maybe," I admits; "but I promised the duck growers of this district that I'd go to the front for 'em, and a promise and a performance with Dink O'Day is as alike as two peas in a puddle. Experts has tried with instruments and them slow movie cameras to find a difference between 'em, but without no luck. It was funny. Oncet they was studying a promise of mine, and when I told 'em after a coupla hours it was really a regular performance and not no promise a-tall, they just gave up."

"Doing business with a politician," remarks Magruder, "I guess they hadda. When you gets to Albany them experts'll be able to leave their naked eyes at home and still see the difference."

"What makes you think so?" I inquires.

"Didn't I hear you tell that Glumph woman you was gonna pass a law to stop all picture shows on Sunday, Wednesday and the nights the Ladies' Aid met?" asks Jim.

"You did," I tells him.

"Yeh," jeers Magruder; "and wasn't I there when you promised Mildew down at the Tivoli that you'd put the censors on the hummer and fix it so the film folks could do anything they wanted to, within reason and without?"

"Such is the case and the facts in it," I confesses. "What about it?"

"How you gonna keep both promises?" demands Jim.

"What," says I, "leaving out present company, could be simpler? I'll introduce the bill the Glumph frill wants and also the one Mildew's after."

"How," yelps Magruder, "can you be on both sides at oncet?"

"Ah," I returns, "that's what makes politics a art. What's wrong with the way I'm doing? Some of the folks in the county wants this; some others don't want that. Who'm I to say what's proper for 'em? I'm just like a waiter in a restaurant. Everybody that comes in asks for something different. I puts in the order. If the chef don't wanna cook up the mess, whose fault is it? A jane drifts in with her trap all set for a pair of fried wizzle-wumph eggs, sunny side up. Is it my business to tell her they ain't good for her complexions and try and set her up to a platter of raw ox ears?"

"You mean rare, don't you?" inquires Lizzie.

"I don't know no more what you're talking about than you do," says Jim; "but how you gonna vote on these different things when its comes to a show-down?"

"O'Day," I replies, "is far enough down on the roll call for my judgment and my conscience to get together before I has to. I'm gonna introduce everything that anyone wants and let 'em take their chances. Personally, nothing don't interest me excepting my duck bill, and I shall fight for it with all the powers I has, with faith in the right and ——"

"Oh, hire a hall!" snaps Magruder.

"The Monday Club's got a dandy place," says Lizzie. "You can get it for fifty dollars a night; besides, they is still got the decorations up from the Pappa Eta Motza sorority dance."

III

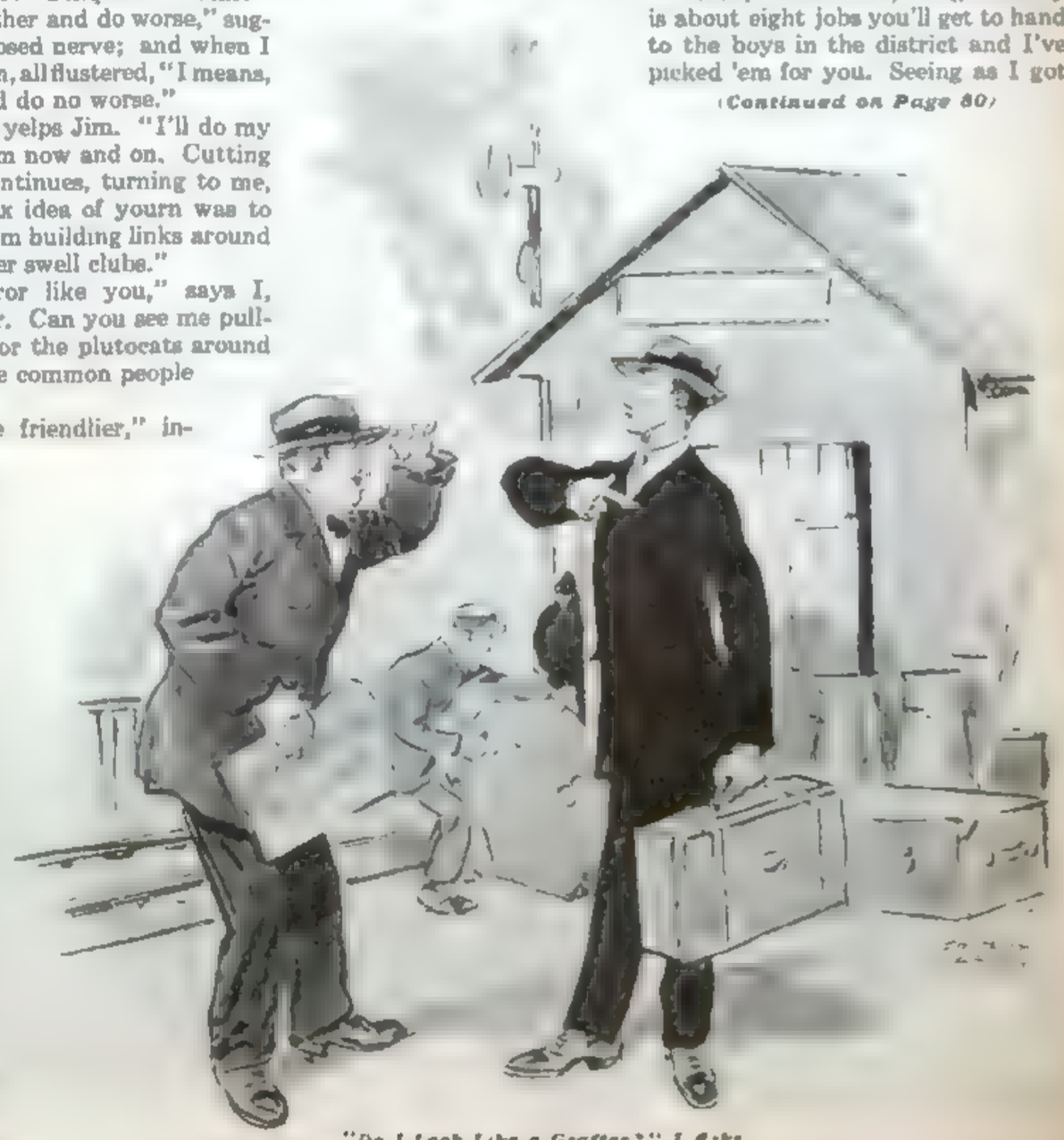
ME AND Cravens goes to Albany together, Luke figuring on introducing me around to the high mogula of the party and seeing that I get started off K. O.

"You'll be kinda busy getting settled," says he, "so I has taken a little work off your hands."

"What work?" I asks.

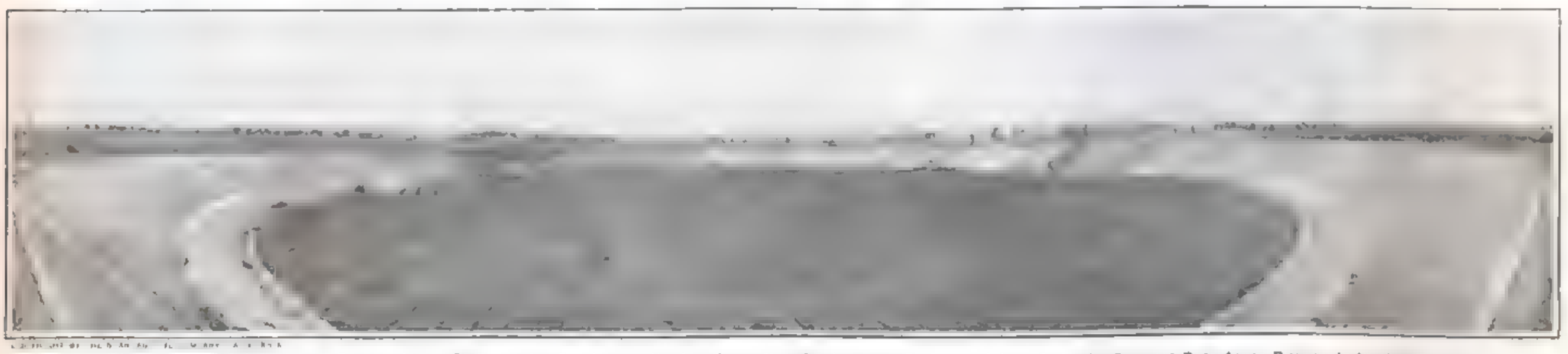
"Well," he answers, "I figures they is about eight jobs you'll get to hand to the boys in the district and I've picked 'em for you. Seeing as I got

(Continued on Page 80)



"Do I Look Like a Grafter?" I Asks

THE BLACK GOLCONDA—



The Standard Oil Company Reservoir, at El Segundo, California, With a Capacity of 3,000,000 Barrels of Oil. It is the Largest Petroleum Reservoir in the World

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ONCE the name of California was inseparably linked with the gold of the gulch. Today, excepting only sunshine and tourists, it is synonymous with the black gold of commerce, which is oil. The rush of treasure seekers following the famous find of 1848 has been more than matched by the gush of petroleum in the greatest overproduction that the industry registers. Thus bonanza history repeats itself, but with this difference: The yellow metal that lured the Argonauts across the plains was not necessary to life and trade, while its greasy but no less lureful successor is an essential commodity.

California stands supreme among the American oil-producing fields. During 1923 she not only doubled her output of the preceding year but her total was nearly one-third of that of the whole United States. Today she still holds the balance of petroleum power.

Moreover, in California oil is coal to a greater degree than in any other American region. Here it was first used in the locomotive, thus inaugurating a notable advance in the economy of transportation. Within her confines are two of the naval reserves that drew the national lawmakers' lightning. Teapot Dome has its counterpart in Elk Hills.

There are many other details that make the California domain unique, even distinct, among the oil fields in the United States. Prior to the unprecedented overproduction of last year she was practically a self-contained oil empire, supplying her own needs. She had enough surplus to ship to China and Japan, with an occasional cargo of gasoline to the Atlantic Coast. It was not until 1923 that the flood of her crude began to stream in tankers through the Panama Canal to upset price schedules and play havoc generally with the product of the Mid-Continent and Texas fields. In September of last year more than 12,000,000 barrels of crude were shipped from Los Angeles harbor, making it the greatest of oil ports. More than half went to the Atlantic Seacoast.

The Days of the Big Four

CALIFORNIA wells are at record depth, and the overhead costs, in consequence, are at an equally record height. In the Los Angeles Basin so-called town-lot drilling has reached the last word in competition. At Burkburnett, Ranger and elsewhere in Texas, wells were drilled in the heart of fairly populous communities, but never to the extent that prevails at Long Beach. It is the center of the most prolific oil area in the world.

Indeed, the narrative of oil discloses few, if any, events more sensational than the phenomenal development of the pools in the Los Angeles Basin. An orgy of production was matched by a kindred frenzy of stock promotion. The orange groves that once groaned with fruit became mines of mineral wealth with yields more gilded. Hence in California we will begin our progressive journey through the American oil domain.

California oil, like California mining, is a story of adventure. There was gun play in the early days of drilling in the San Joaquin Valley, and a hardy breed developed. In many respects they were the doubles in courage and initiative, as well as in self-made success, of Huntington, Stanford, Hopkins and Crocker, the famous Big Four, whose railroad enterprise really opened up the Golden West. Some of them were the fathers of the great companies that now dominate Pacific Coast petroleum.

They dug wells with pick and shovel, or employed the primitive spring-pole method of drilling, which was operated by hand. These holes were only fifty or sixty feet beneath the surface of the earth, in contrast to the 5000-foot wells of this day.

Every Huntington or Stanford has been matched by the type of achievement represented by Lyman Stewart, Capt. John Barneson, Thomas O'Donnell, Capt. William Matson, K. R. Kingsbury, Paul Shoup and others. Stewart was the son of a Pennsylvania tanner, and he made the Union Oil Company possible. Barneson, an intrepid sea captain, turned to oil after a life of adventure on the deep, and fathered the General Petroleum Corporation. Matson founded a steamship line, then preached the gospel of oil for ships, and his heritage is the Honolulu Consolidated. O'Donnell was a roustabout, as a laborer in the oil fields is known, and worked his way up to the stewardship of California Petroleum. Doheny evolved from obscure prospector to multimillionaire and head of the Pan American. Kingsbury is the college student who stoked a furnace before he became a Standard chief. After an apprenticeship as newsboy, Shoup went through the grill and mill of railroad routine until he became practical head of the Southern Pacific, and then started the Pacific Oil.

In 1870, a well in Pico Cañon—it was the second in the state—produced the first oil handled by the Pacific Coast Oil Company, the predecessor of the present Standard of California. It means that, as in Pennsylvania, oil is a sort of tradition of faith, hazard and output in California. Many of the original producers came hotfoot from Oil City and Bradford, in Pennsylvania, and were the outposts of the line that made a large part of the petroleum map possible. They were on the job on the Pacific Coast before Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas were annexed to the statehood of oil.

As a matter of fact, for more than a century prior to Drake's historic well near Titusville, in 1859, petroleum had been known and employed in California. Indians used it to mend their mortars and pestles and to cement basketwork. It was also a remedy for coughs and colds. The Franciscan Fathers, whose picturesque missions extended from San Diego to San Francisco, utilized asphalt for roofing. The first producing well was drilled less than ten years after the oil excitement first let loose in Pennsylvania. The principal products were asphalt and distillates for lighting, fuel and spraying fruit orchards.

Early Experiments With Fuel Oil

THE recorded production of California dates from 1876, when approximately 12,000 barrels of crude were produced. Contrast this puny output with last year's 263,729,000 barrels and you get some idea of the miracle that has been wrought. Early production was confined to the Santa Clara Valley, until 1880, when wells began to dot Los Angeles County. In 1893 petroleum was discovered in the city of Los Angeles, and this resulted in the first big overproduction.

It was a heavy-fuel product and there was so much of it that the price dropped to twenty-five cents a barrel. The only way to dispose of it was to create enterprises that would use it. Oil-burning apparatus was introduced into stationary power plants and an effort made to induce the railroad companies to use oil in their locomotives. This led to the beginning of the oil era on our railroads.

Before the Los Angeles oil period at least one Western road had experimented with oil for fuel. In 1886 Leland Stanford, president of the Central Pacific and one of the Big Four who had built the western end of our first transcontinental system, was anxious to cut down the cost of fuel, which is the ever-present railroad problem. Various tests were made on the line between Sacramento and Davisville. A Peruvian oil was used. Strange as it may seem in the light of present-day development, the experiments were abandoned because of the high price of the crude.

The Huntington Beach Field in Southern California is One of the Three Areas Which Caused the Record Overproduction of 1923

CALIFORNIA'S OIL EMPIRE

The Kern River Field is the Largest in Area in California and the Oldest in Point of Production

Even stranger was the fear on the part of the railroad officials that there might not be a permanent supply of petroleum. This is directly in line with a little-known early apprehension of the old Standard Oil Company. It refrained from constructing costly refining plants for the same reason.

Credit for the first practical demonstration of fuel oil on an American railroad is divided between the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific. The latter had a peculiar interest in the successful outcome of the conversion experiment because, as you shall presently see, it owns one of the great oil-bearing regions in California, which was the bone of a bitter struggle with the Government.

The evolution was gradual, because there was ever present the concern that the oil supply might give out and the railroad be compelled to return to hard fuel. The change was so made that an oil burner could be turned back into a coal burner in a short time. This precaution proved to be unnecessary.

Although the Southern Pacific was probably the pioneer in America, and ran the first regular oil burner, a considerable part of the oil-burning-locomotive credit is given to K. H. Wade, general manager of the Santa Fe. In 1890 he enlisted the coöperation of our commercial attachés throughout the world in gathering information with regard to the use of oil in locomotives. He heard of a burner in use on the Central Railroad of Peru, which was the invention of William Booth, a Scotchman employed as master mechanic on the road. He sent for Booth, who installed the first oil burner on a Santa Fe locomotive within forty-eight hours after his arrival.

The Three Klondikes of Black Gold

CONSIDERABLE difficulty was experienced at first in securing a fire box that would stand the concentrated blast of the oil flame. The most refractory bricks would melt out in a short time, not so much from the heat as from the fluxing agents introduced with the oil. A Riverside manufacturer finally perfected a process for making bricks that withstood the heat and resisted the temptation to turn into glass. This material is still in use.

I have tarried on this development, first, because it shows how hard was the road of oil to the railroad fuel box: second, because it is one of the many California claims to petroleum distinction.

With this hint of the background of California oil, we can now go into the concrete story of the fields and what they mean. There are three districts. What is known as the Valley Field—it gets its name from the San Joaquin comprises Kern River, McKittrick, Midway-Sunset, the largest single area after the three flush areas in the south; Lost Hills, Buena Vista, Coalinga, Wheeler Ridge and Elk Hills, where Naval Reserves 1 and 2 are located. Then there is the Coast Field, which includes Watsonville, Santa Maria, Ventura, Newhall, the scene of the pioneer production, and Summerland, where the wells rise out of the sea.

The really spectacular domain, however, is technically known as the Southern, or Los Angeles Basin Field. Here the almost undreamed-of wealth of Santa Fé Springs, Long Beach—Signal Hill—and Huntington Beach poured forth. What most people do not know perhaps is that in this section are many older, and what are likely to be far more permanent, producers, such as exist at Whittier—not named after the poet, but after a town—Fullerton, Coyote Hills, Montebello, Richfield, Compton and Torrance, the latest of the California developments.

These last-named fields, save Compton and Torrance, were producing before the three Klondikes of oil got into action and, as I have intimated, are likely to outlive them. It proves one of the fundamental facts in oil, which is that while the bonanza field, with its swift return and equally swift decline, provides the cake of the business, the old stand-by, with its smaller but more enduring production, is the real bread and butter.

I visited every one of these California fields, traveling by motor along the sea down through those early areas of output to Los Angeles, where you get the real kick out of any inspection of the California fields.

The tangle of derricks at Santa Fé Springs is even surpassed by the forest of rigs at Signal Hill, which is really a part of the city of Long Beach, and where, as at Santa Fé Springs, the oil splashes the orange-laden trees. As I stood on Signal Hill I could see a United States fleet mobilized for maneuvers.

From Los Angeles I went back to the north across the Tehachapi Mountains, pierced by an oil pipe line that was once one of the wonders of the business, into the Valley Field, the real backbone of California production, the capital of which is Bakersfield.

Here, for example, I saw the Wheeler Ridge field on the edge of the desert, where roads had to be built far into the hills and every gallon of water hauled for ten miles. In such a site as this you begin to visualize the hazards and hardships of oil production even within the confines of civilization. An oil well is like a railroad siding in that it represents a sort of magic thing out of which spring movement and community. The rough camp of today is often the living town of tomorrow. By the same token, today's feverish activity is often the desolation of a brief year, or less, hence. Oil, with its fickleness of yield, is the prize maker and unmaker of life, fortune and destiny.

In the Valley Field I passed the famous Lakeview gusher, the largest and most spectacular well California has yet produced, which, at its high tide, reached 68,000 barrels a day. It accounted for a total of 6,000,000 barrels, had the effect of forcing the price down to thirty cents a barrel, and is still producing about eight barrels a day, which is enough to pay for its operation. In the decline of this one-time mammoth you see the usual fate of the gusher.

Large-Scale Oil Storage

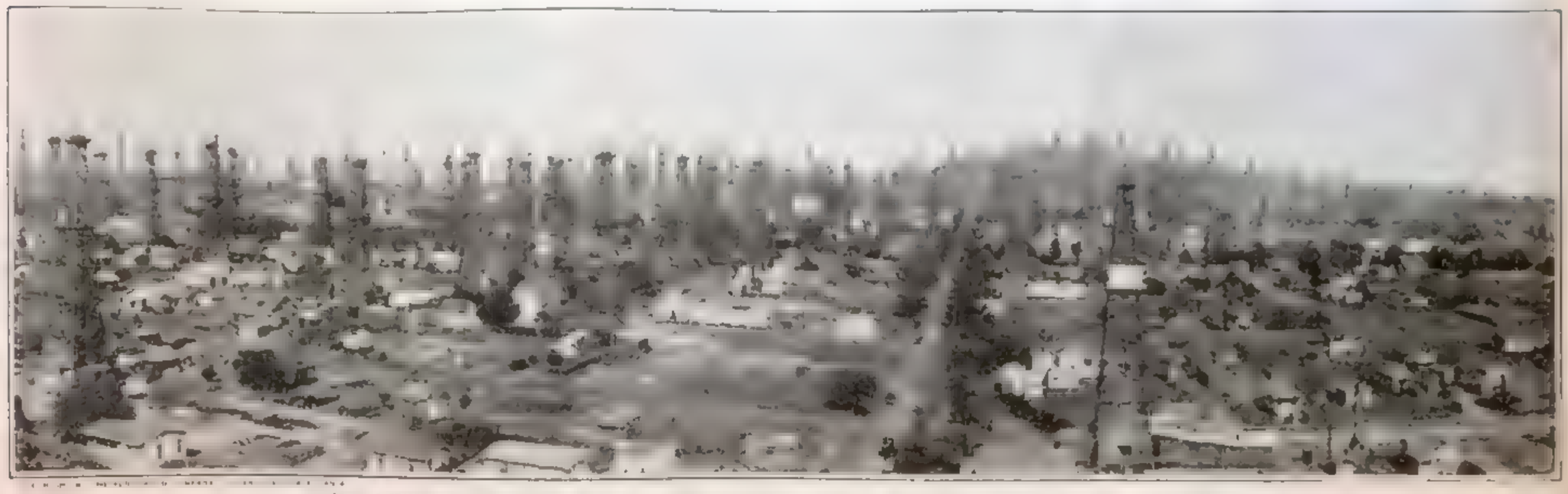
NO MAN could make such a trip without appreciating the scope and extent of the California oil industry, whose development up to date represents a total investment of $500,000,000, while $300,000,000 additional has been expended on facilities that include 4500 miles of pipe line and sixty-five refineries. More than 400 products are made from California crude. Seventy thousand people are employed, and there are 5000 additional employes of California companies in other Pacific Coast states.

Oil is the business of great and sudden transition. The almost acute shortage of one month may be followed by violent overproduction the next. Thus in California you have today storage capacity for 90,000,000 barrels of crude. A year ago half this capacity would have sufficed, while in 1922 the oil in storage only approximated 32,000,000 barrels.

The irony of this huge storage—and it applies to all other oil fields as well—is that it is seldom used twice. It follows from the fact that the oil flood seldom duplicates itself in the same area. To illustrate: The great production of 1914–15 in California was in the San Joaquin Valley. At that time large reservoirs and tanks were erected. The San Joaquin flood then subsided, the storage was emptied, and most of it has remained unfilled ever since. Storage not only means the construction of tanks and earthen reservoirs but also the actual purchase of ground upon which they rest, because oil usually damages or destroys the soil.

There are two kinds of storage—huge concrete-lined-and-roofed reservoirs and steel tanks. I saw the largest of these reservoirs, which was built by the Standard at

(Continued on Page 230)



Signal Hill, in the Los Angeles Basin, California, Where the Last Word Was Registered in Town-Lot Drilling

THE MANLY ART

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

He Must Have Left His Jaw Uncovered, Because the Dummy Bent Over and Shouldered Him

THERE was an admiring murmur in the Capitoline Theater as Talbot Strongbow—starring in the feature film The Squared Circle—threw off his silken bath robe and stood up in the corner of the pictured ring. Myself, I had never seen a finer figure of a man. The actor was several inches taller than any of his mimic seconds, had beautifully broad and sloping shoulders, a girlish waist, and the swelling thighs and bulging calves of a professional dancer. He was handsome of face, too, with a molded chin, a straight nose, large and shadowed eyes, and a broad and white forehead above which the hair curled as if marceled. A soft feminine sigh went up like incense as he swept his chiseled profile toward the audience.

"What a pretty boy!" whispered a stout woman in the seat before me.

"Oh, you Greeky!"

The stout woman turned, scandalized, and glared at me. I grinned inanely at her. Having involuntarily grinned at the discordant yell—it had appealed to some jealous streak in me, some miserable dislike of overhandsome men—I could not stop instantly. But I did look down for her benefit at the man beside me who had shouted the strange epithet. He was crouched over, looking at the floor, avoiding attention. I saw no more of him than his red neck and the gray bristles on the back of his bullet head. The stout woman raked me with a glance and turned around again. The picture proceeded. The man beside me raised his head covertly, lifted his vindictively glittering black eyes to the sheet whereon Talbot Strongbow was standing off the furious rushes of a plug-ugly. The plug-ugly fell down. Talbot Strongbow arched his eyebrows and stood aloof from the discomfited ruffian; he extended his arms along the ropes.

"How dreadful strong he is!" whispered the stout lady.

"Cheese champion!"

An usher appeared in the aisle.

"Who done that hollering?" he inquired.

"Him," said the stout lady, pointing me out.

"Come out," said the usher.

"But really," I protested indignantly, "I assure you that it was not I, but this person here."

"It was him," said the stout lady. "I heard him."

"Come out," said the usher.

"Who? Me?" said the man beside me, rising up again and pointing at himself. "Get away!"

"No, him," said the usher.

I recovered my hat, climbed over the trouble maker and followed the usher up the aisle. I was mortified, and the black looks of the audience did not soothe me; but I saw no use in making a scene. A uniformed man held a door open for me and I passed out into Broadway. Someone, after hurrying from behind, took me by the arm.

"Go away," I said, pulling my arm free when I saw that it was held by the dumpy and gray-haired man who had raised the row. "You are a very silly fellow. Leave me alone."

"Don't get sore," he said coaxingly, keeping beside me like an importunate beggar.

"I don't care to speak to you," I said. "After the way you acted ——"

"You didn't see half of it!" he chuckled. "Say, I raised such a time after you left that they threw four of us out. The three other guys are awfully sore, and they said they would meet me and you outside. We better lam off before they find us."

"I'll call a policeman," I said, looking around me in the crowd.

"If you do he will call the wagon," he said. "But first he will club all hands and stop the fight, and that will be you and the three guys. Come on and you and me will do a three-legged race!"

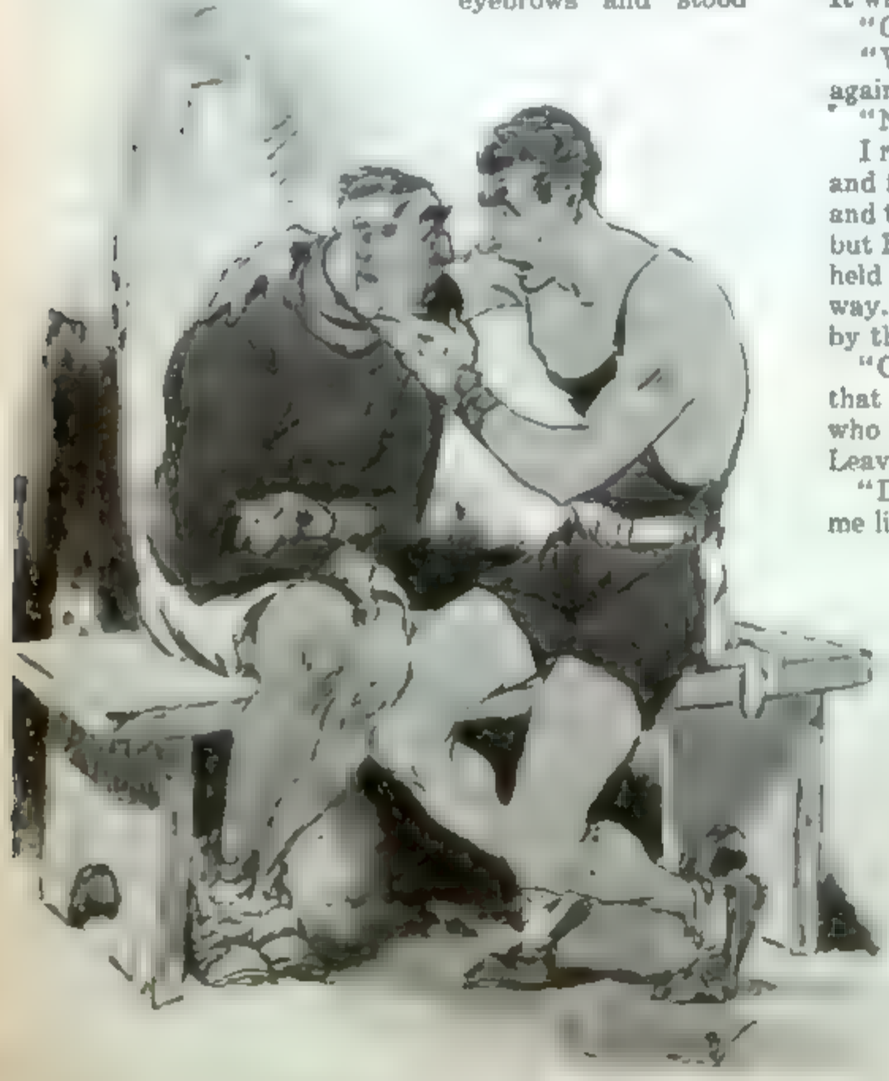
I hurried with him down a side street, not liking my company, but not stopping to choose. I did not doubt that I would be engaged in an idiotic street fight if I stayed. Since I had permitted myself to be saddled with the blame of the original disturbance, I could not see myself convincing three angry men that I had had no part in it.

"In here!" gasped the gray-haired man, who had tired at once, and he pulled me into a pastry shop. "We'll lay low here for a few minutes." Holding my arm companionably, he escorted me to a far corner. "Ice cream and cup cakes for two," he called over his shoulder to the trim waitress. We sat down.

"What in heaven's name was your idea in creating this absurd situation?" I demanded fiercely.

"That's just what I wanted to tell you," he said, gesturing persuasively. "You won't blame me a little bit, fellow. My name is Reddy—Joe Reddy. Pleased to meet you. Now listen, it's this way."

And he told me as follows, while he ate the ice cream and cup cakes. I had to give him a show of attention until time should assuage the animosity of his three guys.



I'm Going to Try Out on You the Punch That Killed Cowboy Frank at Medicine Hat Last Year

Them days—back in 1919—I had a boy named Tug Mahaffy, a slashing good light-heavy. I got him out of a gas-mask factory over in Astoria, where Tug had been doing his bit. He was a real fighting man, Tug was, and it was about all he could do to hold himself in the factory during the war and not lose his head and dash into the Army. But in January of 1919 Tug couldn't control himself no longer, and he came bustling out of the factory with blood in his eye and offered to fight any man in the world, and he wouldn't need no gun either.

I collared him and put him in my stable, and I fought him around New York and picked up a nice piece of change. But then some guys in the American Legion began to ride my boy and ask him how he missed the boat on the big outing, and if he ever ate canned Willie or wore horseshoes on his heels, where was his foot-and-mouth disease? So the boxing commission ruled my boy off the local tracks and told him to come back later.

Well, at this time the soldier boys were well liked and the people would give them anything, and what they would not give them they would promise them; so I decided to take Tug for a change of venue and depart into the unknown.

I called Tug the catchweight champion of the A. E. F., meaning he would fight any time they would catch him; and I arranged for a series of one-night stands in the provinces Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and return. At each place he would fight any man in the world and give him ten dollars if he didn't knock him dead in two rounds.

With a hundred-dollar guaranty at each stop, this would be better than singing come-all-ye's in back yards

In my pleasure over this good stroke I let Tug wheedle me out of seven dollars, and then Tug departed into the unknown on his own hook. I should have known better. A soberer or steadier youth than Tug when he couldn't make a borrow you wouldn't find in the whole city; but he dearly loved a long and solitary souse, and I knew that I would not see him again until he had rioted the money all away. So there I was, as flat as a general without an army.

I had lost hopes of finding my boy in time for the campaign when I wandered into Cowley's gym on One Hundred and Sixteenth Street and seen a big fellow giving a dummy an awful argument. The dummy was a stuffed canvas hanging from a rope, one of these dummies to harden fighters' hands and strengthen their wrists.

The dummy and the big boy had the gym all to themselves, and it was a grudge fight if ever I seen one. The big boy would dance back on his toes, fiddle, and then rush in, swinging right and left. How he could sock! He had the heart too. He would stand toe to toe with the dummy and trade, not giving back an inch, and when the dummy tried to fall into a clinch and avoid punishment the big boy would push him off and stand him up again with a wallop that would jar him to his toes. The big boy rammed his right into the dummy up to the wrist, and he must have left his jaw uncovered, because the dummy bent over and shouldered him, and there was the boy down on his back.

"One," I counted, "two, three, four ——"

Maybe you saw that bout between Jack Johnson and Stanley Ketchel. You remember the Michigan Assassin dropped the Big Smoke for a count of four, and then Johnson crawled up and coiled like a spring and shot across the ring and—bam! That was the hardest sock I ever saw in the ring until I saw this big boy in Cowley's gym having it out with the dummy. At the count of four the big boy was back on his feet; and then he lowered his head and tore in and put everything but his room rent in one punch and gave it to the dummy. The dummy let out an awful squeak, and I thought he would break loose from his rope.

"Time!" I shouted, seeing that the dummy was out on his feet.

The big boy looked around, dashing the brown curls out of his eyes.

"Say, son," I said, coming forward, "where did you learn to fight like that?"

"Oh, sir, that was nothing," he said, as modest as he was brave. "You should see me in a real set-to."

"Can you take it too?" I asked. "If that dummy had a glove, would you play for his body like that, or would you try out his legs? I bet if that dummy let go his rope and took after you, you would tin-can all over the gym."

"Pardon, you are in error," he said. "I am at my best when they are coming. I am fast—remarkably so."

"Faster than lightning, eh?"

"Well, I've never been hit by it yet, and you may draw your own conclusions," said he. "These sluggers are made for me. I just hold out one hand—like that—and stop them in their tracks; and if they run past the signal, I bring over the right and settle the question of supremacy. They don't put a glove on me, indeed, if they rush from the first bell until the referee stops the demoralizing spectacle."

He skated around the gym, cutting eights and doing toe spins, and ducking and blocking and side-stepping like a fellow battling a machine gun. He was fast and scientific, and he had the kick and he looked mighty good to me. In fact, if he had a fault, it was that he looked too blamed good; he looked like one of these here Greek gods. I'm off Greek gods, and I've seen not a few. They are fast on their feet and they can hit, but that is not a patch on how fast and how hard they hit on the floor. You show me a Greek god pulling on a glove and my money will hop aboard the other fellow quicker than Bryan saying "Yes, yes!" to a convention. But this boy spoke so nicely, and I was so hard up for troops, that I grabbed his glove and held it up.

The Boys That Wanted to Go on With Lucy Were Not College Professors

"I'm Joe Reddy, the well-known manager," I said. "You're discovered! I've got more fights on my hands than the cow that kicked over the beehive, and you can have all or any. Who did you ever lick?"

"It's a pleasure, Mr. Reddy," he said, looking down on me along his big nose. "You say you are a manager—and a well-known one? Strange, I thought that I knew all the managers of note. No offense, you know, my dear fellow—my error entirely. You ask me for the names of my conquests? Well, I have gained decisions over the Brockton Tar Baby, Biff Heffernan, the Mexican Tamale, Tarantula Tommy MacTavish, George Twin Sully ——"

"Wait up," I said, listening to the names of these good second-raters. "Is this on the level?"

"Pardon, Reddy?"

"I mean, where did you do all this damage? Not in New York or I'd of heard of you. Did you ever fight in New York?"

"No, I never fought in New York."

"Where are you from?"

"Ioway."

"I see," I said, figuring he'd caught these good boys on their travels and gained some of these home-town decisions. Still, it was a nice record, and I went downstairs and dug up Cowley. "Listen, Mike," I said, "I been talking to a big corn-fed up in the gym. Who is he?"

"You heard," said Cowley, looking up from the crap game. "He don't make any secret out of it."

"But say, Mike, is he as good as he says?"

"If he isn't," said Cowley, making a pass, "he ought to get a manager to tell it for him." Cowley is a little peeved with me because I once rang in a boy on him for a semifinal and told him the boy's record was O. K., when all there was on it was K. O. "Say, Joe," he said, "there's a boy you ought to grab off!"

"I don't know," I said. "He looks to me like a Greek god."

"Five's my point," said Cowley. . . . "What's that, Joe? Say, Joe, you're looking for a fighter, aren't you? Why don't you take that boy upstairs?"

"But is he good?" said I.

"Five you can't six," said Cowley. . . . "Oh, by the way, Joe, why don't you take charge of that boy up in the gym?"

"He looks good," I said. "But how would he like a good smack on the nose?"

(Continued on Page 52)

Well, I Noticed That Tug Was Coming Out of Crouches a Little Slowly

THE GULF STREAM

"Starboard," He Cried Feebly. "Starboard." "Starboard Yourself," Mabel Cried Back With a Strangled Wind-Torn Laugh

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

WHEN he came in sight of the old Traill place Charles Gayley felt a touch of the old bitterness in his heart. Time had made few changes in that neighborhood. The road, deep in yellow dust, ran past the house with that same wind-swept, water-channeled, hoof-pounded ledge in it as of yore, and the house itself, gray and broken-backed, peered at him over a field of uncut hay. The L, angling away from the main house, still had that familiar sag in its ridge where his Grandfather Hiram's pigs had rooted away the underpinning.

In the woodshed door a girl in a white cap was shelling peas into a big tin basin. When she saw that brooding giant of a man with a corncob pipe upside down in his mouth, and his hands bulging in his coat pockets, she stood up abruptly, dusting her hands

"Hello, Charl Gayley," she cried in her deep, rather husky voice. "So they've let you out at last."

"They've let me out at last," he said somberly. He had a way of repeating other people's phrases with an ironical twist.

"You look a little pale about the gills still."

"I am shaky," the man confessed. "I feel feathery around the knees all right."

"You've got a right to. I wish you could have seen yourself when they brought you in. I was just leaving the hospital to come on this case. You looked like something the cat brought in. You did for a fact. Burnt to a crisp. Your eyelashes have grown out again. They tell me now you went back aboard that ship just to unchain a dog. Is that so?"

"If I did I was too late," the man said. "The dog was blown to bits."

"So I understand. It's a wonder anything was left of you. Crazy. You must have known the fire had got near the oil. Maybe it'll teach you a lesson, though. Funny you had to get that kind of a reception home after all this time away. It must be twelve years."

"All of twelve." The man surveyed her. "I see you're the same Mabel Upham."

"If you can trust to appearances, I am, yes. I've got fat and practical, though."

"Yes, you've fleshed up," Charles Gayley said seriously. He looked into the woodshed. "By Godfrey, time is nothing," he muttered. "I can see you there sitting on a bucket, and smoking sweet-fern cigarettes, as if it was yesterday."

"We rolled the paper round a lead pencil," the girl caught him up excitedly, "and glued them with flour paste." She wrinkled her nose. "Personally I've given up the habit. I guess I was afraid it would dry up my blood, the way you told me rattan would, if I smoked that. I took a lot of stock in what you said those days."

"That was where you showed your inexperience then," the man said, mooning, and looking as if he had lost interest in the conversation.

"And then again, at that time you hadn't become the full-fledged woman hater you have since," Mabel Upham said, lowering her eyes discreetly and touching a ruffle at her throat with thumb and finger. "You couldn't be hired, probably, to sit smoking sweet fern with a lady nowadays."

"Sweet fern," muttered Charles Gayley. His eyes deepened and ranged. He was quite blind to the mischief under Mabel Upham's skilfully slanted lashes. "Yes," he muttered. "That was certainly the proper quill. It beat tobacco all hollow. Hanged if I don't take a sack of that sweet fern away to sea."

"I must have had a fearful crush on you at that time," Mabel confided. "Actually when I heard that you had gone away to sea I was crazy mad to follow," she went on, wrapping her arms tight about her body, and leaning back against the door. "I was half a mind to change my sex and wear men's clothes."

"Yes, you were."

"I was, really. But then, I was always wanting to do things that any ordinary woman-mortal wouldn't dream of doing."

Charles Gayley discreetly changed the subject, and asked after his Aunt Hitty, who was sick abed upstairs.

"She's bad enough. She can't move anything on the left side, I suppose you know."

Doctor Stone had told him that, he said. And he went on at once to ask cumbrously if he might sleep in the barn chamber for a night or two. It was a fancy of his, and the doctor had said that he ought to get his strength back before going aboard ship again.

"I can make you up a bed there as well as not," Mabel Upham said.

"I don't want to make work for you. You let me fix myself up on the floor," he muttered.

Mabel Upham laughed, and shouldered him with her soft shoulder.

"Aren't we considerate?" she breathed, dipping past him. "You haven't changed, have you? I should think going to sea and running in with those queer characters every day would have made a difference in that particular. But you've got that same trick of underestimating your own importance I remember as a child. Don't you think for one minute that I'm not tickled pink to have some human being of the opposite sex on the premises. I've been blue as a whetstone all soul alone in this great ark of a house with that cross-grained old lady pouring her complaints into my ear. Come along."

He saw that her eyes, brown, like her thick hair, and with their vivid, warm, scrutinizing lights, held the well-remembered audacity.

It had been no part of his plan to have Mabel Upham get his meals for him, but he found himself again coerced—at least to the extent of having supper with her.

"It isn't likely that a man as careful as you are not to make a noise will disturb anybody," she said, arranging the knives and forks with the alacrity of a hospitable woman. "Just turn that fish over in the pan, will you, sailorman, while I'm setting the table."

The faint rattle of a bell in that upper chamber brought back the patient to her mind, and she waltzed out of the kitchen gayly. She came back more thoughtful, and shut the door with a deliberate click

"How she clings to life," she whispered. "It's a Traill characteristic, I guess. Any other man than you would have been blown to bits, like that dog. Seriously, I don't see what she's got to live for. Where there's baby crocodiles on the window sill, and red devils in the drinking water, why should she want to go on and on and on, one day just like another? Three parts ceiling, from her present position."

"Well, isn't one day pretty much like another for the best of us?" the man questioned, leaning forward, and tracking a moth over the red-and-white-checked tablecloth with his fork. "Don't you find a good deal of sameness to it, taking one thing with another? I notice myself nowadays that yesterday and today and tomorrow all kind of run in together without any distinguishing mark. Half the time I don't know what day of the week it is, and I wouldn't know what to do with the knowledge if I did."

"Half the time you look as if you didn't know what year it was, anno Domini. It must be a family trait,'

Mabel Upham said, looking at him with close interest. "Let me help you to a little more fish."

Gayley shook his head, but she deposited another fragment on his plate, with a sweep of the arm that wouldn't say no, and he obediently applied his fork to it. He felt as if he had got into a favorable current, while still out of sight of land. He took sly peeps about him at the walls of the kitchen, at the yellow doors which had been planed to a new shape as the house settled. Yesterday and today and tomorrow. They knew all about this habitation, where the very ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece had a kind of reluctant hitch in it. He had been born here, and now he came here a stranger to the place. Yet even now not quite a stranger. His life had at its foundation only the sliding sands of an intrigue, a piece of folly, like a shadow dance, and this shadow dance had taken place here within these walls.

His father, a circus performer, had sat here, in this very stocky wooden chair with the red robin painted on its back a mere boy in a flashy coat, as Hitty Traill had told the son bitterly. A juggler and knife thrower, a transient who had pierced Ann Traill's heart, as if in a slip of practice, when he had meant to miss her by a hair and only send the shivers through her.

Ann Traill had loved him. Her son felt sure of that, mysteriously sure. These yellow walls seemed impregnated with her impassioned whispers, the shivering fears of her poor heart. But he had been a transient. He had passed on, evaporated, taking his knives with him; and Ann Traill had died at the birth of her son.

Queer, the man reflected. All the materials remained the same—the little clock cocked up there, with its yellow dial, pretending that time was so precious; the knives and forks lying on the cloth; the limp silver spoons ready to be manipulated. And a girl across the table who might be mistaken at a careless glance for Ann Traill herself. What did it all go to prove? It was a sort of hoax, or like an attempt made by an invisible presence, frustrated, and then set on foot again with a kind of devilish patience. It seemed to him that he could feel Ann Traill's presence at his elbow, behind his chair, with that apprehensive light in her eyes which he had noted in an old photograph of her. Wind outside took the house in a trembling grip, and he felt the touch of his mother's fingers at his temples.

"Good Lord, you're dead with sleep," Mabel Upham said, seeing his head tumble on his chest. "Come this way, and don't make any more noise than you can help with those great boots of yours."

He slept in a bed painted in broad stripes of brown and yellow to imitate a grain that was never grown in mortal forest. Mabel's last whispered injunction to him had been not to smoke his pipe. The smell would filter through the walls, and the old lady's sense of smell was as keen as ever

"You can't expect to find her reconciled to the name of Gayley," she explained. "I guess she's got a bone to pick with you atill on account of your running away and giving the impression that she hadn't been as good to you as she might have been. Your father went against her grain, too, they tell me. He let his hair grow wild over his ears like an ape, Hitty says. Funny, that's the way yours grows."

In the morning, when she referred to that condition of his hair again, he said with a total lack of interest, "Is it? Yes, I guess it is. I never saw much place for barbers in the scheme of things."

"You're not such a woman-killer as he was, at all events," Mabel said composedly, bringing him his eggs. "You don't throw knives, by any chance, do you?"

"Throw knives, no."

"He used to throw knives. For a living, I mean. Hitty says there's one or two marks in the woodwork in the dining room where he stuck one in when he was being playful with your mother. Between you and me and the bedpost, that's not my idea of a frolic."

"Well, no."

Gayley, folded in upon himself, breakfasted ruminantly. When he had finished he sat sprawled in a chair, his felt storm cap drawn over his eyes, his yellow corncob empty and twirled upside down. Mabel Upham, coming down from the upper regions, as she called them, with a tray, closed the kitchen door very softly.

"You talk about second sight," she whispered. "I think she half suspects already. I had to make up some cock-and-bull story of a man coming to the back door to sell vegetables. If it wasn't for my faculty of telling lies without turning a hair I don't know where I'd be"

"You won't have to tell another one," Charles Gayley said, with his elbows on the table. "I guess I've got my fill of sentiment. Well, thank you for your trouble. You've sure been good to me."

"So it's 'Hello' and 'Good-by' with you, is it?" Mabel said, stepping between him and the door. "Eat and run, in other words. I guess you are your father's man, all right. You wait, Mister Man. You haven't heard me say my little say yet. I don't deny it's open to you to walk off and wash your hands of it, but still and all, Hitty's a blood relative of yours, for all her bad opinion of you."

Gayley

"That's not likely to lead me to inherit," said Gayley with a grim smile.

"Inherit? What under the sun do you think there is left here to inherit? Sea water? Wind? She hasn't got a red cent, Charl. Hiram couldn't have taken very good care of his money, I guess. At all events it's a plain charity case, the way it stands, and if something isn't done they'll have to take her to the hospital in a day or two. I'm not made of money. I can't work indefinitely for nothing. No, sirree. If I'm going on making one day look just like another to her, the wherewithal has got to be forthcoming."

"If I had a cent of capital -- " the man began.

"Who said a word about capital?" Mabel cut him short. "I know you haven't much in the way of this world's goods. You don't need capital on a job like this. There's still fish in the sea, I hope And Hiram did have the grace to leave his dory behind him, and a little fish tackle. I was sorting it over only yesterday, and thinking that if the right man would only come and put his shoulder to the wheel the old lady could go on dying at her own pleasure. And then you drop like a bolt out of the blue. Charl, you've got to."

The man tapped his pipestem against his teeth. His jaw slacked Who could say the proposition was not tempting? He felt as a man might who knew that gold was hidden somewhere in the walls of the house, without knowing precisely where. He still had the aspect of a

(Continued on Page 104)

He Would Look at Her, and Feel the Heat Coming Back Into His Blood, Bringing a Queer Buoyancy With It

JERSEY THE UNTAXED

By FREEMAN TILDEN

Mont Orgueil Castle, Gorey, Jersey, Fifteen Miles From the Mainland of France

TO ALL the world except England, Jersey is the place where the cows come from But to the Englishman, Jersey is the place where the tax dodgers go to. This being so, the Englishmen who are paying four shillings and sixpence in the pound, as a minimum income tax, want something done about it They want to know why the Island of Jersey, within a hundred miles of the English coast, should be swaggering around bragging of the fact that it doesn't have any income tax at all. They ask, "Doesn't Jersey belong to us?"

Well, that's the question. Of course the Englishman first of all wrote a letter to the Times. The Times had to confess itself stumped. Then the question was raised in the House of Commons. Somebody asked the Home Secretary why it was that while honest Englishmen were staggering under the burden of forty different kinds of taxes, direct and indirect, this little island off the French coast should be coolly advertising in the London newspapers:

COME TO JERSEY
WHERE THERE IS NO INCOME TAX

The Home Secretary said he didn't know, but would look into the matter. He looked into the matter. After looking into the matter he replied that it would require such a long explanation that maybe, since Jersey was such a small island, and the people who lived there were so touchy on questions of money and self-determination and suchlike, it might be wise to forget it.

But it is not in the nature of the Englishman to forget anything, once he has made an inquiry about it. Four hundred and fifty years from next June somebody will rise in the House of Commons and ask the First Lord of the Admiralty to explain why it was that the Dardanelles expedition was given up just when the Turks were almost whipped, during the late war. There are parliamentary questions which are handed down from generation to generation, like a key-winder silver watch.

So whatever government rules Great Britain during the coming year, the Home Secretary of that government may as well be preparing himself for the inevitable question, "What are we going to do about the Island of Jersey?"

The Tax Dodgers' Mecca

THE Home Secretary will answer probably, "My reply to the honorable gentleman is that the affair is proceeding satisfactorily."

Which will be the truth. The affair will be proceeding satisfactorily—to Jersey.

Jersey is untaxed and untaxable. It is the Mecca of tax dodgers as the result of conditions which were chartered and sealed before the present British Government was dreamed of. The English taxpayer is peeved beyond bounds at the fact that within six hours' steaming of Southampton there are other Englishmen living on the fat of the land, paying no taxes of any kind, smoking English cigarettes at a price 25 per cent less than they cost in England, drinking Scotch whisky for about half what it costs in Scotland, and able to import whatever they need, from anywhere in the world, without paying duties of any kind, excepting four or five nominally taxed articles alone. It makes the homekeeping Englishman steam and blow smoke rings when he thinks of it. When he talks of it he is in danger of apoplexy. But there is really nothing to be done about it, unless England wants to go to war against Jersey.

Which would be about as productive of pleasure and profit as the United States going to war against the island of Nantucket.

The unsuccessful attempt of Great Britain to convince Jersey that an income tax is a good thing or, failing that, to convince the stiffnecked islanders that they should make a neat little contribution to the Imperial Exchequer, is the one bit of comedy in the welter of tragic European affairs Also, it exposes to view one of the queerest ethnological and political freaks in a part of the world which revels in inconsistencies and hodgepodges of nationality.

First of all then, to get a notion of where Jersey is, you have to take the atlas and turn to the map of France. It will be no disgrace to you if you have never heard of the Channel Islands. There are people in both England and France who never heard of them either. Snuggled close to the western exposure of the old province of Normandy is a group of islands, of which the largest, in order of size, are Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark.

There are several other islands big enough to have dwellings and fields on them, and several hundred which are really only rock pinnacles, almost submerged by the furious tides which swirl around this part of the Channel. One of these little islands, Jethou, was owned, until a short time ago, by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the author. He has just sold it to a commercial gentleman who is also a minor poet. It is a good place for a minor poet. There is only one boat a week that comes anywhere near it, in flush times, and even those cynics who believe that minor poets should be slain at sight would hardly go so far out of their way.

Victor Hugo described the Channel Islands as "bits of France which have fallen into the sea and have been snatched up by England." That is poetic. It is hardly true. As the following will show, England never annexed the Channel Islands. The Channel Islands annexed England. But on the other hand, Victor Hugo made an excusable blunder. He was thinking of the well-known fact that for over a century it was unsafe to go away for the week-end and leave an island lying about in the ocean. The chances were forty to one that when you came back you would find the Union Jack floating over it and an agency for Guinness Stout already doing a flourishing trade.

A Question of Parentage

BUT in this case England was innocent of guile or force. When the irate taxpayers of Britain ask, in their wrath, "Doesn't Jersey belong to us?" the answer is: No, Jersey doesn't. The Channel Islands have what they describe as a union with Great Britain. But they never speak of "our King." The Jerseymen have no king. They acknowledge in a perfunctory way the sovereignty of the Duke of Normandy. It so happens that the King of Great Britain is also Duke of Normandy. So that would appear to be a distinction without a difference. But it isn't. It is a real difference. It is just the difference which enables the States of Jersey to turn down a request from the Imperial Exchequer with the same nonchalance of a business man turning down a request for a loan from an old college chum.

The English say to the Jerseymen, "Don't you want to help your mother country?"

That doesn't even make the Jerseymen laugh. They merely shrug their shoulders and reply, "Whose mother country? Not ours. We haven't any mother country. But if you want a straight answer, take this: You are asking something of your grandfather country, which you are not going to get."

"What do you mean by that?" asks the Englishman.

"We mean," say the Jerseymen, "that we don't belong to England. England is a part of Jersey. We are the sole heirs and legatees of William, Duke of Normandy, who crossed over to England and wiped up the earth with the people he found there in 1066.

(Continued on Page 205)

A Jersey Cottage

KINDRED BRITAIN

The Hunting Meet of the Eton College Beagles at Dorney Gate, Bucks, England

By Lothrop Stoddard

FOR America the word "Britain" is of profound significance. It evokes a multitude of thoughts. Whether the word be taken in its narrowest sense as meaning merely England, or extended to the British Isles, or broadened to include those self-governing dominions which go to make up the English-speaking commonwealth of nations, or, finally, widened to signify the vast assemblage of lands and peoples known as the British Empire, we Americans instinctively realize that here is something which to us is of deep concern.

This is true of Americans generally, whatever their origin, because the United States is an English-speaking country, settled mainly by people of British stock who built up a civilization, fundamentally Anglo-Saxon in character, that has set its stamp upon all who have reached our shores. For most Americans the significance of Britain is not merely a matter of cultural acquirement but also of racial inheritance—in other words, something in the blood. Despite recent immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe, the population of the United States is still basically Anglo-Saxon, while a decided majority of its inhabitants are of British or kindred North European stocks.

The essentially Anglo-Saxon character of our stock and civilization makes a study of things British at once peculiarly interesting and peculiarly important. Since race is unquestionably the basic factor in human affairs, we have weighty reasons for observing our British kin. This will aid us not only in our relations with them but also in our own domestic problems. For with folk so similar, a knowledge of what sort of people the British really are, and of what they are thinking and doing, will throw much light on what sort of people we ourselves are and what is the significance of our thoughts and actions.

The Test

IT IS a narrow and short-sighted view which holds that the parallel development of the British and American peoples is due chiefly to ease and frequency of intellectual intercourse—that we are so much alike because we can read each other's books and newspapers and can talk without an interpreter. That is rather putting the cart before the horse. It ignores the much more fundamental query as to how we both got that way. You can realize the significance of this point by a very simple test. Compare a conversation you have had with an Englishman and a conversation you have had with a person of some other nationality. The chances are ten to one that in analyzing those conversations you will discover a very significant distinction between them—the fact that you met your Englishman on a footing of more instinctive comprehension. As you look back you will probably remember that there were a lot of rather subtle things like viewpoints, ideals, prejudices even, which you could more or less take for granted with the Englishman, but which you could not thus tacitly assume with the other.

I am not here referring to knowledge of facts; your Englishman may have been ignorant, while the other man may have been learned in the topics you discussed. Likewise, I am not concerned with the outcome of those conversations; you may have disagreed violently with the Englishman and have agreed fully with the other. Yet even that violent controversy between yourself and the Englishman had an intimate note; that is to say, in all probability it was not a clash between absolutely antagonistic ideals, but rather a family row over details—a magnifying of differences, perhaps just because you two had started with so much in common.

Two Stable Peoples

ALL this is of great practical importance, because it furnishes a clew to the understanding not merely of personal contacts between individual Englishmen and Americans but also of the relations between the American and British peoples. We two peoples cannot be really indifferent to each other, any more than members of the same family can be really indifferent to one another. Anglo-American relations must be characterized by a peculiar family quality which contains great possibilities for good and for ill. Things which between other nations might not make a ripple can, as between Americans and Englishmen, promote warm sympathy or provoke bitter resentment.

That is why the fullest possible understanding is so necessary between the two peoples. Here, if ever, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Englishmen and Americans who know each other just well enough to see their differences are apt to quarrel. Englishmen and Americans who know each other intimately realize that such differences are far outweighed by common likenesses and usually succeed in maintaining friendly harmony in outlook and action.

Such friendship was never more needed than it is today. The American and British peoples are unquestionably the strongest and stablest elements in a very troubled world, and their friendly cooperation is the best hope of the future. Probably no reflective American or Englishman thinks otherwise. And yet, desirable though this may be, it need not necessarily come about. Minor points of friction exist and misunderstandings are always liable to arise. The best

(Continued on Page 39)

PHOTOS COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD N. Y. C.

Crowds Outside of St. Margaret's, Westminster, During the Memorial Service for Ex-President Wilson, Which Was Attended by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught

UPSTAIRS

By RICHARD DWIGHT HILLIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

HEY, Meade, come here a second, will you?"

"Mr. Meade, the figures on that Healy job ——"

"Proofs, Mr. Meade."

"Mr. Meade, will you look at these sheets?"

With a hand that shook slightly and was clammy, Horace Meade pushed back the celluloid eye shade from a brow the color of damp newspaper, laid a 5B pencil on a metal pencil rack in front of him, placed a square electro on the pile of bills he had been checking and got to his feet

The pounding of his heart as he did so frightened him; the room went round in a blurred circle and the throbbing at the base of his skull seemed to mount in a sheet of fire. But he took the proof sheets.

"Look 'em over, will you, Mr. Meade?"

"The Blue Pagoda cards, Mr. Meade ——"

"Hey, Meade!"

"Will I say you'll phone 'em, Mr. Meade?"

The type on the glazed white proof stock danced before his eyes. He was conscious of the dampness of his fingers on the paper, of the prickling sensation along his spine, of the lurking nausea that since breakfast had ——

"Mr. Meade!"

"They didn't have no more o' that ——"

"Will y' O. K. these, Mr. ——"

"Hey, Meade!"

At the rail by the elevator an agency representative waved a colored folder. Horace Meade returned the greeting. It helped to get his mind off himself. The nausea passed. And then, just as he thought he was all right again, his heart, with terrific violence, seemed to turn clear over inside him. He sat down, a bath of perspiration breaking out upon him.

Miss Perry, his stenographer, said, "Mr. Meade, you feeling badly?"

He controlled his panting.

"Guess I must have eaten something. This heat ——"

It was the heat—mostly. It wasn't his heart; the doctor had promised that. Keep cool, that was the trick. Don't get panicky. Take it easy. Above all, don't let 'em see that he was panicky.

"It's the limit, awright!" Miss Perry jerked a page from her machine. "September, too! It's a shame, with Mr. Williams sick, an' all Miss Martin's work on us, an' ——"

As if at the reminder, Horace Meade let go the desk, reached for a blue pencil.

"'Scuse me, Mr. Meade ——"

"Ain't you gotta O. K. these?"

"Mr. Meade!"

A messenger dropped a package on the desk. Another a dummy of The Cage in yellow buckram.

Miss Miller, from her table by the window, called, "Mr. Meade, what about the Book Trade Review?"

He took out his handkerchief, already damp, and wiped his wrists inside his cuffs.

"Use the plate from the Weekly," he called in his dull voice.

And to the printer's boy, "Yes, I'll phone." To Miss Perry, "Tell Ryan to get the express people, will you? Eldridge can see that—that gentleman."

The desk phone rang. He reached for it.

"Hello, hello! Yes, hello, Phillips!" Henry Phillips, his neighbor in Green Gardens, cashier in the suburban bank. The metallic voice was unctuous. "Say, Meade, sorry to bother you, ole top, but—you know—bank rules; you're overdrawn, ole horse. . . . Yeah. . . . Mrs. Meade, prob'ly —— What? . . . Oh, not much. Twenty-seven-fifty. Thirty bucks'll cover it. No rush. Just thought I'd call you up instead of botherin' the wife."

Horace Meade said, "Thank you," in the same dull voice. "Thanks, old man. I'll attend to it right away. Sorry it happened. Thank you. Good-by."

Mechanically, he felt through his pockets. His heart was pounding again. That taste in his mouth! Everything—the simplest complication—upset him this morning. Thirty dollars. Nothing to get scared about. He could borrow it from a dozen people in the office. Prindle would let him have it.

The phone rang again.

"Hello, hello! . . . Oh, hello, honey!" Emma, his wife. "What? . . . I'm all right. Why? An'thing wrong? Where are you?"

Her voice sounded worried.

"Say, Listen, Mr. Meade, Now Here's the Proposition"

"I'm downstairs, in the building. Horace, could you come down a minute? I want to talk to you. I came in to see Doctor Pierce about mother. He says—well, I want to talk to you about it. Could you come down? I won't keep you long Please! It's important. Awf'ly important."

Important!

His heart came loose again, like a rickety flywheel. The band about his temples tightened.

He said, "Why, yes, I can come down, honey. Meet you in the drug store. That all right? Yes, right away. No, I'll start this minute. Good-by."

He got to his feet.

"Mr. Meade!"

"Would you look at this layout, Mr. Meade?"

"Mr. Wicks said you'd O. K. this, Mr. Meade."

"Hey, Meade!"

Harvey Eldridge, of the shipping department, called from the other aisle, "The boss 's ringin' for you."

He turned. It was true. The signal button on his desk was glowing. He put down the layout.

"I'll look at this later—after lunch. Same for you, Harold. Sorry ——"

He moved down the room, his heart knocking like the engine of a flivver. His fingers, gripping the wadded handkerchief in his coat pocket, were at once stiff and weak. He knocked his double knock, and in response to a bellowed "C'min!" pushed back the green-baize door and walked in.

Rufus Wicks, large, florid, heavily put together, only surviving member of the firm of Joseph Wicks & Son, was telephoning—as usual. He sat tipped back in his swivel chair, and as the door closed, shouted "Nothin' doing! That's too high, an' you know it. Come in here an' talk to Meade about it. He'll show you why. No, I don't propose to discuss it. 'S too high, that's all. You c'n see Meade about it. All right, do that. G'-by."

The phone was slammed down on a pile of galleys.

"That was Hendricks, 'bout those cards. He's crazy, 'nless you're off on your figures. Now let's see. What about The Sagebrush Girl? I haven't seen samples."

"They're in that package." Meade moved round the desk. "The brown one. No, over there."

"Humph! It's here, eh? All right. Now 'bout Down the Wind. I——"

"We'll have figures today."

"We will? Good! 'S time we had 'em! Those people seem to think they c'n . . . H'm. Le's see. Now what was that other—oh, the Witherspoon book—that Persia thing. What's happened to it?"

"The author hasn't sent in the final chapters."

"He hasn't? I'll have to write him. Just like these birds to ——"

"I could take a chance and begin ——"

"Take a chance? Nothing doing! No, sir! The last time we tried that . . . Now those jackets—for October seventh. I haven't seen the copy ——"

"Miss Tracy's finishing them."

"Well, tell her to get 'em in t'night. I —— Here!" Rufus Wicks' manner changed; a purplish tinge ran up his cheeks. "Say 'bout that Hawkins shipment. I got a wire here says they haven't received it. I told you that was important. I told Eldridge. Why the devil can't you people ——"

"They've received it now."

"They have?"

"We've had another wire."

"Oh, you've had a wire, eh? Well, why didn't they get it when they should have? It's delays like this that ——"

"It went out Thursday."

"What?"

"Their wire came in Thursday."

"Thursday? You're crazy! It was here las' Tuesday or ——"

"No, Mr. Wicks, I've looked it up. It came in Thursday, and we shipped that afternoon."

"You mean you wrote the labels. I know, I know! Haven't I been through it on the road? It's the old story. You folks in the office cannot see things the way they look outside. Hawkins 's one of our best customers. I've spent a lot of good time on that bird, and now you have to ——"

"But ——"

"Don't argue! I don't want to hear it. It makes me sick to hear these excuses. Talking about it won't remedy it. The stuff didn't go out on time, that's all."

"I've seen the receipt."

"Well, it didn't go out! I don't believe it ——"

"I can show it to you."

"Oh, for cat's sake, no! I can't be bothered with these details. Maybe it did go out. But it seems darn funny that whenever I want a partic'ly important shipment made, something like this has to happen. No matter, no matter! Bawl 'em out in the shipping room and watch out next time. . . . Now I've got to see some people. Goin' out 'n a minute. Be back by two. Keep your eye on things We'll decide about that cloth 'saft'noon. I guess that's all."

Horace Meade said "Yes, sir," and went out, closing the baize door behind him.

He paused outside to jot a note in a red leather book and then crossed to the elevators. Descending, little Hermann Grossheim, millionaire proprietor of Grossheim & Myers, upstairs, spoke to him.

"'Morning, Mr. Meade. 'S a hot day."

It was hot in the car—suffocating. Below, the hall was swept by a dry, tobacco-and-dust-laden air. He walked out through the freight entrance at the rear and, dodging a boy with a gigantic pile of empty cartons, circled a manhole ringed with coal dust and hurried toward the drug store, two doors down.

A blinding glare beat down on the street. At the pharmacy an odor of pineapples, Vichy, talcum, rubber gloves and scented soap met him as he entered. Emma, painfully threadbare looking in that old black suit and scuffed black shoes, motioned to him from the counter. He joined her, mustering a feeble cheerfulness.

"Well, well, here we are! You ordered? What? I dunno—a soda, maybe."

His wife's glass stood on the counter—orangeade a five-cent drink The sight hurt him shamed him. She was always having to economize. She laid a gloved hand on his knee.

"Horace, you look so badly. It worries me. You—you've looked badly all week It scares me."

He said "Nonsense!" in his dull, furry voice, and thought to himself, "Why can't they ventilate these places?"

Then he put the question—the question he had come down to ask: "What about your mother? What did Pierce say? She isn't worse?"

Her troubled glance searched his face.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't come in! You're all tired out. I shouldn't have phoned you."

"Fiddle!"

"I should have ——"

"You're as tired as I am. . . . What did he say? What's ——"

"You won't—won't let it worry you? We can manage. I've thought it all out. We can do it."

"Do what? Of course we can! What ——" Impatience gripped him. "What did he say?"

"They've got to do it." She lifted her glass in a desperate effort to minimize the news. "But we can manage. I explained to Doctor Pierce about the expense. We can ——"

"Of course we can." He spoke quietly enough, but his heart had come loose again. His voice sounded thin. "How—how much'll it cost?"

"He wouldn't say." Her glance avoided his. "It'll be expensive, though—awf'ly expensive. It's—it isn't only the operation; there's the hospital and ——"

He knew.

"About how much?"

"I can't tell."

"Roughly?"

"Well, we don't need to pay it all at once. About—well, a thousand, I guess; maybe twelve hundred."

Twelve hundred! Twelve hundred dollars! And they were overdrawn right now. Down to bed rock this minute. The children's measles had done that. Twelve hundred! And this morning, coming in on the train, Arthur Whymper, their landlord, had said they couldn't renew. The house was to be sold. That meant moving—another hundred, and perhaps a higher rent. Twelve, thirteen ——

"Horace!" Her voice was pleading. "Horace, please! Don't look like that! We can manage—we can do it! I've thought it all out. I know we can."

She knew! But she didn't know about the moving, and he wouldn't tell her—not now—later—tonight, perhaps. He stood up, putting down his glass. He must get away alone—by himself.

"Of course we'll manage," he heard himself repeating. "Don't you worry; we'll find a way. I'll mull it over. We'll talk about it tonight. You phone Doctor Pierce I'll stop in on my way home. That be all right? How is she today? How're the children? Everything all right?"

Dimly he heard her. Everything was all right. It was just this—this decision. And now that that was settled ——

He stood up.

"I'm awf'ly sorry, honey, but I've got to hurry back. I'm rushed to death this morning. With Williams sick and Miss Martin away ——" He stopped. "Your lunch?" It was noon now. "Where you lunching?"

Continued on Page 117

Standing There, Waiting for His Dizziness to Leave Him, He Stared Across the Room With a Sudden Piercing Sensation of Strangeness

How to Live on $36,000 a Year

It Became a Habit With Many World-Weary New Yorkers to Pass Their Week-Ends at the Fitzgerald House in the Country

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

YOU ought to start saving money," The Young Man With a Future assured me just the other day. "You think it's smart to live up to your income. Some day you'll land in the poorhouse."

I was bored, but I knew he was going to tell me anyhow, so I asked him what I'd better do.

"It's very simple," he answered impatiently; "only you establish a trust fund where you can't get your money if you try."

I had heard this before. It is System Number 999. I tried System Number 1 at the very beginning of my literary career four years ago. A month before I was married I went to a broker and asked his advice about investing some money.

"It's only a thousand," I admitted, "but I feel I ought to begin to save right now."

He considered.

"You don't want Liberty Bonds," he said. "They're too easy to turn into cash. You want a good, sound, conservative investment, but also you want it where you can't get at it every five minutes."

He finally selected a bond for me that paid 7 per cent and wasn't listed on the market. I turned over my thousand dollars, and my career of amassing capital began that day.

On that day, also, it ended.

The Heirloom No One Would Buy

MY WIFE and I were married in New York in the spring of 1920, when prices were higher than they had been within the memory of man. In the light of after events it seems fitting that our career should have started at that precise point in time. I had just received a large check from the movies and I felt a little patronizing toward the millionaires riding down Fifth Avenue in their limousines—because my income had a way of doubling every month. This was actually the case. It had done so for several months—I had made only thirty-five dollars the previous August, while here in April I was making three thousand—and it seemed as if it was going to do so forever. At the end of the year it must reach half a million. Of course with such a state of affairs, economy seemed a waste of time. So we went to live at the most expensive hotel in New York, intending to wait there until enough money accumulated for a trip abroad.

To make a long story short, after we had been married for three months I found one day to my horror that I didn't have a dollar in the world, and the weekly hotel bill for two hundred dollars would be due next day.

I remember the mixed feelings with which I issued from the bank on hearing the news.

"What's the matter?" demanded my wife anxiously, as I joined her on the sidewalk. "You look depressed."

"I'm not depressed," I answered cheerfully; "I'm just surprised. We haven't got any money."

"Haven't got any money," she repeated calmly, and we began to walk up the Avenue in a sort of trance. "Well, let's go to the movies," she suggested jovially.

It all seemed so tranquil that I was not a bit cast down. The cashier had not even scowled at me. I had walked in and said to him, "How much money have I got?" And he had looked in a big book and answered, "None."

That was all. There were no harsh words, no blows. And I knew that there was nothing to worry about. I was now a successful author, and when successful authors ran out of money all they had to do was to sign checks. I wasn't poor—they couldn't fool me. Poverty meant being depressed and living in a small remote room and eating at a *rôtisserie* on the corner, while I—why, it was impossible that I should be poor! I was living at the best hotel in New York!

My first step was to try to sell my only possession—my $1000 bond. It was the first of many times I made the attempt; in all financial crises I dig it out and with it go hopefully to the bank, supposing that, as it never fails to pay the proper interest, it has at last assumed a tangible value. But as I have never been able to sell it, it has gradually acquired the sacredness of a family heirloom. It is always referred to by my wife as "your bond," and it was once turned in at the Subway offices after I left it by accident on a car seat!

This particular crisis passed next morning when the discovery that publishers sometimes advance royalties sent me hurriedly to mine. So the only lesson I learned from it was that my money usually turns up somewhere in time of need, and that at the worst you can always borrow—a lesson that would make Benjamin Franklin turn over in his grave.

For the first three years of our marriage our income averaged a little more than $20,000 a year. We indulged in such luxuries as a baby and a trip to Europe, and always money seemed to come easier and easier with less and less effort, until we felt that with just a little more margin to come and go on, we could begin to save.

"How Much Money Have I Got?"

Plans

WE LEFT the Middle West and moved East to a town about fifteen miles from New York, where we rented a house for $300 a month. We hired a nurse for $90 a month: a man and his wife—they acted as butler, chauffeur, yard man, cook, parlor maid and chambermaid—for $160 a month; and a laundress, who came twice a week, for $36 a month. This year of 1923, we told each other, was to be our saving year. We were going to earn $24,000, and live on $18,000, thus giving us a surplus of $6000 with which to buy safety and

(Continued on Page 94)

Jungle Folk—The Dinner Thief and Pickpocket

By GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY

Former Deputy Commissioner and Chief of Detectives, New York Police Department

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE skill, cunning and low visibility of the dinner thief are comparable with the invisibility of wild animals in their native haunts. Also called the porch climber and second-story worker, he is seldom seen, hardly ever identified and almost never convicted.

Some years ago a Wall Street man came to me with the story of a robbery in his home.

"I make a good deal of money," he said, "and not long ago stopped in at a Fifth Avenue jeweler's and bought my wife a $15,000 pearl necklace. She locked it in a trunk in its box. Night before last we had a party of friends to dinner. My wife took the necklace out of the trunk, clasped it around her neck, put the box in the top drawer of her chiffonier and locked the drawer. Instead of placing the necklace back in the trunk after our friends had gone, she put it in the box in the top drawer and locked it.

"Last night, as we were about to retire, I asked her to lock the necklace in the trunk again, remarking that $15,000 was quite a bit of money to lie around carelessly. She agreed with me, and unlocked and opened the chiffonier drawer. The box was there, just as she had placed it, but the necklace was gone."

A Tallow Candle Reveals Finger Prints Much More Clearly Than Electric Light

One of my assistants went to this gentleman's house in the country, and made an investigation that convinced him an inside job had been committed by the servants, of whom there were six or seven. His deduction was that the person who stole the pearls knew they were taken from the locked trunk and worn the evening of the party. According to his idea, this had to be someone in the house. He got no evidence, after skillful cross-examination, however, and the Wall Street man protested that his servants would not do such a thing.

"Why, I take them all down to Coney Island in my car several times during the summer. We visit Luna Park, and I take them all to the big shows, like the Hippodrome and the Follies. Your man is clever, but I think he has the wrong idea in this case. Won't you look this job over yourself?"

Going to the house, I made a very careful examination, leading to the conclusion that it was a climber job. On the porch beneath the window of the room in which the robbery had occurred there was a significant mark on a pillar indicating where the climbing had been done; and inspection of the room with a tallow candle revealed finger prints on a mantel near the window, which the thief had made going through the window. A tallow candle reveals finger prints much more clearly than electric light.

An Impromptu Job

PHOTOGRAPHING these finger prints for identification, I found they were those of an extraordinary dinner thief well known to detectives for his clever work. Incidentally, I may explain that this field of crime calls for such skill and resourcefulness that the really good porch climbers in this country can be counted on your fingers. I can name practically all of them. This chap was one of the best, a fellow who could go the average detective one better in cunning and skill, and especially clean in his work and get-away—very clean.

When I explained these facts to the Wall Street man he was greatly interested in the thief.

"I can get this fellow very soon," I said, "and the finger prints, with his record, will convict him."

"I shouldn't want to go into court and prosecute such a man," he said. "He might become very annoying after he got out of prison, or would have friends who would make reprisals. All I want is to recover my wife's pearls—see if you can get them back. I am mighty glad our servants are exonerated. To tell you the truth, I was a little suspicious of them under the circumstances."

Through certain channels I got hold of a man able to get in touch with this criminal. The pearls were still intact. To have acted as go-between myself would have been to compound a felony.

"I will give $1000 for the pearls," said the owner, "provided the man who took them brings them himself. And I will give another $1000 for the privilege of talking with him."

They finally met in the lobby of a New York hotel. The pearls were restored, the $2000 paid, and the broker and criminal became friends

"If I can ever do anything for you," said the Wall Street man, "let me know."

A year or two later I had this criminal for a safe-blowing job, in which, being less expert, he had got caught with the goods.

"How about your Wall Street friend?" I asked.

"That was a wonderful man!" he replied. "I never expected to meet such a man—didn't believe there were gentlemen like that in the world. You know, it wasn't his house at all that I went to rob that night. I had another job all doped out, and it would have been a better haul. But while the family was at dinner downstairs there were servants upstairs, and I couldn't work. Not wanting to go back empty-handed, I noticed this house, studied it, and got in the bedroom window. First I locked the door, to be sure that I could put a good distance between myself and that house if interrupted. Then I looked for valuables. You know how it is—there are only a few places to look, like bureau drawers, behind pictures, in laundry bags, and so forth. With my screws [skeleton keys] I opened the chiffonier drawer, took the pearls, put the box back exactly and locked the drawer again. Sometimes these swells never look in jewel boxes and it's weeks before the loss is discovered. That's the reason I always leave the container behind. I'm glad his wife got them back. Say, do you know what?"

"No."

"Well, some day I hope to make a haul big enough to pay that gentleman's money back!"

The dinner thief is almost always small of stature, and in personality the kind of man at whom you would never look twice. Certain wild animals have only to stand still when in danger of detection and immediately blend into the landscape, or resemble stones or stumps. The dinner thief disappears that way if you see him—stands still and becomes a human stone or stump. When approaching or entering premises he uses every art of concealment.

A Light-Fingered Syrian Lad

"WHY, I only half saw him," witnesses say when examined after these robberies, to secure identification. "I could hardly be certain that I saw a man at all, and I don't see anybody in this group of people that looks anything like him."

Johnny Kadra, a Syrian lad of eighteen, who single-handed robbed more private residences from Maine to California than any other professional thief, could enter and conceal himself in residences for hours and evade detection. I had him for a big jewel robbery in New York City—and had him so fast and tight that he became confidential with me about his work. Originally he was a peddler of laces, embroidery, and so forth. You know how pious and saintly these Syrian peddlers can look. They remind one of some sacred painting. Often he visited large estates, entered the houses and roamed about the rooms without interference. If discovered, he professed ignorance, lack of knowledge of English. No one ever suspected he would steal. When he found the opportunities so great he adopted stealing as a profession, covering his work by posing as a saintly peddler. He stole eight years

Continued on Page 213

Their Parents Believe That They are on the Street Playing Innocent Games

THAT SMITH GIRL

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

IT LOOKED something like an owl lunch wagon, something like part of a circus parade, and a little like a rather gaudy bungalow which had somehow acquired a set of wheels and had strayed in from Palm Bluff Terraces or some such place. Anyway, it was obviously an exotic, whatever its real character might be. More than that, it was a garish intruder in the well-ordered, meticulously manicured grounds of El Miramar. Decidedly it did not belong. Its canary-yellow sides and roof clashed hideously with the scarlet clump of poinsettias against which it was parked, jeered at the solemn dignity of the great live oak which stretched over it a majestic moss-hung branch; and glistened meretriciously with the morning dew. It spoiled the whole picture.

Mr. Irick Horton Weems, who owned the poinsettias and the live oak and all the extensive and elaborately landscaped grounds, as well as the great cream-colored stucco pile of El Miramar itself, stopped and stared. Although normally quite a pleasant-faced young man he could, on occasions, stare quite sternly and austerely, if not arrogantly. This seemed to be one of those occasions.

"In the name of all that's ocherous, Mr. Faxon, what is that?" he asked of his companion, who was also staring.

Mr. Faxon did not at once reply. For one reason he was registering a mental reservation against "ocherous." He doubted if there was any such word, and his British conservatism resented its coinage, even by his employer. Still, he was not sure that his duties as private secretary to Mr. Weems included revision of his spoken English. Besides, Mr. Faxon was quite vague as to the identity of this yellow affair on wheels, for his weak eyes were unused to the actinic vividness of Florida sunshine, and he was blinking almost painfully behind the thick lenses of his spectacles. But after a moment he hazarded a guess.

"Might it not be a sort of gypsy van, Mr. Weems? Now attome we ——"

"Yes, I understand," broke in Mr. Weems, who, in turn, resented the compression of "at home" into that mongrel combination which allows even an Oxford wrangler to drop an "h."

"And you're very nearly right. Only over here we call 'em tin canners."

"Fancy!"

"I'll say they're insolent though," continued Mr. Weems. "Using my grounds as a camping place! We'll just step over and shoo 'em out."

Mr. Faxon indulged in three rapid blinks, signifying alarm. He was not of a shooing nature, for with his weak eyes and pale face went a mild voice and a shrinking diffidence which almost amounted to timidity. Besides, he was so newly come out of England that a cat in a strange back yard was a roaring lion by comparison. But he had been tossed about on the Atlantic, he had been stunned by New York; and now, on his second morning in Florida, he was still dazzled by its subtropical radiance. He felt quite unequal to the task of shooing anybody. However, as young Mr. Weems was stalking on toward the yellow invader he had no choice but to trail along.

Irick Horton Weems, as you might suspect, was born to shoo persons. Not that he often exercised his prerogatives personally, or that he was an aggressive young man. But he was one of those who walk the earth with chin up, eyes level and shoulders squared, fully assured of their own excellencies and of their place in the scheme of things. Somewhat of an egoist, you will gather.

As a matter of fact, this trait had begun its development almost in his crib. He had been a beautiful baby. From the very start, women had raved over him. Even at that, all might have been well had he not grown into a beautiful boy. The phrase was only slightly an exaggeration. All his relatives said he was beautiful, most of his parents' friends, and even casual strangers. At the age of three he knew it himself. Well, that may be assuming a too intimate knowledge of childhood psychology. At least Master Irick was conscious that wherever he went he attracted favorable attention. Females wanted to grab him up and hug him. Males liked to chuck him under the chin and hold him on their knees. If for any reason his presence went unnoticed he quickly showed that he was aware of that too. He was apt to turn peevish. Once he expressed his disappointment by kicking his nursemaid. Only once. She was a Scotch nursemaid and she knew what Master Irick needed. In the privacy of the third-floor nursery she spanked him soundly. Never again did Irick Horton Weems raise his foot against a woman.

"Are—are There Pictures of Flower Gardens in Your Book?"

Yet his contempt for the opposite sex took early root. At six, at eight, at ten he was still much admired and greatly petted. Even when he emerged into his early teens he was not quite safe from the sudden embraces of middle-aged matrons who gushed sickeningly to his mother about her lovely, lovely boy. Occasionally even quite young women presumed on their guest privileges so far as to hug and kiss him without warning. Irick was bored by it. Was he to be pawed and mauled and kissed all his life by females about whom he cared nothing at all? Would they never leave off?

At or about his sixteenth year these affectionate outbursts from semistrangers did slacken. Within a year or so later they ceased altogether. Irick had cultivated a protective reserve toward women, young and old, which was not lightly to be broken down. He was still good-looking. Quite. It was not merely the casual pulchritude of youth. He had the slender gracefulness of figure and the classic features of a young Apollo. Other items were brooding brown eyes, a pink tint in his olive cheeks, and sleek black hair. Yet, to do him full justice, his was no effeminate prettiness. He was a male, masculine. Men were attracted to him. True, they rarely continued to find him attractive. Most of them thought him snobbish, nearly all considered him rather an ass. And they were not wholly wrong.

Under certain conditions, however, that which passes for snobbishness is inescapable. Your British-bred aristocrat is trained to assume a form of humility at least. He doesn't bark at butlers, or snap his fingers at club waiters, or bully tradespeople. Generally he can talk to the villagers without patronizing them. Our American plutocracy has no such traditions. Though some of our idle rich are gentlefolks in the best sense of the word, it is simply because they happen to be. They are not living up to a standard. We still regard *noblesse oblige* as a foreign phrase whose exact meaning we are somewhat uncertain about.

And Irick was a Weems of Weemsville, Rhode Island. Anyway, he had been born there. So had his father, and his grandfather. Back in Weemsville were mills or factories—great rambling brick structures filled with clattering machines tended by thousands of men, women and children, mainly of alien birth. Grandfather Horton Weems had started building the mills. Horton Weems, Jr., had enlarged and added to them. Irick Horton Weems simply knew that they were there, that in some tiresome way his income either shrank or swelled as the machines ceased to clatter or speeded up again. You can fill in the rest. Also you may judge how inevitable it was that he should be something of a snob.

At three and twenty he found himself orphaned and sharing the entire revenue of the Weemsville mills with an uncle and a married sister. Besides that, relatives were frequently dying and leaving him money, bonds, dividend-paying shares, property of various kinds. Trickling into his bank account, through his attorneys, came rentals from business blocks, tenements, land leases; interest on mortgages; matured loans. He glanced at the items in the monthly statements, tossed the sheets into a drawer. A pampered, fortunate youth.

El Miramar was part of a bequest wished on him by an aged, adoring and now deceased aunt. He had almost forgotten that he owned such a place until reminded of the fact by Ned Compton, a very new and very junior member of the firm of Compton, Wade & Compton, attorneys for the Weems estate.

Irick had confided to Ned, one day at a club, his intention to clear out, to get away from it all. He did not make quite clear what it was he wished to get away from, but he really meant that he was tired of scheming mothers and angling daughters. They maneuvered to get him on house parties, away on yachting cruises, off on motor trips; invited him to teas and dinners and balls; asked him to be best man or usher at weddings. And always there was some silly girl to whom they hoped he would be particularly nice. He didn't want to be nice to any girl. He had seen enough of girls. He had fox-trotted and motored and golfed and tennised and teaed with them. He had been exposed to all their flirtatious artifices until he knew every trick in the bag. He had been surfeited with feminine wiles. But what he told Ned Compton was that he wanted to get away.

"I know," jeered Ned. "To the great open spaces."

"Don't try to be funny," protested Irick. "I want to get off where I can do some work."

"Work?" Ned lifted his eyebrows.

"I am going to write a play," announced Irick soberly. So you may know that his sense of humor was either embryonic or atrophied.

Young Compton suppressed a chuckle. "Fine! No one has a better license, and neither Belasco nor Al Woods can stop you. Hop to it, old man. And, let's see, you will need a quiet place, pleasing surroundings, a congenial climate. How about Florida?"

"I'd meet the same crowd at Palm Beach and Miami now that I was busy ducking all last summer."

"But Florida's a whale of a state, man. That strip of east-coast beach isn't all there is to it, by any means. Why, there's room in it for more hermits than you could pack on two Leviathans. But if you want only partial isolation there's the place your Aunt Martha left you, El Miramar. I should say it was just the ticket. I was down there once, during Christmas holidays, and it's some joint."

"Really? I believe I do remember seeing pictures of it. Well, I'll give it a try. Wire whoever has charge, will you, that I'm starting next Monday? And, by the way, Compton, I'll be needing a secretary—a man secretary; not a mere stenographer, either. Something highbrow, who's read Ibsen and Shaw. I think I'd like him to be English."

So Ned had produced Faxon, who had not only read Shaw but had typed manuscript for the great G. B. S. and knew the drama from Sophocles to Maugham. And now

Mr. Faxon, his nerves jangled from lack of a bedside cup of tea, was asked to engage in the unliterary game of shooing tin canners. What that might involve he did not know, but he feared the worst. His preference would have been to call a gardener or send for a constable to do the shooing. But forward strode young Mr. Weems, his perfect chin held high, his lithe figure vigorously erect in the perfect-fitting riding suit, switching a riding crop.

"Ah! They're up early too," said Irick. "I smell bacon."

As they drew nearer the yellow touring van they could hear the bacon fat sputtering in the frying pan, for the rear windows were open. It was an unusually large affair, constructed on a sturdy chassis fitted with disk wheels and bulgy tires. It was high and wide and long. The sides were of clapboards, not canvas or painted building paper. The windowpanes were of glass, with solid frames. There were window boxes filled with red geraniums. Let down from the back was a substantial flight of steps. A veritable rolling house. Evidently it had done a lot of rolling, too, for across the windowpanes, neatly lettered in white paint, were names of such places as Tacoma, Mexico City, Grand Cañon, Duluth, Pass Christian, Gettysburg, Cape May, Coney Island, Quebec, Crawford Notch and Bangor, Maine. Slung underneath were planks, an ax, shovels, a lantern, a heavy tow rope. A short stovepipe jutted from the roof. The thing seemed equipped for any emergency.

But Irick was impressed mainly by the fact that this huge vivid affair was impudently parked in his front yard. He was eager to find someone to whom he could express his displeasure at the intrusion. A moment later he found such a person. She appeared in the rear doorway of the van with a half-peeled orange in one hand and a frying fork in the other. She was sucking the orange. A blond young woman she was, strikingly blond. A loosened mass of corn-colored hair cascaded over her shoulders. Her cheeks, somewhat flushed from standing over a two-burner oil-stove, were still blended with the snowy white of her neck It was a rounded graceful neck. And in her pink-and-white-checked dress she was good to look upon. Faxon gazed wonderingly at her and made a mental note—"Young goddess of pure Nordic type; an Anglo-Saxon Diana." Irick only noted, with some weariness, that he had to deal with another girl. Well, possibly that could be avoided.

"Where is the owner of this—this affair?" he demanded.

She took a final suck at the orange and tossed it neatly in among the poinsettias. "Meaning dad, I expect? Oh, he's off scouting for fresh milk and hoping to find cream. Want to see him? What for?"

"I should like to ask him if he was not aware, when he drove in here, that he ——"

"I was doing the driving last night," she broke in. "Ask me."

"Well, didn't you know you were trespassing on private grounds?"

She shook her head and the corn-colored cascade broke into ripples. "Too dark, and our headlights were poor. Besides, I was all in. I'd have parked anywhere—inside the Pearly Gates—about then. Don't you like our being here?"

"No. I am very much annoyed by it."

"Too bad! And who are you to get so cut up over a little thing like that?"

"I am Mr. Weems and this is ——"

"Not one of the Weems-wear Woolens?"

Irick flushed under his dark eyes. "I am not a fabric of any sort, Miss—er ——"

"Smith," she supplied. "Yvonne Smith. Silly combination, isn't it? But dad always was a romantic old boy. He hung the Yvonne on me when I was too young to object. Glad to meet you, Mr. Weems."

Irick shuddered at the greeting. "The pleasure is not mutual. May I request that ——"

"Just a sec.," she interrupted. "Bacon's scorching." She dodged back into the van, but soon returned. "That we move on, eh? Sure! Right after breakfast. We generally do. That is, unless somebody comes out and urges us to stay a week or so. Was that your idea?"

She had dropped one hand to her hip and was resting the elbow of the other arm against the door casing. It was a satiny, well-rounded elbow, with a dimple in it. Also she was smiling—a quizzical, mischievous, impudent smile—and a rather dazzling one. Even such fraction of it as reached Mr. Faxon, well in the background, set him blinking harder than ever.

But Irick Weems fended off the smile with his most frigid stare. He was not used to being smiled at in any such way. Smiles that were timidly admiring, bold smiles meant to be alluring, subtly provocative smiles, smiles which were discreetly confidential of the smiler's fond approval—these he knew all about. He had been bombarded with them for years. He was hardened to them, bored by them. But a frankly impudent smile, one with no trace of homage or respect in it; a flouting, quizzing smile—this was a new experience, and not a pleasing one. Dazzling though the delivery of it might be—and he could not wholly ignore its radiant quality—his ego squirmed under the lash of it. Also her words stung him. Asking if he had come out to urge them to stay! She was actually making game of him! The flush deepened under his dark eyes. With a scornful shrug of his shoulders he turned to his secretary.

"You see what we have to contend with over here, Mr. Faxon. This whole state, I am told, is overrun with people like that."

He jerked a disparaging thumb at the young woman in the doorway of the yellow van, then started back toward the house.

Instantly the smile faded from the curved lips of Miss Yvonne Smith. A disturbed, puzzled look came into her eyes; unusual eyes, it may be noted. They were something like liquid amber. After an instant of hesitation Miss Smith walked to the bottom of the van's back stairs.

"Say, listen!" she called.

Irick and Mr. Faxon halted. "Well?" coldly asked Irick.

"Whaddye mean—people like that?" she demanded, waving the frying fork for emphasis.

Irick Horton Weems regarded her with sternly reproving gaze as he framed a crushing retort. "I mean the common sort, who have no regard for the rights of others, and intrude on privacy unless they're kept out by spiked walls or barbed-wire fences"

Then he turned his back on her.

"Good gosh!" gasped Miss Smith, and stared after him.

Some five or ten minutes later a middle-aged man strolled down the path which entered the grounds of El Miramar just above the clump of poinsettias. He was rather picturesquely arrayed in khaki knickers with leather leggings, a much faded velvet coat which had once probably been plum colored, and one of those scooplike bamboo sun helmets such as Japanese coolies wear in the paddy fields. Under the helmet was a kindly, weather-beaten face, and in the corners of his wide mouth flickered a whimsical expression, the telltale of a genial sentimentalist. In one hand he carried a milk bottle. As he passed the poinsettias he paused to lift appraisingly a great scarlet blossom. Then he approached the steps of the yellow van and found Yvonne sitting there, elbows on knees, chin in hand.

(Continued on Page 133)

"Ain't Seen Nothin' as Classy as That in This Camp—Not Yet," Replied the Tennesseean. "What's Their Names, Brother?"

THE DOLPHIN FINIAL

"Now Let Me Tell You at the Start, Young Lady, That I Buy Things. People Don't Sell Them to Me. Get the Difference?"

By Aaron Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

MISS MATILDA DELAFIELD MUNTY hitched her chair into a direct line with the mirror on her office wall more easily to practice her daily dozen in the essential art of looking bored. The nature of Miss Munty normally inclined toward a provincial enthusiasm, yet she was willing to make more sacrifice to success in her business as a metropolitan interior decorator.

And while she looked her dumbest toward the glass she repeated in a rich throaty tremolo the magic words "naïve," "fascinating," "adorable," "intriguing" and "tête de nègre." Miss Munty was not stupid, and she realized quite correctly that unless she interlarded her speech easily and frequently with such marks of her trade people might suspect that she did not lunch daily at the Ritz; and as a decorator no more acute failure could overtake her.

Her concentration was so thorough that the expressman, poking his head through the door, had ample time to perfect his own pronunciation of even "tête de nègre" before she detected him.

"Well," said Miss Munty, trying to combine a blush with an assurance of great dignity, "what do you want?"

"Got a pile of junk in the wagon for this office. What'll I do? Bring it up?"

"Oh, yes," caroled the lady, forgetting the necessity of restraint, "bring it right up here; and be awfully careful of that big glass cabinet. Please handle it gently. I'm so glad it's come."

When the arriving merchandise had been placed to her satisfaction, Miss Munty slumped down in her chair and looked savage as she addressed herself:

"I suppose I was a fool to buy such a mess of things. The janitor can have everything but that case. There's something good about that. I can just feel that there is. And unless I back my judgment occasionally, what good is judgment to me?"

Three days prior, Miss Munty, on an errand to her trunk in the cellar of her boarding house, had discovered a basement cupboard full of ramshackle odds and ends, and almost hidden beneath their worthlessness an unusual cabinet of glass and mahogany. There was a notable proportion and simplicity to that odd piece of furniture that allured her to the extent of purchasing the entire contents of the closet for an unsuspicious price. She had not dared let the landlady know which particular item attracted her for fear that ferret-faced female might show an unprecedented flight of imagination and inquire concerning the value of the piece before selling it.

With a dust cloth and crude oil Miss Munty attended the cabinet. Slowly the grime-hidden surface of the wood was uncovered and the grain of the veneer, undebauched by varnish, grew young and lusty. The rejuvenation surprised even Miss Munty, who had not hoped for such full perfection.

The cabinet stood breast high. It smacked strongly of Sheraton tradition. Four short slender legs, turned and fluted, supported the lower portion of the main body, which was divided into three drawers. The upper portion was glass on four sides and the top. These glass panels were joined at the corners by reeded columns of extreme delicacy, and surmounting the cap of each column was a carved finial of two entwined dolphins.

The strength and sureness of the carving in these finials were a just cause for Miss Munty to catch her breath as she examined them, and Miss Munty was no lay observer of furniture. Though she did not pretend to an all-embracing understanding of decorative items, in the matter of Duncan Phyfe, his work and the most important influence on his art she could rightfully boast of being near the pinnacle of authority. She straightened up and drew away from the piece, and the light that never was on sea or land, but only lies in a collector's eyes, flashed into hers.

"Good gracious! Look what I've got! If that isn't Phyfe I'll eat my shirt waist! What a fool for luck I am!"

And Miss Munty ended her hymn of thanks with a whistle as she drew a stool before the cabinet and sat down to worship.

Matilda Munty possessed what all really great experts have—an educated intuition. Though her judgment was based to an extent on familiarity with comparative methods of cabinetry and furniture history, her final decisions relied much on her ability to sense genuineness in objects brought to her for appraisal.

This cabinet was a form new to her, and she was heated with the wish to find for what it had been designed. That it had been made to contain some precious thing was evident, but what that had been puzzled her. On the lower left-hand surface of the front panel, etched in the glass was a delicate palm wreath framing the word "Victory," which added to her bewilderment. But when an hour of close inspection had passed, it was still the marvelously refined carving of the dolphin finials which assured her that the piece was the product of a master.

The inside of the glass compartment of the case was piled inches high with litter of long-dead flowers and broken wax floral copies. When Miss Munty had removed the glass upper half of the cabinet to clear out the refuse, she found that the scrambled mass within had originally formed funeral offerings, the cherished set piece of the prim Victorian past. The frames to which the flowers had been wired were yet within, and several colorful and startling phrases still extended the comfort of "Just gone before" and:

"Oh, sister dear,
Drop not a tear.
Heaven is nigh,
So wherefore sigh?
We all must die."

And a time-stained envelope, which still held its card, was addressed, "Mrs. Captain Solomon Chase, Harwich Port, Mass."

On the floor of the case, completely hidden by the faded posies, was the most remarkable horror that had ever met Matilda Munty's eyes. It was a picture, worked with infinite pains from hair of many shades. The subject depicted was a brunet railroad train against blond clouds; and along the track were flowering shrubs artfully stitched from some red-haired beauty's pride; and the lights on the cars were auburn, to say the least; while from the belching stack of the engine, in wild and reckless manner, clouds of gray-whiskered smoke flaunted themselves and trembled, lifelike, at the touch

Miss Munty snorted at the picture as she read the stitched dedication in the corner:

To Papa
From
His Daughter Solomona Chase
Harwich Port, 1870

"Whoof!" said Matilda, regarding the thing as a puppy does a quinine pill. "That's beyond me. Solomona, you certainly had a quaint idea of art. Only fried herring and pie for breakfast could have produced that. I shall save your effort, Solomona. It is the superlatively worst I have ever seen"

And she slid the offering into a drawer and went upon her affairs.

Through a week of details of her healthy young decorating business, Miss Munty became more and more hypnotized by the serene loveliness of her newly found cabinet. Day by day she found fresh reasons for appreciating it, and each day it irked her more keenly not to know for what it had been made. And the dolphins of the finials, gleaming in the half light of her showroom, seemed such vital, living creatures that Matilda fell completely under their thrall and determined to search out their history. Inquiry at her boarding house led her into a blind alley. She got nothing there.

"In that case," said Miss Munty, "I'll take the only other road. Perhaps the tasteful Solomona is still alive. She might have some link for me."

And she typed and mailed her questions concerning Miss Solomona Chase to the postmaster at Harwich Port

In short order she had her reward. Yes, Miss Chase was living. Yes, she was the daughter of Capt. Solomon Chase. Yes, she had a good memory.

"Good!" declared Matilda. "That's me! I'm going to see this lady. I always was a fool for luck and I'm going to play it again."

So Matilda Delafield Munty packed her bag and journeyed to the residence of Miss Solomona Chase in the middle reaches of Cape Cod.

That lady received her in the bow window of the winter kitchen. An ear trumpet corrected her only faculty that was at all impaired

"Munty?" she shouted. "I disremember anyone of that name. Seems like, though, Hattie Brigham had kin named Munty. Ever hear tell of Hattie Brigham? She was Levi Taylor's third—yes, third wife. Sort of cousin to old man Philip Doane over to Wellfleet. Her biscuit always took first prize to the fair. Ma said Levi married her account of her bread-baking. Couldn't have been anything else she could speak of. Her brother Henry was sort of half-witted. All the Brighams beside Hattie thought no one was good enough to marry except another Brigham. Her brother Frank was smart in book learning. More at home with figures than a shark in a fish net. . . . Lots of people think Queen Victoria was the first person to put a message over Cyrus Field's Atlantic cable. Wasn't so. Frankie Brigham was. He was a great hand at what pa called barber-shop stories. Seems he was in London—bossing that end of the cable—and he heard a good one and put it in the cable for his friend in New York, Capt. Ebhu Bartlett. Seems awful, don't it, using such a power for good as the cable for the work of the devil? Oh, dear"

And Miss Chase let her clasped hands fall to her lap and rolled her eyes toward the chandelier lamps. But she kept her mouth conveniently open. Miss Solomona, although aged seventy-four, had never yet been caught unprepared for speech.

"No," enunciated Miss Munty forcefully toward the yawning maw of the ear trumpet, "I can't truthfully claim relationship with Miss Brigham. But will you help me? Just recently in New York I ran across a case ——"

"Case?" questioned Miss Solomona with keen interest. "Was it any kin to Dorcas Case? I remember her real well. She was a nice girl. Always had a green silk dress. Her father left her seventy-five thousand dollars from the whaling business. She was in that Washington theater the night Lincoln was shot. She had on her green silk and a poor army officer with her. He spilled smelling salts on her skirt. She died the next day and was buried two days after the President. The family tried to have the ceremony on the same day as his, but the train was late. Ran out of wood near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania."

And the speaker seemed to turn her eyes inward for self-examination to make certain she had omitted no iota of information.

"Yes," said Miss Munty, "I found a very pretty glass cabinet. And in it were some funeral wreaths that were sent, I presume, to your mother when your father died. And also there was a tribute that you had evidently made. It was beautifully done, and so original. I have it here." And Matilda drew the hair-embroidered horror from a box. "Do you remember it?"

"Great day in the morning!" shrieked Miss Chase, holding out her hands for the child of her fancy. "I've thought about that art study a hundred times. It's real pretty, ain't it? Those black parts were Gertie Howard's hair. She was only a little girl, but I'll never forget her hollering when I took it. Land sakes, it takes me back! You say you found this in a cabinet? Was it a cabinet with little whales sort of squirming up at the top of each corner? I know the one. It had 'Victory' on the glass. Ma thought that was such a fitting sentiment to hold pa's grave offerings. It was neat, wasn't it? I don't recollect how it got out of the house, unless it went into one of the rummage sales up at

(Continued on Page 112)

"I Don't Know Whether You'd Have Any Use for It, But If That Little Ship's Any Good to You, Please Take It Along"

THE CITY COMPLETE

By FELIX ISMAN

SHORTLY after John Henry Citizen, of Thriving Center, the county seat of Cornland County, arrives in the well-advertised city of New York he stands on the curb at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street nearly three minutes, cooling his heels and freezing his ears while waiting for the traffic policeman's signal, permitting him to cross. His rough estimate of the situation is that all the automobiles and taxicabs on earth have congested at that intersection together with a considerable proportion of the national population—not to mention a sprinkling of foreigners. A few days thereafter he invades the Subway, however, and decides that a crowded street intersection would be a welcome relief. At least he could breathe there, and the buttons were not torn off his overcoat in the jam. His next experience is to enter one of a long row of elevators in an office building. He is bound for the fourteenth floor, but the elevator he selected is an express and makes no stop below the eighteenth floor. He is making the acquaintance of a great city, and before very long it will occur to him that it is a vast jungle—a patchwork—that there is no evidence of a plan in this proud municipality, but that the thing grew, Topsy fashion, with most uncomfortable and astonishing results.

He goes back home disillusioned about the greatness of New York; true, it has wonderful advantages and the tall buildings he had seen pictured are all there, but it is none the less a jumble and in a way an accident. This will be his verdict—and a just one—upon one of the foremost cities of the world. But it will probably not occur to him that Thriving Center is growing in exactly the same way, without a plan, without forethought on the subject of known factors. Just let some economic development spur on the growth of Thriving Center from five thousand to fifty thousand population within twelve years, and the same thing on a smaller scale will happen in his home town.

Nearly every city is a patchwork founded upon an accidental beginning. The city complete has never existed. In view of the rapid strides of science, trade, transportation, and the enormous increases in population—all of which this country has experienced simultaneously—the city complete cannot yet be expected, but there are enough facts about cities now in existence to form the basis for a few primitive generalizations. We at least know that the best laid out city on earth either of ancient or of modern times is only two hundred and twenty-eight miles from New York, and that the plan was made in 1791 by Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer, who served in the Revolutionary War, and approved by George Washington. We know that the city of Washington began as a mere village and that it has grown to one of the foremost cities of the world without altering the truth of the statement that it is the best laid out city on earth. The streets vary in width from eighty to one hundred and sixty feet, and are, on the whole, the widest streets of any city of all time. They are adorned with more than eighty-five thousand shade trees, so that a bird's-eye view of the national capital gives the impression of a beautiful park with the roofs of buildings showing indistinctly amid a wealth of verdure. The majestic transverse avenues form irregular intersections with the rectangular streets, resulting in three hundred and two squares and circles, comprising four hundred and seven acres, the most important of which is the Capitol grounds. The height of buildings in both the residence and the business districts is restricted. The result has been a healthy tendency to spread out rather than to grow perpendicularly, as New York has done with such uncomfortable results for those who must spend their working days in its dark, damp, wind-swept cañons. If the city plan of Washington has not made the impression it deserves to have had upon other municipalities it certainly has stood the test of those best qualified to pass upon it—the residents of Washington.

A Scene in the Botanical Gardens, Washington, D. C.

A City Built for Comfort

AT VARIOUS times there were encroachments upon the original outlines, but within very recent years houses have been moved in order to preserve the original plan. What more could be said in praise than that after a century of use, with all the changes that century has brought in our mode of life, Washington's scheme of streets and avenues is good enough to justify heavy expenditures for preservation and to carry it out into outlying districts?

Elsewhere I have had occasion to remark that true beauty combined with utility defies time and forms a basis of real-estate value. Washington is one of the best examples of that fact. Its wide streets and sensible building regulations prevent any part of the city from choking itself to death with congestion. Moreover, those wide streets and numerous little squares and circles which are such an attractive adornment are also valuable checks to the spread of fire and are contributors to health in the form of fresh air.

Back of the plan of Washington was something entirely new in cities—the purpose to make it beautiful and comfortable for the population. Strange as it may sound in this day of wonder cities, that idea was revolutionary. All sorts of remarkable cities have been built, but never before had a thought of the people who were to live in the city played such a prominent part.

An interesting contrast is furnished by St. Petersburg, or Petrograd. It was another made-to-order city, but Peter the Great was not bothered by thoughts about the future population. His primary purpose seems to have been to give the world evidence that Russia must be reckoned with in the future as a power in the Baltic Sea. He ordered the city constructed and then ordered it populated. Thousands of peasants were moved into the city at government expense. Since there was no particular enthusiasm for construction of the city he ordered masonry work suspended throughout the empire until St. Petersburg was completed. All landowners having five hundred or more serfs were required to build winter homes in St. Petersburg—and occupy them during the winter season. The climate is regarded even by the Russians as very unpleasant, and it was necessary to construct a vast system of embankments and canals for protection from floods, which could be expected whenever a westerly wind retarded the River Neva from discharging its waters. The mean temperature in winter is fifteen degrees. The summers are short and hot, and the fall season is damp. About seventy per cent of the days are cloudy.

Peter the Great was thinking about his own prestige when he ordered that city constructed and occupied. The comfort of its inhabitants had not occurred to him. Some years after it was founded the population began to decline, but much imperial boosting in the form of great buildings pulled the city through its various crises until at last it had made a place for itself in the commercial and more especially the financial fabric of Russia. St. Petersburg became the capital of Russia and the home of the czar in 1712, though it was not yet completed. The date is interesting because it is the most modern of the cities constructed for ancient reasons and along ancient lines—by the latter expression I mean without regard to anything except the royal purpose. It had another characteristic of the great cities of antiquity in the fact that two great forts were built first and the city afterward. The disregard of climate is another characteristic point which links St. Petersburg with Babylon and other municipalities which were either partly or wholly the result of royal decree.

Before taking up some of the conditions which so definitely mark great modern cities as patchwork—and especially before pointing out possible remedies for those conditions—it will be worth while to make a brief excursion into the history of ancient cities. The modern city does not yet realize how thoroughly different it is from its ancient predecessors. The history of the world is written in those changes, and more especially the rise of democracy. The city of today has a stability and probable permanency that could not even have been imagined in the days of Carthage, Babylon, Tyre, Nineveh, Thebes or the Greek nations and the Roman Empire. The growth of those ancient cities could be stimulated or checked according to the whims of rulers, but the modern city holds its destiny fairly well within its own grasp. It has the wealth and power to do things for itself that Rome could never have done even at its greatest. The modern city has achieved a degree of security that it ought to realize and translate into definite plans. It holds within itself the power to eliminate many of its most troublesome problems. But habit is strong, and most of our cities go on in the old patchwork way. The moving finger of history has written words of vast import, but the citizens have not yet read them—or if so do not grasp their full meaning.

In Search of Security

IN A WORLD notoriously lacking in security, the king could give what little there was of that very valuable commodity. The place he chose for a city, particularly if his own palace adorned it, would be about the safest place to reside. At that, it wasn't very safe, but it had advantages over other places. If the commercial advantages were poor the king could notably improve them by the simple expedient of ordering that merchants and manufacturers set up business in his city. If it happened to be a seaport—as it usually was not—and some other port were more favored he could cure that disadvantage in the same manner. The ships would go where he ordered. If it needed more water there were slaves to build aqueducts, also roads, protective walls and other necessities. But security was the principal item. And whatever there was of that available at the time the king could give. As long as his soldiers marched to conquest, all went well. If he suffered military defeat he was likely to be dragged off in chains to grace some other king's triumph while the city would be sacked and its inhabitants carried away into slavery if not massacred.

Even under the king, however, the tenure of property was extremely doubtful. All of it belonged to royalty first and to the private owner only secondarily. Under most of the ancient empires conviction for any sort of offense carried with it confiscation of all property, both real and personal. Not only the king but numerous of his satellites could have a man stripped of his real estate for no better reason than that someone else who happened to be in higher standing at court at the time wanted it. As I said before, there wasn't much security anywhere. A condition of that kind tended definitely to limit individual ambition and initiative. If there were any fine palaces or other notable buildings they were usually the work of royalty. The people had very little of their own in these great cities. Their homes were usually hovels, the streets through which they traveled were narrow, filthy and irregular. Their sewers were ditches in the middle of the street. Their water was of doubtful purity. In short, the glory of the empire clustered about the palaces and temples, the defensive fortifications, the walls and gates. The inhabitants were the rabble. Business was despised; labor was despised. War was the profession of the nobles and the trade of the common people.

Though the king gave what he had to give of security against neighboring peoples he was not well versed in meteorology. Many ancient cities would never have stood on their own strength, for the simple reason that the climate marked them as impossible. Kings often knew how to defeat armies in the field, but seldom were acquainted with the danger of landslides from mountains, overflow from rivers or the devastating effect upon vegetation of long continued dry trade winds. Having very little history to

(Continued on Page 98)

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

YOU must have, to begin with, a clear voice, a strong voice, a substantial voice, and, of course, a beautiful voice. You must be able to stand drafts, long rehearsals, quarrels and intrigue. You must have infinite patience and confidence in yourself if you wish to become, not a prima donna in the opera, but a choir singer in metropolitan churches.

Choir singing is no longer a spiritual offering in which the earnestness and good will of the singer and an unoffending voice are enough to gain a place in the choir loft, but a profession with as many demands as the most exacting business career. It now calls for the artistry of genius and the business acumen of a financier if you have success as your goal.

In the past, thousands of musical students were attracted to New York and other musical centers because they considered choir singing a stepping-stone to greater musical achievement. Now it has become so established a profession that tens of thousands have adopted it as a definite business.

Choir singing was my birthright. The moment I uttered my first uncertain notes at the age of three it was decided that I was to have a musical career. My mother loved music and was determined to have a singer in the family. My elder sister had been a disappointment. She was then eight and had been judged bereft of musical sense, so when I first began to lisp words of a nursery song the family was overjoyed and at once began to discuss my career; a career, however, that was to have nothing to do with the concert hall or stage—traps of the devil. Their hope was that I should become the leading choir singer in the church of our town, and I was trained to that end during my childhood.

No hard-and-fast commercial rules applied in the choirs in the small Kansas town of three thousand people that was my home. I was even shared by the different churches and borrowed for special occasions. At fifteen I was the soloist in our church. I felt a sense of possession and love for the funny little white frame building with its shaggy green lawn and unpainted hitching sheds, the kitchen where the Ladies' Aid Society was always getting up church suppers, the aroma of chicken pie that would float across the church as I was practicing in the late afternoon. The sexton was my special friend, and at moments when I forgot my dignity as choir leader I would join him in the dusty tower and he would let me ring the bell.

Studying in New York

NEVERTHELESS I was not content with my local triumphs. In the back of my gradually maturing mind a vision of New York was being molded. My teacher had spent a year studying there and fascinated me with stories of opportunities. I did not know how it was to be accomplished, but I would not allow any alternative to enter my consciousness. Poor as my family was, I felt there must be a way.

The way opened up most unexpectedly when my music teacher married a man from New York. When she first left I was desolate. I poured my heart out in schoolgirl letters which must have moved her, for three months after she had settled in the East she wrote asking me to visit her for a year. I accepted at once, and the husband found that he had married the pupil as well as the teacher. Two weeks later I was firmly established in their household, eighteen years old, and the world before me.

The stern side of the profession which I was to enter was brought home to me at once. Every moment of a music student's day is plotted out. There must be no frivoling. One is not even allowed to read anything that does not pertain to music. Musical history, harmony, Italian, German and piano are the diet. As far as the music lessons themselves were concerned I was fortunate in not having to pay for them. The generosity that had always been shown me had kept the commercial side far away; therefore the facts I was later to discover about the business features of metropolitan church music were a revelation to me.

I had studied only a few months when I got my first job. It came to me purely by accident, and the ease with which I got it was misleading for the future, for it gave me a mistaken idea of the practical routine of job getting. It happened this way:

One of the important members of the Nth Presbyterian Church—a church some distance uptown from us—came to dinner one Sunday and as was customary my teacher wanted to display my singing. The visitor showed unusual interest. She asked me a number of questions about my ambitions and finally inquired if I was interested in church singing.

"Oh, yes," I said, thrilled. "That is my ambition."

She volunteered to arrange a hearing for me, explaining that at that very time her church was looking for a soprano.

My eagerness brought me to the church ahead of the appointed hour. None of the music committee had come, so I slipped into a pew. All the episodes that had been my life now seemed only the dimmest sort of memories. The vast church, with its stained-glass windows miles away, alone was real, and this was the beginning of my new existence. Suddenly I realized that the four men of the committee had arrived. Quite oblivious of my presence they indulged in amiable banter for some time and then, discovering me, they filed solemnly over to where I sat in the deep pew. As they questioned me politely they seemed to be giants in power and stature. But what appeared then to be an overwhelming formality was really a social event compared to the businesslike method that is usually employed in engaging singers for the great city churches.

The usual committee is not selected because of any musical understanding. It is made up of two or three of the foremost parishioners, whose contributions to the coffers of the church are enough alone to make them eligible. Sometimes the presence of the president of the Ladies' Aid Society may lend a softening touch, but usually the committee is about as soulless as the board of directors of a great steel corporation. Only the organist represents real musical understanding. The rest decide on the basis of what they fondly believe is an instinct for music, and if their judgment later proves to be faulty the poor singer is deposed without mercy after a few weeks. She may be given a job that is far beyond her capabilities; she may have the crystal-clear voice that churches demand, but lack the ability to read quickly at sight—and merely because the committee is anxious to get the matter off the boards, be let in for all kinds of suffering. The minister is always, ex officio, present, and often spokesman.

In the case of my first session with a music committee, the minister, a stout man in an impressive frock coat, asked me what I had done. I told them that my experience had been only in country churches, a fact that in that instance seemed to be in my favor. I assured them, though, that I knew I would be singing in big churches some day, and the tall austere gentleman, whose kindly face had given me courage from the beginning, assured me that I would be given every opportunity to do so.

As I took my place before the big organ I looked out over the great empty drafty church, dotted only with the four figures in a row in one of the middle pews. And then I sang Oh, Loving Spirit! Never shall I forget that piece. I had sung it on practically every occasion. It was my favorite, and that of the town. I felt as if the whole town of three thousand people was behind me as I sang there that afternoon.

A Position in a City Church

THERE was no comment, but the tall man asked me in a whisper that boomed across the church to sing something else. I had brought no other song.

"Sing a hymn," they suggested, and as the organist handed me the hymnal it fell open of its own accord to Lead, Kindly Light.

When I had finished the hymn there were whispered conferences while I shivered in the corner of the choir loft. After an uncomfortable half hour of waiting I was sure that I didn't exist. Then the minister told me that the job was mine, that I should report for rehearsal the following Saturday; and I turned to go, eager to be alone. They called me back, though, explaining that there were certain business details to be discussed. Then for the first time I learned that I was to be paid a salary. Such a thought had never entered my mind, for at home church work was its own reward and there was no thought of paying singers. I was amazed when the church committee explained apologetically that they would be unable to pay me more than three hundred dollars a year.

This seemed so magnificent a sum that I could not refrain from discussing it with the organist as he walked down the street with me. He laughed at my enthusiasm and told me that his church paid very little compared with many others that he named off casually. The Methodist Church on Fifth Avenue, he said, had an appropriation of well over ten thousand dollars a year for its music. I was amazed, and that amazement continued when I later learned the amount of the budgets for other churches.

Musical expenditures are apportioned as systematically as are the running expenses of other great businesses. With the growing competition among the churches, salaries have naturally increased. Churches that appropriate around ten thousand dollars for music do not, of course, have large choirs; some organists alone get that much. A quartet of experienced singers, a second quartet that leads the choir during the

(Continued on Page 126)

COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD N. Y. C.

The Choir of the Presidential Church, on the Portico of the White House, Led Thousands of People in Singing Old-Time Christmas Carols for the Benefit of President and Mrs. Coolidge

MONEY MUD

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE Wildcat and Demmy worked in a sawmill in the California hills for two months without drawing down any of their wages. To the Wildcat his accumulated wealth became an unreal phantom of reward. "My money I craves to handle," he protested to the diminutive Demmy, who had advised against uprooting their sapling Luck Tree. "I gets me mo' action wid a silveh dollah in my pocket dan whut you kin git wid a million golden dreams in yo' head."

"You is same as got de money, I tells you! De timekeeper man is keepin' it fo' you."

"Leave him keep de time. Dat's his bizness. My money is my bizness. Naw suh, Demmy, I aims to quit dis job Sat'day evenin' an' git my same-as money in cash an' roll to Sam Francisco wid my mascot goat."

"Aims, does you? Leave me tell you—when you pulls de trigger on whut you aims at, all you hits is heavy travelin' on de Misery Road. Ain't no place I knows of whah a nigger butterfly gits free board 'ceptin' in de stone house wid crowbar fly screens in de windows. One nigger an' one ruckus an' one policeman—dat adds up sixty days; den its sunshine through de crowbars, an' de fresh air all outside."

"You thinks Joy River is got vinegar waves wid a quicksand bottom. Don't crave me no ruckus. Craves to see me lots of human folks. Dat's all. 'Citement all I craves."

"An' de day afteh dat you craves rations when yo' money has went."

"Money ain't gwine to went. Aims to 'vest whut money I is 'cumulated in some kinda steady bizness."

"Like de gin-drinkin' bizness? You is sho steady at dat pastime when you begins."

"You is generally close behind de band yo'self when ol' Demon Rum starts de gin parade. Ise seed you go a week widout openin' yo' mouth 'ceptin' to welcome yo' likker. How much money is us got comin'?"

"Somethin' oveh two hund'ed dollahs apiece, come next Sat'day night."

"I quits an' draws mine fo' bizness purposes. As yo' podner I advises you to do de same. Us kin start some mighty fine city bizness fo' all dat money. Is you wid me, o' does you stay bull-headed? Fo' de las' time I ax you, is you?"

In the metal of the Wildcat's voice Demmy discovered the iron of a resolve against which the softer alloy of his own will could make no impression. "I is wid you. I remains wid you till de jail do' clangs betwixt us."

Now in the Wildcat's mind as a reciprocal concession to his companion there formed an ambition to adhere to the proposed program of searching for a good steady business that would exclude those occupations which usually terminated in personal disaster.

"Ain't gwine to be no jail do' clangin' dis time, Demmy," he declared. "When I sez I craves a bizness I means bizness."

"Whut kind of bizness does you aim to git into?"

"Demmy, us considers. Us kaint start nuthin' fancy like a bank or a grocery sto'. De bank bizness winds up wid folks cravin' dey money back when you least expect. De grocery bizness is bad fo' yo' stummick 'cause you eats up de profits samplin' de mixed vittles."

"Looks to me, Wilecat, like about de best steady-payin' enterprise whut don't need much money to start, an' whah de cash rolls in de minnit befo' de work walks out, is de shoe-shine bizness."

"Sho do! Only trouble is de money sprinkles in like a summeh showeh 'stid of fairly pourin' down like a fall cloudbust."

"What I Tell You, Demmy! Heah Us is Took in Ten Dollahs in a Half Hour. Figger Me How Much Us Takes In Durin' a Full Day at Dat Rate"

"Small profits an' big feet, is my slogum. Yo' rain words 'minds me dey ain't no betteh time fo' to start a shine stand dan right now wid de rainy season comin'."

"Figger out how much money kin us take in, Demmy."

"Lemme see. Wait whilst I writes it wid a pencil. Heah it is. Whut time does us eat breakfus'?"

"Us eats early an' long. Don't aim to let no shine bizness mingle too close wid my rations. Up at six an' finished breakfus' by eight."

"Dat's fo' hours to noon. At noon us eats quick. Lots of folks walkin' round de street at noon."

"At noon don't rush me, Demmy. Dat's my main meal."

"Set de clock back an' fool yo' stummick till one o'clock; den us gits fed."

"Set it back, does you crave to. My stummick kaint read no clock. Go on wid yo' figgers; Ise back at work an' it's one o'clock. Den whut?"

"Five hours mo'. Five an' fo' is nine. Hour fo' suppeh an' three hours in de evenin' makes twelve hours us works."

"Makes me tired to think how late I gits to sleep. Go ahead wid yo' figgers till de money comes rollin' in. 'Splain dat to me loud."

"Twelve hours double is twenty-fo', an' wid extra time, say, twenty-five hours. Ten shines kin easy be shone by you an' de same by me, every hour. Dat's twenty. Say us works extry hard; dat makes it thutty. At ten cents a shine, dat's three dollahs, an de same fo' me makes six. Six dollahs a hour times thutty hours—lemme see. Six dollahs times ten hours is sixty dollahs, an' times thutty hours is three times dat much. Sixty an' sixty, hund'ed twenty; an' sixty, hund'ed eighty. Say, two hund'ed on good days."

"Dey'll be extry good days whut goes mo'; say I takes in two hund'ed on middlin' good days; dat's enough fo' me!"

"An' de same fo' me. Two an' two makes fo' hund'ed dollahs! Wilecat, dat's whut bizness kin do! Heah us is workin' heavy fo' dis ol' sawmill man an' gittin' a measly five dollahs a day, when all us has to do to git rich is quit an' start de shoe-shine bizness in Sam Francisco. Is I got you 'suaded wid cold facts an' figgers?"

"Got me 'suaded! Demmy, how all dis talk git begun? Who got stubborn an' done all de hangin' back in de fust place?"

"Ain't I convixed you wid plain 'rithmetic jus' now an' showed you how I stands? Sho I 'suaded you! Had to use de bigges' kind of figgers to do it. You crove to wait till Sat'day night, an' heah it is only Monday. Ise gwine to git started fo' de promis' land right off. De milk an' honey an' de shoe-shine money is callin' loud to me. Don't delay me none, Wilecat, wid no gabblin' talk!"

"I ain't delayed you none. Git dat Lily goat untied f'm behind de cookhouse whilst I talks sudden to dat timekeeper man about de money paper fo' me an you. Somethin' tells me Lady Luck is waitin' fo' us in Sam Francisco. Feet, lead me!"

II

IN SAN FRANCISCO the Wildcat slaked his thirst for a steady bizness by drinking deeply of pleasure's cup. When his bank roll had dwindled to half its original size he gave heed to Demmy's advice. On an afternoon late in September the strolling pair crossed Fillmore Street and greeted the proprietor of the Cyclone Shine Parlor. Perdue Grandy, operating the two-chair establishment, had won the Wildcat's favor at the Clover Club by the gift of a lucky stone and some free advice relating to the shoe-shine industry, and the salutations were affable: "How is you, Perdue?"

"Dumb wid grief, missin' you boys up to dis minnit."

"How dey stackin'?"

"Nickel a foot; same price right o' left. How is you?"

"Toleratin' my prosperity. Is dey two shines left in de bull-blood box?"

"An' den some. Whut dem shoes cost you, Wilecat?"

"Sto' man give me coffin rates; five dollahs a foot. Fooled him some. Mah feet wuz only asleep."

"Step up an' set. Is dey asleep, now I wakes 'em wid a sizzle brush an' a hot rag.

"Hit 'em wid gravy an' burn 'em wid a rag,
When I is finished you has reason to brag."

"Dog-gone, Perdue! Never knowed you could poetize."

"Poetizin's de least of my histronics."

"Sho am!" The word sounded all right to the Wildcat, but it was so far back in the dark den of his ears that he couldn't quite see what kind of an animal it was. Well, out of consideration for ol' Perdue the least he could do was to drag the varmint word out by the neck and admire it. "Sho am! Is you 'quipped wid many of dem histronics?"

"Is I! Jus' to begin, I mentions poetizin' ad lib, silveh cornet, mind readin', some piano, heel an' toe, easy bass, fake tenor, gag feeder two seasons wid Ozan's minstrels, an' fairly fast at fire eatin' an' open-stage predestigatin'."

"Lawd mingle below!" The Wildcat's feet flopped off their iron supports and dangled as loosely as his lower jaw.

"Aims to start me a gran' aggregation dis fall," the trouper continued. The smell of grease paint mingled in the Perdue nostrils with the odor of bull-blood shoe paste. "Vood'ville road show."

Demmy and the Wildcat shared the same quick thought. The latter, more open in his engagement with Lady Luck,

was the first to speak. "Perdue, when you starts yo' vood'ville show whut does you aim to do wid dis shoe-shine bizness?"

"Sell out dis gol' mine any minnit."

"How much you git fo' it?"

The proprietor of the gold mine made a quick mental estimate based on the Wildcat's forgotten boast of affluence and came within ten dollars of the easy mark. "Two hund'ed dollars. My lease greedment got a year to run aftah de fust of Jannwary an' dat's three months yit. Day after tommorr' is Octobeh fust."

"Whut rent does you pay?" Demmy, silent up to that moment, asked a practical question.

"Li'l' hund'ed dollahs ev'y quarteh. Ev'y three months. Three months sho a long time."

"Whut does you take in?"

"Some days is big an' some is even bigger. Sundays is de bes' days, 'ceptin' Sat'days. Sometimes Sat'days would fairly keep my feet off de groun' less I wuz weighted down heavy wid de money Ise took in. Yaas suh!"

The sawed-off bloodhound stuck to the trail. "How much is you gin'ally weighted down wid on reg'lar days?"

Perdue Grandy, evading the question, looked up and down the street in search of customers whose arrival might tend to verify the gold-mine adjective used in his prospectus. Seeing none he rested his vision upon a fleeced cloud in the southern sky, no larger than a man's handy inspiration, and fixed upon the weather as his alternate theme.

"Take weatheh, fo' instance. Beginnin' de fust of Octobeh de rainy season sets in, an' no matteh whut piles of money I is took in up to date, I tells you de minnit de rain begins dey ain't no tellin' whut wealth it leads to. Figgeh it out fo' yo'selfs. Dey is a million folks in an' aroun' dis town, an' how many shoe-shine places is you seed? Answer me dat." The questioner paused for his own reply.

"I ain't seed but five." The Wildcat was helping all he could.

"Ise seed five, an' dat makes ten." Demmy made haste to chip in with the pertinent datum. "Suppose dey's a hund'ed folks like me an' de Wilecat an' dey's all lookin' at once. Dat's a hund'ed mollified by ten. Dat makes a thousan' shoe-shine stan's altogetheh. Go ahead an' figger f'm dat, Perdue."

The promoter leaped ahead from the flying start provided by the diminutive mathematician. "You comes widin one of de exack figger," he conceded. "Leave it go at a even thousan' an' figger either way an' whah does you come out? You comes out rich, I tells you! Only half de stan's is runnin' 'count of who owns 'em bein' on holidays o' else takin' all dat money to de bank; an' dey is shut down half de time durin' de night, so you kin easy say divide up dem million folks' shine money amongst mebbe two hund'ed an' fifty steady-runnin' places like dis. If dem folks only spends ten cents apiece, dat's a hund'ed thousand dollahs ev'y day, an' dat much divode even an' exack is —— Lemme see, two hund'ed fifty into a hund'ed thousand is fo' hund'ed dollahs. Whut I tells you, Wilecat? Dat's real money! Whut I tells you?"

"You tells me de same as dis Demmy nigger heah. Sho is big money, Perdue."

Perdue Grandy beamed his triumph, but in the pause the bloodhound circled back to the old trail again. "On middlin' good days, Perdue, whut does you take in to pay de rent with, an' such?"

"Well, figger it de otheh way if you craves to." Impatience marked the calculator's tone, but he smothered his real sentiments in a new weave of arithmetic. "Take dem five shoe-shine stands you is seed, Demmy, an' de five whut de Wilecat is seed. Dat makes ten. Suppose only one man outen every ten gits dey shoes shone. Dat's a hund'ed thousand. At ten cents apiece dat's ten thousan' dollahs. Divide dat amongst yo' ten stands, an' whah at is you! Dat's a thousan' dollahs fo' each an' ev'ry one; five hund'ed fo' you, an' de same fo' dis yere Wilecat afteh it is divode even. Dat's all!"

"Hot dam!" The Wildcat felt his luck. "Perdue, you means dat much ev'y single day?"

Too much vision, and the black Babbitt realized it in time to amend his dream. "I means dat much ev'y month."

The glitter seemed to tarnish on the bait. "Summeh months, dat is; when dey's lots of folks out of town. Soon as de rainy weatheh begins day after tommorr' you kin count on twice dat much, an' is dey lots of mud—plenty of mud—you ought to git prepared to take de bank anyhow a thousan' dollahs an' mebbe mo'."

"How offen does us take dat thousan' dollahs to de bank man?"

"Ev'y week, I figgers, wid lots of mud."

"I sez you does."

"Whut dat?" Perdue Grandy turned quickly toward the source of the muttered criticism.

"Nuthin'," Demmy returned, and then, explaining nuthin', "I was jus' whisperin' oveh yo' figgers."

"Ain't dey all correck?" Here was a challenge.

"Mainly dey is—all 'ceptin' de mud. Neveh kin count on mud. Ise seed mud whut look thick like skin on de road. Git into it—dat's all I sez. Come clean up to my neck."

"Ain't surprisin'. You is built so close to de ground you kin use corn plasters fo' a headache. Did you have bunions an' brain feveh at de same time dey'd feel like de stummick misery. Whut about de deep mud?"

"Whut Ise tryin' to say is dey ain't neveh no deep mud in Sam Francisco."

"Ise referrin' at shoe-shine mud. Don't have to be deep mud. Nobody but you is brought up de subject of deep mud. Keep yo' deep mud, I sez; I thrives along noble on de plain splatterin' mud. Spreadin' kind, I means; not de oozin' kind. Naw, suh! De mud subject I claims to know. Local mud season begins day after tommorr', an' right den dis place gits crowded wid folks whut craves to git dey shoes shone."

As a poised hawk sweeps earthward at the moment of its kill, Perdue Grandy descended upon his hypnotized victims with talons wide stretched for the trophies of conquest. "Pay me de two hund'ed dollahs now an' you gits dis 'stablished bizness an' a receet papeh an' de full financial obligations whut goes wid de place. Dat's me!"

The Wildcat had his money out, but Demmy hung back a moment, delaying his personal surrender with one final question. "Perdue, does you mean de comin' in o' de goin' out financial allegations?"

"I means de incomin' kind whut some of de Cloveh Club boys runs on de books wid me. Dat Hollaway Isby pays by de month, an' de Mennonay boy whut drives fo' some Jackson Street white folks runs his leatheh leggins shine bill heah, an' I gives credick to some white gem'mum—Mist' Scott Williams an' Mist' Cressey Hardin, whut settles big wid intrus' now an' den, an' some mo' steady customers. Sho' adds up big."

The vender had inscribed a document as he talked. He handed the scribbled paper and a lead pencil to the Wildcat. "Sign yo' name right dah an' pay me de two hund'ed. Dat's dat."

"Ain't neveh learned readin', Perdue." The Wildcat passed the legal instrument to his pardner. "Read me whut dat writement sez, Demmy. Read loud so I kin git it understood plain in my head."

Demmy read aloud:

"De fust pusson of de fust part, to wit, Perdue Grandy, heahby solemnly sweahs dat he acknowledges, whereas, Vitus Marsden de second pusson hereinbefo' stated owes him two hund'ed dollahs fo' good will an' financial obligations, be it resolved dat de same is paid in cash dis twenty-ninth day of September at de Cyclone Shine Parlor and whereas furthermo', we hitherto witness his affixed hand an' seal."

"Soun's reg'lar to me," the Wildcat admitted. "Whut about dat hand-an'-seal bizness, Perdue? I kaint write."

"Dat ain't nuthin' but a legal normality whut dese soopreem courts an' such uses in case lawsuit is brought by yo' next-of-kin when dey claims yo' mo'tal remains. Make yo' cross mark an' it's jus' de same. Write yo' cross mark heah; wait till I holds it stiddy on de arm of de chair. Dah you is; an' dat's dat. Now yo' podneh signs it fo' his half intrus'. An' now I takes dis writement papeh in case of reference, an' de cash consideration. Dat's right. Hund'ed ninety, ninety-five, two hund'ed. Exackly keyreck! One mo' thing—if you boys eveh sells out an' craves to travel in de show bizness wid my all-star histronics company, hunt me up whah-at Ise performin' an' you is both hired on at high sal'ry. You acts to me like you both is got de hidden talent whut makes actors famous."

"Lemme See, Two Hund'ed Fifty Into a Hund'ed Thousand Is Fo' Hund'ed Dollahs. Whut I Tells You, Wilecat? Dat's Real Money!"

III

FOR the first half hour after Perdue Grandy had surrendered possession of the Cyclone Shine Parlor the new proprietors busied themselves with an inventory of their holdings, and then, on the principle that live bait helps fill the larder the Wildcat sat down in one of the two throne chairs and concealed his features from the passing throng behind a newspaper which he could not read. "Show yo'self busy," he suggested to Demmy. Their business career

(Continued on Page 83)

The Diary of a Dude Wrangler

By STRUTHERS BURT

IT HAS been said by an unrecorded wit that homesteading consists of the Government betting you one hundred and sixty acres against starvation and the Government always winning.

In the main, this is true. Only a very hardy man or a very ignorant one would at present take up government land unless he had some definite object in view or a small income independent of his ranching. Even twelve years ago, when I homesteaded and desert-claimed, there was little public land left that was worth ranching. Nowadays there is hardly an acre. Scattered throughout the West are hundreds of square miles of unoccupied territory, and some day part of this unoccupied territory will be put under irrigation; but even then the settler had best know exactly what he is doing.

A Herd of Elk in the Yellowstone, Jackson Hole Country, Wyoming

I must halt my narrative for a moment to speak about this subject of homesteading and desert-claiming and irrigation projects, for it seems to me a very important subject and my feelings are deep. I believe that there is no more fundamental passion in the breasts of the men of the northern races than the passion for a home, and I believe that one of the wickedest things other men can do is to balk or prey upon this passion. There is most certainly a special hell for those who do. The West, naturally, has been, like all new countries, a favorite hunting ground for such jackals.

Higgledy-Piggledy Development

AND yet they are not entirely to be blamed, for it seems that the human race, except in a few instances, will not think synthetically; it will not look ahead or around, and will not realize that all life consists of a delicate balance easily thrown out of adjustment. If the average man took as much thought to the balance of life as he does to the synchronization of the engine of his motor car, civilization would go forward in a night. You cannot, for instance, have one country starving to death and not sooner or later run the risk of all countries doing the same; you cannot boom or boost or inflate one interest without harming all the surrounding interests; you cannot do a selfish act without, if you have any brains at all, knowing that the ripples of what you do spread out indefinitely. In the end everyone goes down in the universal chaos.

The worldly-wise man of today is the ancestor of the hunted fool of tomorrow. The self-seeking German business men of thirty years ago did not know when they christened their little sons that one day those sons would die because of their fathers' shortsightedness. The rich men of Syria did not take time to think when they cut their forests that they were bequeathing a desert to their descendants. And thought is the one possible salvation of the world—and then more thought—and what applies to larger things also applies to smaller.

For years I have been entreating the Government to appoint a commission to study the country as a whole and draw, if nothing else, a map that will at least guide and warn prospective settlers. There are certain parts of this country that can never be anything but grazing land; there are certain other parts—such as my own country—that are suited solely for the tourist and for big game. The very factors that make a country a good grazing country are the very factors that make it a poor farming country; the very factors that make a country a good tourist country—mountains, cold, a properly protected wilderness—are the very factors that make it a poor land for stock.

What is one going to do about it? Is one going to encourage a country, whenever possible, to develop along the lines for which it is best suited and so become prosperous, or is one going to allow things to go along in their usual higgledy-piggledy fashion—this higgledy-piggledy nonsense being the cause of most of our troubles? What would you say if, instead of talking about a country, we were talking about your own son? And yet, next to a man's family, he is supposed to love his country better than anything else. Well, the answer is, most men don't. They have no real love for their country at all. They regard it as a place to live in and sleep in and eat in, and, as a captured town, to loot and ravage at will. What do most men care if forests are cut down if they can buy a limousine with the profits? What do they care if they can sell a man a piece of land what becomes of him and his children? The state will take care of him. Will it? Possibly; but at infinite cost.

The descendants of Ada Take, born in Austria in 1740, a woman of the slums, have been traced. She has had 709 descendants, of whom 142 were beggars, 100 were illegitimate children, 181 were prostitutes, 46 workhouse inmates, 76 criminals, and the remainder more or less habitual drunkards. This one family alone cost Austria $1,200,000. And no doubt you are familiar with the history of the Juke family in America.

A Vicious Circle of Starving Nesters

IT DOES not do to discourage people or to impoverish them. But a commission and a map would do little to discourage land crimes. Human hope is too powerful and human greed too active—especially the latter. Human ignorance also is at work. There is no appreciation that even clear-headed selfishness leads one to take the point of view that quality is better than quantity. Civilization, agriculturally speaking, is understood to mean the settling at any cost of a starving nester upon a plot of ground in order that he may encourage other starving nesters in order that they may in turn encourage still further starving nesters; the encouraging of an untried alien to emigrate in order that he may raise food to encourage other untried aliens to emigrate in order that they may raise food, in turn, for other untried aliens. It is a vicious circle. A tin shack is supposed to be of more economic value than a forest. The old tale of localities where there is only fifty dollars in cash and this is passed around from hand to hand at harvest time is not so far-fetched as it may seem.

To begin with, and as a general proposition, except in various favored sections—and, of course, there are a great many favored sections; but we are not talking about them—new land, geologically speaking, seems to me to resist in some mysterious way the attempt to cultivate it. It is as if the savage soil had a personality of its own. This theory has not the slightest scientific backing—it is due entirely to observation; but to come down to what is known, you cannot make money out of farming if you are in a country where the same frost and snow that produce strong range grass upon which cattle thrive are the same frost and snow that prevent your crops from ripening; and you

Bringing In the Herd on a Western Ranch

The Concord Stagecoach, Still a Mode of Travel in Some Parts of the West

cannot make money out of stock raising, even if you have strong grass, if you are so high in the mountains that you have to feed hay to your stock five or six months of the year.

In short, if everybody tried to suit himself to the country, as the citizens of older countries have learned to do, instead of trying to suit the country to himself, both the Far Western stock raiser and the Far Western farmer would be in a happier state than they are at present. It is true that the stockman cannot to any extent live in the same country as the farmer; but in a land where natural conditions are such as they are here, and where there is so much room, there is no reason why he should. Nor is there anything more silly than the accepted point of view that stock raising historically is a more primitive occupation than farming and is bound to go as the frontier is settled.

Farming in a Range Country

WHEAT and meat are the two primary necessities of the human race, and the latter never can be raised in sufficient quantities in any restricted way. In a narrow and homogeneous country such as England the stockman may have been pushed into the sea; but why should he be pushed anywhere in a vast country such as this, where there are immense tracts of land fit for nothing else? On the plains of Hungary there are cattle ranches hundreds of years old. Until you answer this question you will continue to pay exorbitant prices for your meat, the stockman will continue a bankrupt, and eventually you will be lucky if you get any meat at all

In the old days when the stockman could turn his herd out in his back yard, so to speak, his expenses and his summer losses were practically nothing. Now he has to send his stock back into the hills; he must employ herders; he loses a certain percentage through poison and wolves and mountain lions, and weight is lost on the long spring and autumn drives. With the price of labor what it is, and the increased cost of living, the stockman can afford no loss whatsoever; but if he had back some of his old range even costly labor and costly living would not prevent him from getting along fairly well.

Every time a farmer settles in a range country he increases the cost of meat. Even in a country like my own, which is too high to be anything but a small cattle country, I have witnessed the process. If the farmer on his part made a living, there might be some palliation or room for argument; but he doesn't make a living The first farmers came into my country about ten years ago, and today they are broken and ruined men.

As a matter of fact, the average American farmer has never been a farmer at all—he has always been a miner; he skims the topsoil and goes on. He has all the restlessness of the prospector and it will take years of bitter experience before he learns anything else He will not learn, for instance, that one acre intensively cultivated is worth ten merely scratched with the plow. Behind him he has left countless acres in the East—and even now in the Middle West of real farm land, near to markets, needing only proper cultivation to make them pay. The truck farmer, on his little place, with his family to help him, is seldom a poor man; the wheat farmer, with his huge acreage, half the time is carried by the local bank. He hasn't enough to do to keep him busy anyhow. That is why wheat countries are unsafe economically and politically. During the winter the wheat farmer sits around and hates himself and the Government. In the face of the abandoned farm lands of the East and the Middle West, the thoughtful man gasps at the insecure and in most cases needless experiment of dry farming.

Added to all this confusion of local ignorance and greed are the more widespreading operations of the average irrigation or land-development company. I have no patience with land-development companies. I have been too intimately connected with a couple of them. Here is an odd story about one of the operations of which I knew:

For a number of years the vast flat to the west and north of our upper ranch—a fairly good cattle range—was withheld from settlement under the Carey Act. The Carey Act is a bill originally introduced into Congress by ex-Governor and ex-Senator Carey, of Wyoming, granting to a private company, where the Government does not wish to act, the right to bring water to and parcel out into homesteads a tract of land too difficult to irrigate by an individual or group of individuals, but possible to irrigate if a good deal of capital is expended. When the main ditch and laterals are built settlers are allowed to come in and take up homesteads under the Homestead Law; but they must pay the company an annual rental for water. On the surface this is an excellent act, and was intended as such; but its actual workings have been weird and devious. Ex-Secretary of the Interior Lane said that 99 per cent of all private irrigation schemes had to be taken over by the Government because they were either fraudulent or inefficient

This particular flat would grow nothing. I happen to know that, because, unfortunately, we own some of the best of it. It consists of a thin stratum of soil with cobblestone river wash underneath. The whole of the valley, as a matter of fact, was once a lake bed. High up the Tetons you find fossil fish and oyster shells. You could turn a river onto the flat I am speaking about and in a few hundred yards it would disappear. If you persisted in turning the river onto it, in a short time the topsoil would be washed away and only cobblestones would be left. You cannot take the stones off it, because each time you plow you turn up more stones than were there to begin with.

An Ambitious Project

EVEN badgers won't dig in it, and that is saying a good deal. To complete this charming picture of agricultural possibilities, the main slope of the land is towards the south; but the slope of the countless little draws and depressions is towards the east. Irrigation ditches, like the mythical angry rattlesnake, would bite themselves in the tail if they tried to cross it. However, the Carey-project company went calmly ahead with their plans.

Their engineer used to stop with us. He was a nice fellow personally, but our gibes at his occupation were so savage that eventually he stopped coming

Here is what his company intended to do: They were going to dam one of the nearby lakes—incidentally ruining the lake, as beautiful a lake as any in the world—and when they had run their main ditch from this lake they were going to sell the water to the homesteaders at thirty dollars an acre.

(Continued on Page 175)

Winter in Yellowstone National Park. At Right—Jackson Lake, With the Grand Teton in the Background

THE RATIONAL HIND

IX

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IN FRATERNITY one day is very much like another; years jumble themselves together so that it is difficult to distinguish between them. Men do not date time by the almanac: they remember the year the river froze over below the dam, or the year there was so much snow, or the summer they had a killing frost in August, or the fall Evered was killed by his bull, or the spring Jim Saladine got the big trout. Days and months and years are significant for what they bring, not because of the names or numerals affixed to them two thousand years ago. It is easy for men here to lose account of the passage of time, one year is so like another. The great snows accumulate, drifts form, winds blow and the stark cold grips the land; then by slow degrees the bitterness of the cold is modified, the snow shrinks, drifts lose their imposing proportions, and one morning a warm rain dissolves the last of them. The frost-churned earth becomes a pudding of wet clay and honey pots; that passes and the plow turns an old furrow over again. Almost before winter is gone it is time to begin cutting the hay, and upon the heels of that the woodcock are whistling up from the coverts where gunners harry them. So come the snows again.

Such years are cut to a pattern. There is little to distinguish them. One man's wife dies, his children go to Waterville, or Augusta, he sells his farm, or abandons it and moves away. Another dies and his sons forsake the soil. A weary dweller in cities buys a bit of land for more than it is worth and winces under the grim jests with which frost and wind and drought harass the neophyte. Now and then two young folks marry; now and then an old man dies, now and then a baby is born. For the rest, the village store is always the same, whoever its proprietor; the mill below the bridge is filled with the same drone of saws day by day; the price of food is always too high and the price of pork or beef too low; the same old dry spell hurts the hay crop year by year. You must look closely to discover the small changes in the men who gather evening by evening at the store. Caps or hats hide the fact that their hair is dwindling; the brown the sun has lent their skin disguises the finger prints of time. Abruptly you discover that this man is old; that this youth is become a man.

The life of the village is woven across a web of tradition. All that has happened in the town is remembered, and repeated over and over again. If you were to sit silent and attentive behind the stove in the store for a sufficient interval you would have the history of the place at your fingers' ends. You would know the names that have persisted from father to son, and why this line died out, and when these newcomers first appeared. Some tales that have by their drama moved the imagination or by their humor tickled the fancy of the auditors you would hear told and retold to the point of weariment. This rich store of legend furnishes a background to the life of the people of the town; each individual is identified by what his father was, or by what he himself has done, or by some distinguishing trait which has attracted more than usual remark. There are no secrets; there can be no secrets where life is thus comparted. Each man's business is also his neighbors', and was, and will be. Such a community has depth, but little variety; it is rich, yet it is also monotonous; and one day is much the same as another.

Jennie Slipped Her Hand in His and Said, "No Matter, Leon. You and I Will Get Along"

Habit is strong upon the town and upon the people in it. In each home you find the master of the house arising day by day at his accustomed hour to his accustomed tasks; the women cook, wash dishes, clean, sew, and start the round again. There is little visiting among these women by day; in the evening the men see one another for a little while, then return to read for an hour beside the warm and singing lamp before sleep bears them away to bed. The daily papers and the farm journals come by the evening mail; sometimes there is a mail-order catalogue. These are the things they read, nodding themselves to sleep the while, seeking their beds at last to rest against another day like the one that has gone.

Minutes build themselves into days and weeks and years so silently that you do not suspect they are at work until some sudden revelation leads you to perceive the fact that half a score of years have gone.

X

AUNT MARY HOWE was a spinster; and it is the lot of spinsters to be lone bodies in their old age. She and Esther had always liked each other; and for a year past now Aunt Mary had been living in the big old Dillard house, occupying that small rear room which had been hers when she came to Ethan's funeral. She was well past seventy; spoke as little as ever, and as economically; her hair, stubbornly black a few years before, was become sprinkled with gray; but there was no apparent weakening of her iron body. She insisted on doing her share of the work that had to be done; and in the morning after breakfast, when Caleb was out of doors and Dora was cleaning up the kitchen, she and Esther liked to make the beds together. Esther herself, nearly fifty and habitually dressed in a narrow black dress which nevertheless clothed her thin frame voluminously, was as calm and assured as she had ever been.

Caleb came home from the store one evening and found the three women grouped about the lamp on the table in the big kitchen, their chairs rocking in an irregular rhythm so that they were now out of beat, now moved together. He had always come home to find Dora and Esther sitting thus; he could not remember any other arrangement. Aunt Mary fitted into the group; she seemed a part of it. The strangeness of seeing her there had worn off within a fortnight of her first coming.

Before coming into the house he had unhitched the horse and made the creature comfortable for the night, had pulled down a little more hay for the cows; at the kitchen door he wiped his feet painstakingly, for Esther hated having the smell of barn in the house.

When he came into the kitchen, his hat in his hand, the three women looked up in mild welcome, and Esther asked, "Is it raining, Caleb?"

He shook his head. "Stars are all out. It's come off clear."

"We need a spell of dry weather," his sister commented. "Is there anything in the paper?" Caleb shook his head. He had a letter for Dora, and gave it to her. "I had one from Leon, too," he added.

Esther said nothing; she never mentioned Leon's name and seemed not to hear if they spoke of her brother while she was about.

But Aunt Mary, not in the least intimidated by Esther, asked whether Leon's folks were well; and Caleb replied, "The new baby was a girl."

Esther permitted herself no sniff of displeasure, but her countenance was eloquent.

Aunt Mary protested, "I didn't know they were expecting another."

"Yes, yes. We told you," Dora reminded her.

"My memory ain't failing me yet," Aunt Mary retorted. She was sometimes inclined to be irascible.

"Weighed eight pounds," Caleb announced. "And Jennie's all right, and so's the baby."

Dora asked, "What are they going to name it?"

And Caleb replied, "Leon didn't say."

"I never can remember whether that makes four or five," Aunt Mary protested, as though they were to blame.

"Five," Dora told her. "Mary and Sam and Fergus and Caleb. Don't you remember they named the first one after you?"

"After me, indeed! Jennie's mother's name was Mary."

Dora smiled. "Well, both of you, then. And Sam is named after Uncle Sam Howe. You know how Leon always liked him to come to the house, when he was a boy."

Esther rocked unemotionally in her chair; she seemed to endure their conversation without entering into it.

Aunt Mary commented, "Leon was a nice boy. I always liked him."

"He's got some fine children," Caleb ventured slowly. "Mary's as pretty already as her mother. And she's a help around the house, and she's only nine years old."

Esther spoke to her sister. "Who was your letter from, Dora?"

Dora had forgotten to open it.

She did so now, and said, "Oh, from Sadie Morrison," as she began to read. A moment later, "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Isn't that the funniest thing? Sadie's going to have another baby too."

"Another!" Esther commented in her habitual low tones.

Aunt Mary asked sharply, "Who's Sadie Morrison?"

"She lived in East Harbor, don't you remember? We were in the academy together; and we've always been friends. She married Joe Hall."

"Dan Hall's boy, in East Harbor?"

"Yes. He has a good position in Bath now. This is their second. They were married the year after Leon was."

Esther spoke gently. "I'm surprised at Sadie. I always thought she was such a lady."

Aunt Mary seemed to understand this somewhat cryptic comment. "Well, when a person gets married you have to expect such things," she remarked.

Esther nodded, and Dora looked from one of them to the other and held her tongue.

After a few minutes of silence Caleb said, "Esther, Eben Hobbs spoke to me about the Pond lot again tonight. He said he might come up a little on his price."

Esther looked at her brother keenly, then lowered her eyes again.

"I hate to think of selling," she confessed; and the confession seemed curiously like a weakness in that strong woman.

"I know," he agreed. "But the cordwood's all cut off of it. It's not worth anything to us."

"We'll wait," Esther decided. "We'll wait and see."

Caleb nodded. The decision in such family matters always lay with Esther; this was well understood among them. Caleb, as the only man in the house, was the titular head of the family; but Esther was, as she had always been, the power behind him, dictating all he did. She gave at length the signal for retiring, rising and bundling her sewing together and turning down the lamp preparatory to blowing it out. On the mantelshelf above the sheathed-in fireplace behind the stove four smaller lamps with polished chimneys were ranged in a row; and Caleb lighted them one after the other. Each took one of these to light the way to bed. Esther now occupied the room that had been her father's; Dora had their old room to herself. The sisters and Aunt Mary went up the front stairs together, and Aunt Mary went through Esther's room and the back hall to her own small quarters.

Caleb stayed below for a little while. When they were gone he took Leon's letter from his pocket and read it again.

There had never been any complete break between these brothers, and Caleb had spent a day or two at Leon's farm at the time of his godchild's christening. Leon wrote:

"The baby was born last night and is as healthy as a calf. Jennie didn't have any trouble. She was a little disappointed it was a girl. She wanted to name it after me; but I'm just as well pleased.

"Jennie'll be up and around soon, I guess; and it's lucky. We're going to have a lot of work on hand this spring. The sheep take time and a lot of care; and Jennie's good with them. I've got the orchard to go over, too; and I expect we'll seed the big meadow this spring. But maybe we'll let that go till after the hay's cut. Two of my cows came in last week; and we'll be making a lot of butter as soon as Jennie's on her feet.

"We wintered well up here. The snow was pretty deep, and it looked for a while as if if we got a warm rain there'd be high water, but it went off a little at a time, so there's no harm done. I've got to cut out a lot of alders in the pasture along the brook this year. It'll be a help when Sam's old enough to do something. I've got one man hired to stay with me, and he says he'll stay right along; and he can turn off quite a bit of work when he gets started. But he's slow to start.

"I got a new team this year. Paid for them with the steers I beefed last fall.

"Jennie sends her love to you all. If you can get away you ought to come up and see us. Young Caleb is old enough to know you now."

Old Caleb—he was in his fortieth year, but he had always been old—finished the letter, reading slowly and as though he were reluctant to be done. He folded it and put it in his pocket, then took his lamp and started up the back stairs to bed. The top of his head was growing bald; this spot caught the reflected light and tossed it back again. He was silhouetted for a moment in the stair well, a wistful, faintly stooping figure, before he shut the door.

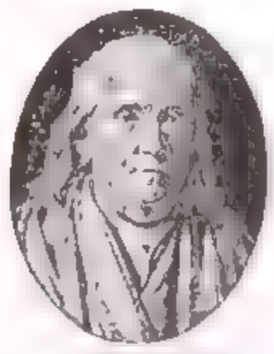
XI

IT WAS ten years since Leon's marriage, since that afternoon when he brought Jennie home from the village and found Esther waiting to confront them at the door. She met his announcement with stony eyes, seemed for a moment inclined to hold her position and bar them out; then with a sudden bitter gesture came out into the yard and passed them, and with head erect stalked down the drive toward the highway. "I will go out and sleep beside the road," she had threatened; and Leon saw now that she would do as she had threatened. He had expected her, in the end, to yield; this defiance angered him.

Continued on Page 186

Esther Uttered Her First Word. "You Have Withdrawn Yourself From Us. He That Touches Pitch is Defiled. You're No Dillard Any Longer"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $3.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

To Newfoundland (with Labrador) and other Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, post paid, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 5, 1924

They Want Unrestricted Immigration

THE following is reprinted from a recent issue of the Congressional Record:

"Mr. WALSH of Massachusetts. I also present telegrams, letters, and resolutions from the following organizations in the State of Massachusetts opposing the so-called Johnson immigration bill restricting immigration, which I request be referred to the Immigration Committee:

"The Association for Protest Against Restricted Immigration, of Pittsfield; Board of Aldermen, of Malden; City Council, of Lawrence; City Council, of Revere; Board of Aldermen, of Chelsea; Board of directors of the Chelsea Chamber of Commerce, of Chelsea; City Council and mayor of Fitchburg; Eliot School Alumni Association, of Boston; American Citizens of Polish Descent of Fall River; Young Men's Hebrew Association, of Fitchburg; League of Jewish Women's Organizations, of Boston; Group 393, Polish National Alliance, of Boston; Congregation Sons of Abraham, of Worcester; The Associated Jewish Organizations of Massachusetts, of Boston; Committee of Polish-American Citizens of Webster; Polish Citizens of Northampton; Associated Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Associations of New England, of Fall River; Young Men's Hebrew Association, of Fall River; Polish-American Citizens' Club, of Adams; Young Women's Hebrew Association, of Lawrence; Polish Students' Club, of Boston; Associated Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Associations of New England, of Boston; Bethel Israel Synagogue, of Malden; Citizens of Polish Extraction, of Worcester; North Adams Chapter of Hadassah, of North Adams; District Six of the Associated Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Associations of New England, of Woonsocket, R. I.; Young Women's Hebrew Association, of Fall River; Polish American Citizens' Club, of Lowell; American Citizens of Polish Birth, of Boston; Polish Citizens' Club, of Chicopee; Polish Uhlans' Society, of Chicopee; All United Polish Citizen Clubs, of Chicopee; Jewish Organizations of Holyoke; Board of Aldermen and the mayor of the city of Beverly; Sons of Calabrisa Mutual Aid Society, of North Adams; Lodge Trinacria Order of Sons of Italy, of Lawrence; St. Anthony Society, of Dedham; Lodge 847, Sons of Italy, of Southbridge; Societa Maritimma Madonna, of Boston; Society Pedarese, of Lawrence; Congregation Beth Israel, of Cambridge; Roslindale Lodge 1057, Sons of Italy in America, of Roslindale; Lodge Sogno D'Italia, of Belmont; Columbus Club, of Fall River; Lodge Vittorio Venelo 1035, Sons of Italy, of Fall River; Italian Citizens' Club of Massachusetts, of Fall River; Progressive Club, of Fall River; Society Trecastagnese of St. Alfio, of Lawrence; Soggia Cesere Battisti 632, O. F. D. Italian in America, of East Boston; Sicilian-American Citizens' Club, of Lawrence; Sivitaliano Benefit Society, of Worcester; First Bankers' Union (Inc.), of Boston; Sons of Italy, No. 1088, of South Barre; St. Annas Society, of South Barre; Italian Social Club, of South Barre; United Lodges, Sons of Italy, of Lynn; Lodge Archimede, No. 1042, Sons of Italy, of Lawrence; Order Daughters of Italy in America, of Everett; Society Basilicata, of Lawrence; Loggio Principedi 1045, of Dedham; Lodge Vitruna Romano, Order Sons of Italy in America, of Salem; New Century Club, of Boston; Lodge I. U. 904, Sons of Italy in America, of Attleboro; Sons of Italy, of Lowell; Lodge Italia Order Sons of Italy in America, of Cambridge; Congregation Agidath Israel, of Lynn; The Tuscany Mutual Benefit Society of Boston; Lodge Italia 506, Sons of Italy in America, of Cambridge; Italian-American Improvement Club, of Chelsea; Loggia Dante Alighieri, No. 309, of Lawrence; The Ligurian Auxiliary, of Boston; Lowell Lodge, No. 874, Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, of Lowell; Association Nazionale Combattenti Italiani, of Lawrence; The Mazzini Club, of Boston; Italian American Naturalization Club, of Leominster; Order of Sons of Italy, of Fitchburg; Jewish National Workers' Alliance of America, of Fall River; Loggia Gabriele D'Annunzio, No. 592, Order of Sons of Italy in America, of Beverly; Sons of Italy Lodge Piave Fiume, of Watertown; Independent Order B'nai B'rith, Fall River Lodge, No. 884, Fall River; and Italian Central Committee of Revere."

Here are unity of purpose and loyalty to compatriots who have not yet entered the promised land that are well worth consideration and emulation. In the face of the rebuke administered by some of our senators to American citizens who made known their wishes on the Mellon plan, one hesitates to advise any expression of one's preferences on the immigration question. But so long as these advocates of unrestricted immigration have had their day in Congress without being indicted for propaganda, perhaps those Americans who are against unrestricted, or unscientifically restricted, immigration may with propriety express their views to their senators and representatives.

Congress does not understand the language of flowers, but it knows all the languages of voters. Unfortunately when immigration is under discussion our representatives in Washington hear American less frequently and less forcibly than any other language.

Deficits and Armaments

REPORTS from London show that in financial and political circles there a little more optimism is felt about commercial and financial conditions in Europe. The installment of a Labor government in office as a result of the British elections cannot be ascribed to any recent growth of socialism. Paradoxical as the statement may sound, the success achieved by the British Labor Party—which, after all, comprises less than a third of the House of Commons—must be ascribed, not to a desire for socialism but to the sentiment for peace, free trade and economy.

On the military side the great empires of Russia, Germany and Austria are no longer formidable. Austria has gone. Germany is disarmed and bankrupt, besides having lost much territory. Russia is also bankrupt and shorn of Poland, the Baltic provinces and Finland. France is now the leading military power of the Continent, and its air fleet is supposed to be far superior to that of Great Britain. But allowing for the rate of exchange, the actual scale of expenditure of Britain on armaments is more than double that of France, while the naval expenditure of Britain is more than five times that of France. True, this does not allow for the apparent cheapness of conscription. But neither does it allow for the extreme difficulties of French finance. All things considered, it would seem—so British economists argue—that there is ample room for retrenchment vis-à-vis France, even though it may be necessary, by way of precaution, to maintain or increase the estimates for the British Air Service, which, however, have risen to the formidable total of twelve millions sterling.

As for the British Navy, it is now far stronger than the navies of all other European powers put together. As against Japan, before the earthquake British naval expenditure was more than double the Japanese. From the standpoint of war preparations the tragic catastrophe of the Japanese earthquake is highly reassuring. Enormous damage was done to naval docks and arsenals, and considerable injury was also inflicted on some of the war vessels. If the money had been forthcoming no doubt the Japanese naval authorities would have demanded a large additional expenditure on construction. But instead of so doing, they have consented to a net decrease of about eighteen million dollars in this year's naval budget.

British naval experts sometimes point to the American Navy; but British economists naturally reply that competition between Great Britain and America is absurd and preposterous in view of the arrangement made by Mr. Baldwin at Washington last year for the funding of the war debt. If this debt is to be paid off the British Government must at any rate do its level best to avoid a costly rivalry in armaments with the United States.

Taking a general view of Europe, this much is absolutely certain: That what Europe needs at the present time is to balance its budgets and stabilize its currencies. Under present conditions, with financial reserves reduced to the vanishing point and public credit almost everywhere at its lowest ebb, the only chance of stabilizing a currency or preventing it from losing all value is for a government to spend as little as it receives from the taxes; in other words, to balance its budget. A survey made at the beginning of the year showed that in only two European countries has this been achieved, and in them only by the maintenance of taxes on a war scale. Those countries are Great Britain and Sweden. Even nations which remained neutral during the war are all, except Sweden, suffering from deficits, from debts dangerously high, and from an onerous scale of taxation. Portugal is, of course, in a chronic state of bankruptcy. Spain after a period of comparative prosperity is hard hit by its costly and unsuccessful warfare in Morocco. Greece is utterly exhausted by its bout with Turkey. Switzerland, the playground of Europe, has suffered from the poverty of its neighbors, from the alarm produced by the threat of a capital levy, and from an uneconomic régime of state socialism. Norway and Denmark have both been through an era of inflation, followed by a collapse of credit and by a suspension of important banking institutions. Conditions there and among the new Baltic states are on the mend; but government expenditure is still far too high, while trade and enterprise are throttled, or severely hampered, in many cases by public monopolies and administrative regulations. The same criticism applies with even greater force to Poland, Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania. All these countries, and of course Hungary, are overburdened by militarism. They are overarmed as well as overgoverned.

Czecho-Slovakia, which has contrived to maintain its currency at a fairly stable rate for the last two or three years, has an absurdly large standing army and an income tax graduated up to eighty-five per cent! It need hardly be added that this rate is never paid; and the capital levy which was recently imposed did not yield one-tenth of the amount estimated.

If all these little countries could be relieved from mutual jealousies and from the sense of insecurity which large standing armies inevitably produce, and if they could be induced by the great powers to adopt the Luxemburg ratio of one soldier per thousand of the population, their budgets could be balanced, their taxes diminished, and sound money—which, after all, is the necessary basis of credit and commerce—could once more be introduced. Let us hope that public opinion in France and Great Britain will soon be strong enough to insist not only upon a practical settlement of war debts and indemnities but also upon a general, proportional and drastic reduction of European armaments.

The Crux of the Wheat Problem

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

THERE is little purpose in discussing whether the economic situation in Europe kept her wheat imports down during the last three years; whether a settlement of the reparations problem would have resulted in such increase in the buying power of Europe as to support the purchase of wheat in larger volume. No American wheat grower can afford to speculate upon such contingencies. In my opinion, settlement of the reparations question would be followed by improvement in the purchasing power of the Continent. But this purchasing power would be used to secure cotton, wool, copper, tin, nickel, rubber, saltpeter, phosphates, petroleum and other indispensable raw materials; it would hardly be used for expansion of wheat imports. Europe has this year a short potato crop and her supplies of animal products are below the normal. In theory Europe might be expected to expand the use of breadstuffs so as to make good the deficit in potatoes, milk and meat. Germany would import more breadstuffs if she had credits, though she would prefer to import milk fats and animal feeds instead of wheat. Europe can be expected to expand her wheat imports notably only if the wheat price is so low that Europe can import wheat for animal feed. If the world wheat price were to rise to the level deemed remunerative by the average wheat grower of the United States, Europe would curtail imports and make substitutions.

World Carry-Over Estimates

THERE is considerable public declamation to the effect that the low level of world wheat price is based not on the quantity of wheat in the world as contrasted with the effective demand, but on the amount of talk of the quantity of wheat in the world as contrasted with the amount of talk of the demand. It seems to be believed that one can talk wheat into the world and out of the world, that the equation between supply and demand that represents the world price is now the equation between hot air and cold air. European statisticians, whose views on the world supplies of wheat have proved to be fairly accurate during the past three years, estimate the exportable carry-over on July 1, 1924, will be in excess of 200 million bushels, accepting the preliminary estimates of crops in the Southern Hemisphere. The estimate of Sir James Wilson is 200 million bushels, that of the International Institute of Agriculture, 224, and that of Broomhall, 248 million bushels. This is nearly half of the supposed normal import of Europe for next year.

This may be wheat or it may be talk; but in view of the familiarity of Europeans with a problem that so deeply concerns them, American wheat growers would be wise in taking it for granted, provisionally, that this is wheat and not talk. Most Americans regard these estimates of world carry-over as too high, but not enough too high seriously to modify the statistical position.

There is considerable discussion as to the quantity of millable wheat in this country east of the Rocky Mountains in excess of millers' demands. Earlier in the season there was some question of the exportable surplus of Canadian wheat. The governments have their statisticians. The grain merchants, exporters and millers have their statisticians. Milling wheat may be scarce east of the Rocky Mountains, but the present visible supply and the price do not tend to indicate any particular concern over the matter. Possibly the mills feel that there is no reason for worrying, because all the wheat that might be required could be imported from Canada plus the duty of thirty cents a bushel. It seems fair to urge that the statistical position of wheat is probably more accurately reflected in the price than is the political position of wheat. According to the most recent data of the United States Department of Agriculture, the reported and estimated crops of the countries of the world, excluding Russia, that in the five years before the war averaged 2981 million bushels of wheat, are this year 3468 million bushels. The rye crop of the corresponding countries is about 969 million bushels, as against the prewar 1034 million. The net gain is, therefore, more than 400 million bushels of bread grains. For this bread grain no corresponding effective demand exists at present, even after 200 million bushels are subtracted to make up for the defection of Russia

The Increase in Cattle Import

WHEAT growers will find it illuminating to review the history of our export of cattle, swine and corn. We have long been a net importer of hides and other industrial products of cattle. In 1910 we became a net importer of live cattle by volume, and by value in 1912. From 1906 to 1912 our exports of edible beef

(Continued on Page 68)

OH, YOU BABY DOLL!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mah-Jongg

IN THE sacred land of China where
the maids are silkenclad,
There abode a great enchanter and
his Character was bad,
For he freed the Wind of Fury and he
sent the Wind of Drouth
And he stole a peerless princess from
her palace in the South;
And he built a Wall about her and he
filled her heart with dread,
For he guarded her with Dragons that
were Green and White and Red.

In the tender vernal Season when the
bloom was on the quince,
To the rescue of the princess rode a
gallant fairy prince
With a magic seed and message in a
tube of light Bamboo,
And he blew the seed of magic and he
blew the message too;
And the message reached the princess
in her melancholy bower,
And the seed of magic burgeoned till it
grew a magic Flower.

From the stillness of her chamber
through the stillness of the night
Crept the princess toward the Dragons
that were Red and Green and
White,
And she murmured "Quong!" and
charmed them, for the prince had
taught her how,
And she passed the dreadful Dragons
with her ever-faithful Chow;
To the Loosened Tile she counted in the
rampart strong and tall,
And she touched it with her Flower and
she broke the magic Wall.

Where the gold and silver Circles of the
moon and stars above
Lit the waving Bamboo gardens, came the princess to her love;
And he knelt in blissful wonder as she softly whispered
"Pong!"
And her spirit thrilled with rapture as the prince replied
"Mah-jongg!"
And they rode away together to his kingdom in the West,
And were happy ever after in a lovely lacquer chest!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Elsie—"I See Now Why Sir Says You're Such a Wonder at Necking!"

Peggy of the Cabaret

WELL, I guess I'll have a clip first, cutie, since you're to play Delia to my Samson. Yeh, give me the latest style in bobs—the boyish cut. Last month I had the Dutch bob and the month before the King Tut bob and what with the fashions in bobs changin' all the time and the prices they soak you, why I call it plain highway bobbery, that's all! I think I'll go into the business myself and call myself Marcella, the Queen of the Waves!

Say put that line down for me, will you, dearie? I might want to use it in my next play. I hope I didn't speak too loud though; I notice there's that Beverley Baker woman in the next booth. That blackbird'd steal the silver linings off the clouds if she got half the chance!

Am I an actress? Well, I like that!

I want you to understand, dearie, that I come from a long line of actors and actresses and that's no figleaf of my imagination eyether! All my linear descendants played the legit and believe me, what they got was encores and not apple cores! When my grandfather played Hamlet—ouch, you spiked my ear dearie—oh, that's all right—as I was sayin', when my grandfather played Hamlet he could make Jack Barrymore look like the minstrel boy just learnin' to plunk the ukulele!

And the stagehands certainly had a lot of respect for my grandfather, they did. There was a cuspidor sharpshooter for you! The old boy always used to chew Spark Plug or some other kind of tobacco when he was on the stage, and when he came off he never failed to hit the cuspidor even though it was twenty feet away!

Yeh, and he certainly got some fine obituary notices in the newspapers when he made his last exit. All the dramatic critics attended his funeral and not one of 'em left before the final curtain.

My mother and my grandmother were in the profession before me and I'm not so bashful about my own career eyether. I started out first as an usherette and then gradually worked up to coatroom girl and wardrobe assistant until I am where I am.

And not forgettin' when I used to be—all right, dearie, make it coco shampoo—when I used to be—yeh, the coco shampoo—the hostess over in the Green Room at the Sans Sowsy on West Fifty-seventh. Those were the ——

What's your disease, dearie, what's your disease? I said coco shampoo! You might think I'm an alimony queen by the way you're springin' all these new massages on me.

Now give me the dope straight, kid, do you think my hair is gettin' thinner? Quit beefin' about the bush and tell me the real truth. Gee, I used to have such long and beautiful hair when I was a kid, I could even sit down on it!

Thick? You certainly punched the clock then. My hair was so thick and luxurious you could of stuffed a pillow case with it and had a good night's rest! No it didn't start falling out. I had to bob it for a bit I did as a page in the Two Gentlemen of Veronica.

Do you notice any gray hairs on me? Well you may be able to find one or two. That's on account of the ether they drugged me with when I was operated for tonsils a couple of years ago. But if it weren't for the operation I wouldn't be the good singer I am today so I broke even.

Yeh, there's two kinds of—ouch, I said I wanted a haircut not a shave!—two kinds of women in this world, dearie. The kind that tell their age and the kind that show it. I'm only twenty-five but it feels more like a quarter of a century to me, the things I've gone through!

And the men I've met! I know all about men, dearie. I've made a lifelong study of them. I used to be a coatroom girl in a swell restaurant on the Avenue and believe me I could hire a secretary to sit down and write up my experiences with the various sorts and sizes that I've hooked hats and canes for.

First of them all is the traveling salesmen—some of them don't know how to treat a lady, and they're traveling yet! And then there's the collegiate cakies—the squash players and fullbacks on the mah jongg teams that knock you over with those two-ton raccoon coats of theirs. Some of 'em may have gone to college, dearie, but a lot of 'em act as if they never got any further than the billiard academy!

(Continued on Page 50)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Well, I Sure Have Had a Great Day With the Bunch"

"But After All, There's Nothing Like the Peace and Quiet of a Home With the Wife and the Kiddies"

"Here Comes Good Old Vi to Meet Me. Got Some Good Story of the Youngsters She Can't Keep Till I Get There"

"Oh, Beans, I've Had an Awful Day. Buster Got His Tail Caught in the Door, Gypsy Has a Case of Distemper and the Other Children Chewed Up the Pekingese Puppy Next Door and its Mother is Waiting for You"

Just the kind of meal you often want!

Soup for health—
every day!

How often you have said to yourself at lunch or suppertime: "I feel like eating something substantial, but I don't want too much."

These are just the times when a delicious plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so tempting and so sufficient.

Thousands and thousands of people every day eat this soup as a meal. It tastes so good. It's so nourishing.

When you serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup for dinner—as you often will—you can reduce the number of the other dishes—it contains so much food.

Fifteen vegetables. Invigorating beef broth. Cereals to build and strengthen. Seasoning by master-chefs. And taste it!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

I'm as plump as pigs in clover;
I am simply bubbling over.
All the vigor that I feel
Comes from Campbell's husky meal!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

XXI

IT IS a wise policy to assume that you cannot come as a visitor to a foreign land and interfere with the classic and traditional enjoyment of the masses. To do so will assuredly result in unpleasant consequences. Mary Ottery, with the loftiest motives, had knocked out her man completely and thoroughly; but in so doing had overlooked the fact that 80 per cent of the audience were in sympathy with that act of his which had offended her, and if their situation had admitted of it would themselves have behaved in a similar manner. There is a line of cruelty in the Spanish temperament which finds one of its principal outlets in inflicting death and agony to bulls. This exists to such an extent that the mere sight of a live or unwounded example of the species appears to excite in the Spaniard a sense of personal reproach and indignation.

Fortunately, of the 80 per cent of sympathizers, but very few were aware of what she had done. Those few, however, instantly took up the cudgels on behalf of their fallen compatriot.

The next item on the program was the voice of Henry Julius, crying out, "Don't dare to touch that lady!"

His words may have been misunderstood, or his authority questioned, for a greasy hand shot out and seized Mary by the wrist. Vernon Winslowe uppercut the owner of the greasy hand on the exact point of the jaw. Space was a little cramped, as he had to lean in front of Mrs. Morgan to do it. He was, however, an accurate hitter. William Carpenter was on his feet and had begun throwing people away again. He seemed to have a natural gift for that.

"We don't want a fight! We don't want a fight!" cried Henry Julius; but since the person to whom this remark was addressed had produced a knife with unexpected rapidity, Henry violated his own principles and hit his assailant in the stomach just low enough for a foul to have been claimed.

"Out of this!" said Vernon.

They were lucky in being alongside one of the exits—a narrow opening leading to a short flight of wooden steps. Joshua Morgan was first to follow the advice, and seizing his wife by the shoulders he bustled her towards the opening. Escape, however, was not to be so easily won. A stout Spaniard, whose figure in some ways resembled Joshua's, endeavored to force his way between the retreating pair. Joshua, whose hands were occupied manipulating Kate, had perforce to resort to other measures than the ordinary form of attack. Sluing sideways with unlooked-for nimbleness, he delivered that portion of his frame more generally employed for sitting upon into the round stomach of the Spaniard. Apart from its somewhat ridiculous aspect, the maneuver was entirely successful. The unhappy recipient of what legitimately might be termed a rear guard action deflated and doubled up like a burst balloon, his fall for a moment blocking the way of new assailants who were hurrying into the fight. Vernon took advantage of the moment to marshal the three remaining women through the opening to the comparative safety of the stairs beyond.

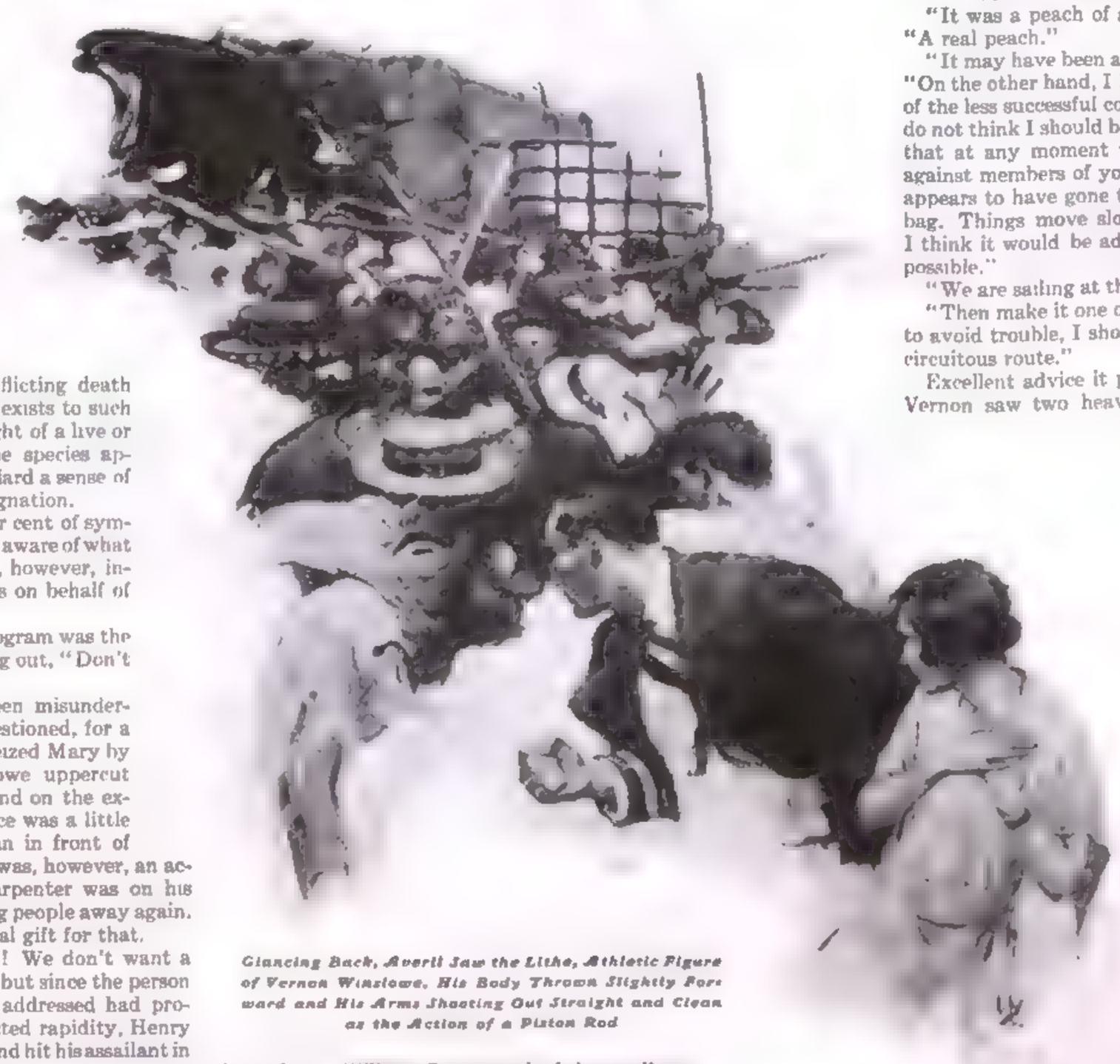
"Get 'em into the car, Julius," he shouted. "You, too, Morgan, in case there's trouble at the door. Here, Willie Carpenter, shoulder to shoulder!" The party disappeared and the two men closed the gap behind them.

Glancing back, Averil saw the lithe, athletic figure of Vernon Winslowe, his body thrown slightly forward and his arms shooting out straight and clean as the action of a piston rod. Beside him stood William Carpenter, thumping great heavy blows into the half circle of inflamed faces that bore down upon them.

Walking sticks were the chief danger—a stick is an awkward weapon to parry with bare hands and the ferrule of a stick is both painful and disagreeable when thrust into the body or the face. Vernon lost a strip of flesh from his forehead in this way and the wash of blood spilling into his eyes made fighting difficult.

"This is all right," he gasped; "but how we're to manage the get-away puzzles me."

"Dash for it! I'll hold 'em!" came the answer.



Glancing Back, Averil Saw the Lithe, Athletic Figure of Vernon Winslowe, His Body Thrown Slightly Forward and His Arms Shooting Out Straight and Clean as the Action of a Piston Rod

William Carpenter had the small matter of courtesy Vernon had shown him on the bridge of the Mascot to repay. "Thanks, but—I—don't—think so."

Curious that even in the midst of a fight a man can blush at his mistakes. The problem of retreat would have to be solved in another way, and William Carpenter solved it. A baluster rail ran down at a sharp angle beside the opening at which the fight was taking place. It looked a rickety affair. William went for it with both hands, tore it free and flung it plunk into the body of the crowd. The obstacle was inconvenient to pursuit, and while their assailants strove to disentangle themselves from its meshes Vernon and William made a bolt for freedom.

Lying across the exit leading to the market place was the figure of the doorkeeper, just recovering from a count of ten. Blood trickled from a cut in his chin and, since Joshua Morgan never wore jewelry of any kind, it was to be supposed that here was an example of the fighting ability of Henry Julius. The fellow showed no disposition to resist them and they reached the car and stumbled into it unmolested. It was a long while before anyone spoke. Joshua Morgan broke the silence with, "Well, you know, that was a thing to have seen."

And, "Heaven be praised we're out of it," said Kate; then, with eyes of admiration for her husband, "But the way you rumped that fellow aside, Joshua!"

Henry Julius was looking lovingly at a diamond ring on the third finger of his right hand and murmuring to himself, "Surprising—surprising."

Everyone was saying something—even Vernon, to Averil, "No, no, it's all right; only skin deep." Everyone save Mary, who sat rigid, upright, breathing through her nose, and every now and again shutting her mouth like a trap.

A new woman was being born.

XXII

VERNON went ashore next morning and had an interview with the British vice consul. His object was to secure to Ralph Whitaker power of attorney, to act on his behalf, and on this matter he was successful.

"Right," said the consul. "I'll fix it for you." So Vernon signed some papers and was preparing to depart in a spirit of thankfulness, when he was recalled by the words, "What was this about a fight yesterday?"

Vernon told him the story.

"It was a peach of a scrap," he concluded with a grin. "A real peach."

"It may have been all that and more," came the answer. "On the other hand, I have it on good authority that some of the less successful competitors are out for your blood. I do not think I should be giving away state secrets in saying that at any moment warrants for arrest may be issued against members of your party—in particular a lady who appears to have gone to the bull ring armed with a sandbag. Things move slowly in this country; nevertheless, I think it would be advisable to melt away as quickly as possible."

"We are sailing at three o'clock," said Vernon.

"Then make it one o'clock and be on the safe side. And to avoid trouble, I should return to the quay by the most circuitous route."

Excellent advice it proved to be, since from a distance Vernon saw two heavily mustached Spanish policemen lolling against a goods truck overlooking the flight of steps beneath which floated the gig which had brought him ashore. Their object being fairly obvious, Vernon removed himself to a distance of security, where he hired a fishing boat to take him back to the Mascot. The gig was signaled to return, which it did after some small argument with the officers of the law—an argument which resulted in one of them being obliged to test his ability as a swimmer in full uniform. It is an unfortunate characteristic of British sailors that in discussions with foreigners they fall into the habit of talking with their hands. Viewed through a pair of binoculars from the deck of the Mascot, it appeared that, despite their rifles and sundry small arms and accouterments, the two officials were no match for the "crew of the captain's gig."

"We had to cut the painter, sir," as one of them subsequently explained; "but while old Jack was a doing of it, I give the big bloke a sweet little clip in the ear 'ole."

And old Jack, not to be out of it: "Yer see, sir, they 'ad rifles, them rozers, and furuners never can be trusted, not with firearms. I 'ad to shove off from summing, so I plants the blade of me oar in the pit o' t'other bloke's stummick and pushes 'ard. It was summing beautiful the way 'e took to water. Like a duck, as you may say."

Mary Ottery, who heard it all, nodded in vigorous approval. Vernon laughed.

"You must subdue this fighting strain," he said. "There's a warrant for your arrest waiting ashore. That fellow you bagged is still unconscious, they say."

"And I hope he stays so," said Mary grimly.

And Mr. Isinglass, perched on an adjacent skylight, chuckled to himself.

"It amuses you, sir?" said Vernon.

"Amuses, no. Pleases and delights me, yes. Ah, Winslowe, Winslowe, I told you to beware of face values!" He leaned toward Vernon and beckoned him to come nearer; then, with a drop in his voice, "They have begun to stretch their limbs—these folks—to stretch their souls. Freedom—and they're tasting it." His voice fell still lower. "What shall we say to them on the day the prison doors are reopened and they are called upon to enter?" A sudden chill stole through Vernon, and he shivered. "Eh—eh?"

The query squeaked thin and high like the sound of a cricket.

"That day won't come." And there was a grim smile on his face.

"But who's to prevent it? You—I—fate or what?"

"Look here ——" Vernon began.

"It's a puzzle, you know—a puzzle to be solved."

"Why do you say this now?"

Mr. Isinglass made no direct reply; he chuckled again and pointed toward the shore.

"I wonder if that steam pinnace has trouble aboard," he said. "D'you see, just putting off from the shore? One

(Continued on Page 42

V63

V63

THE MAGIC MIRROR OF THE MOTOR INDUSTRY

V63 V63

THE man who is on the verge of buying a new car can obtain a good idea of automotive values by studying the used car market. ¶ Here are assembled the new cars of former years of all manufacturers. ¶ All of them have been subjected to the acid test of usage, have been driven many months and many miles. ¶ Their performance, endurance, economy and position in public esteem are all graphically summed up in their resale value. ¶ Looking into this market, as into a magic mirror, one can learn the true merits of the new cars of today from the resale records of the old. ¶ A high resale value is positive evidence of fine quality in materials, engineering and manufacturing. ¶ It points unerringly to a product that is exceptionally reliable, enduring and economical. ¶ Investigating this market, buyers of fine cars will rediscover concerning the Cadillac what they already know: that it is supremely dependable, that no limit has yet been found to its life, that it is the paying investment in its field. ¶ They will find, in fact, that "Cadillac resale value is the envy of the industry."

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CADILLAC

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

V63

(Continued from Page 40)

never knows from what quarter trouble will come. Wise men leave as little as possible to chance."

Vernon looked, then turned with "You were meaning a Spanish prison?"

"Was I?" repeated Mr. Isinglass tantalizingly. "Was I? I wonder."

Vernon was still smiling when he mounted to the bridge.

The anchor chain clanked noisily through the guides and the Mascot turned her prow toward the sea

XXIII

THAT night Vernon Winslowe took counsel with himself on divers matters, such as should control his future actions

In the first place, it was manifest from what he and Averil had found in the old log book that a real excuse existed for the belief that treasure was hidden on the island, which the fact of vital words having been erased from the page was sufficient to warrant. The possibility that the words which had been obliterated dealt only with the marooning of the man Trefusis, Vernon dismissed as unlikely, since Roger Winslowe never hesitated to chronicle such doings in other parts of the book.

True, the whole affair rested upon a shadowy foundation; but was it more shadowy than those upon which many similar enterprises had reposed? He asked himself whether or no he would have formed the syndicate had the present information been in his hands when first the scheme suggested itself to his imagination, and he knew he would have done so. He knew, moreover, that he would have set about it in precisely the same manner as the one he had adopted—an advertisement and a haphazard selection of persons from the answers received. In forging a lie it appeared he had forged a truth; in embarking upon a swindle he had taken steps which might lead to a fortune. Fate, accident and a girl had changed the entire complexion of the affair and provided a moral justification for allowing the enterprise to pursue its course. The question as to whether or no the little they knew was sufficient to warrant a treasure hunt had been answered by the unanimous consent of every member of the company the night of their first meeting.

Heaven knew success was a doubtful quantity; but, since the rest had thought it good enough to invest their lives and fortunes and trust in the quest, there was no excuse for Vernon himself to shrink from the risk Nor would he. For the future his energies should be concentrated upon making success assured. Doubt, misgiving and melancholy should be cast aside, and that dull intermittent ache of conscience which even in his happiest moments had pricked him with a kind of shamefulness should be banished. He rose with an outward breath and stretched his arms, and into his trouble-cleared thoughts marched Averil.

He knew then that he was in love with her—had been ever since those old days in the hunting field, before ever they had spoken to each other. But his love now had taken different shape; it was fired and magnified by her presence and the occasional contact of her hand against his. From something pleasing, tame, reflective, it had developed into a passion insurgent and possessive. He longed to seek her out and tell her about it, to take her in his arms, kiss her and keep on kissing her, to say the words, to drive from her thoughts all memory of that stupid affair with Sullivan, all sense of anything but himself. He laughed at his recognition of the melancholy fact that there are no florists in mid-ocean. He became poetic and wished he might pick her a posy of stars. Even the wish that she might fall into the sea and that he might rescue her raced through his mind; a whole panorama of deeds and acts and chivalries that he might perform for her sake, and each of them was impracticable save one. That one stood out with firm definition that could not be mistaken. All things he might be to her save her lover; all things he might say save the declaration of his love.

Here was a fact admitting no argument, for love must offer love credentials, and his were forged. They must be friends and no more until such a time as effort was crowned with success, and he could go to her with a full confession of the whole business. It was not altogether a joyous conclusion to the debate he had held with himself; but if it did no more it provided him with the doubtful satisfaction of knowing that to the best of his ability he would be steering an honorable course.

A change in the weather from savage to benign had the result of turning the thoughts of the passengers from personal discomforts to considerations of wider interest. Thus the object of the cruise reverted in the conversation of everyone, and there was talk of treasure, treasure, treasure, to the exclusion of other subjects. They discussed what they were going to do with their individual shares, of how much each would amount to and of what it would be composed.

To foster these healthy discussions Vernon produced a copy of Lethbridge's Life of Roger Winslowe, which recounted colorfully and at length the infamous details of the old pirate's career. It became a fashion for different members of the company to read a chapter aloud after dinner at night, very much after the manner of a Shakspere reading society.

In the course of this entertainment criticism was never lacking. William Carpenter was the heaviest sufferer on account of his halting delivery and an unfailing habit of reading old-fashioned long S's and F's. Thus he would read the phrase "doings at sea" as "doings at fea," thus becoming the author of a catch phrase which was directed against him with tiresome persistence.

Tremendous was the interest and excitement these readings evoked even when delivered through the medium of Mary's level lavender voice, which retained its timbre in face of the most ghastly descriptions of plank walkings or bowel-ripping encounters with rival pirates. Even Nurse Banbury, who seldom left the bedside of Tommy Gates for more than a few minutes at a time, would pop in and out of the saloon to garner an earful of these delicious adventures and patter away again like a hen that has snatched a morsel from under the beaks of her greedier and luckier sisters.

It appeared that old Roger Winslowe was addicted to the use of fearful language. The words he employed were innocent enough individually, but assumed a terrifying quality in association with their fellows. In the heat of battle he would roar "Blood and brine!" and thus strike terror into the hearts of those who sought to board his ship.

It is sad to relate that the phrase "blood and brine" achieved a sudden popularity among the passengers of the Mascot. Joshua Morgan shouted it when accused by Kate of spending too much time in the company of "that Miss La Rue"; Julius hissed it when searching beneath his bunk for a fallen collar stud, and it was suggested that Mary Ottery said something very like blood and brine when a lurch of the ship caused her to fall on a companionway and bruise a knee. Subsequently she declared that the charge was unjust, admitting to the use of the word "brine," and hotly denying having made any reference to blood.

It was not unnatural, as a result of these hair-raising adventures, that premonitions of disaster, mutiny and collision with Chinese pirates should have arisen in some of the simpler minds of the ship's company. Kate Morgan, from having slept with her cabin door on the hook, now insisted that it should be shut and bolted, since without some such precaution she could not sleep without fears of a slit throat. Henry Julius looked to the mechanism of his 32 automatic and decided for the future to keep it loaded; while William Carpenter paced up and down the white decks of the Mascot, wishing with all his soul that he was wearing a knotted kerchief about his head, a colored sash about his middle and a slung cutlass at his side. Failing these satisfactions, he lay awake half the night reading Treasure Island.

Life was too easy, too soft; the fear of and the desire for something to happen possessed everyone alike.

And then one night they had a thrill. Joshua Morgan was responsible, and for a man who had never even taken part in amateur theatricals he worked up the situation with no small histrionic ability

It began at the dinner table in the form of a question—the putting of which was delayed.

"Captain Winslowe, is there a safe aboard this ship?"

"A safe? No," said Vernon.

The steward returned.

"It doesn't matter," said Joshua, and made a peculiar gesture with his fork.

Some curry was introduced, consumed and the plates carried away.

His next remark was even more significant.

"That map of the island—it's in a secure place?"

"My bureau."

"Under lock and key?"

"Yes"

"Ah!" A pause; then, "Still, a wooden bureau isn't much protection against desperate men."

Eyes were beginning to open wide on both sides of the table.

"What are you driving at?" said Vernon.

"One more question: How many men comprise the crew of this here ship?"

"Fourteen."

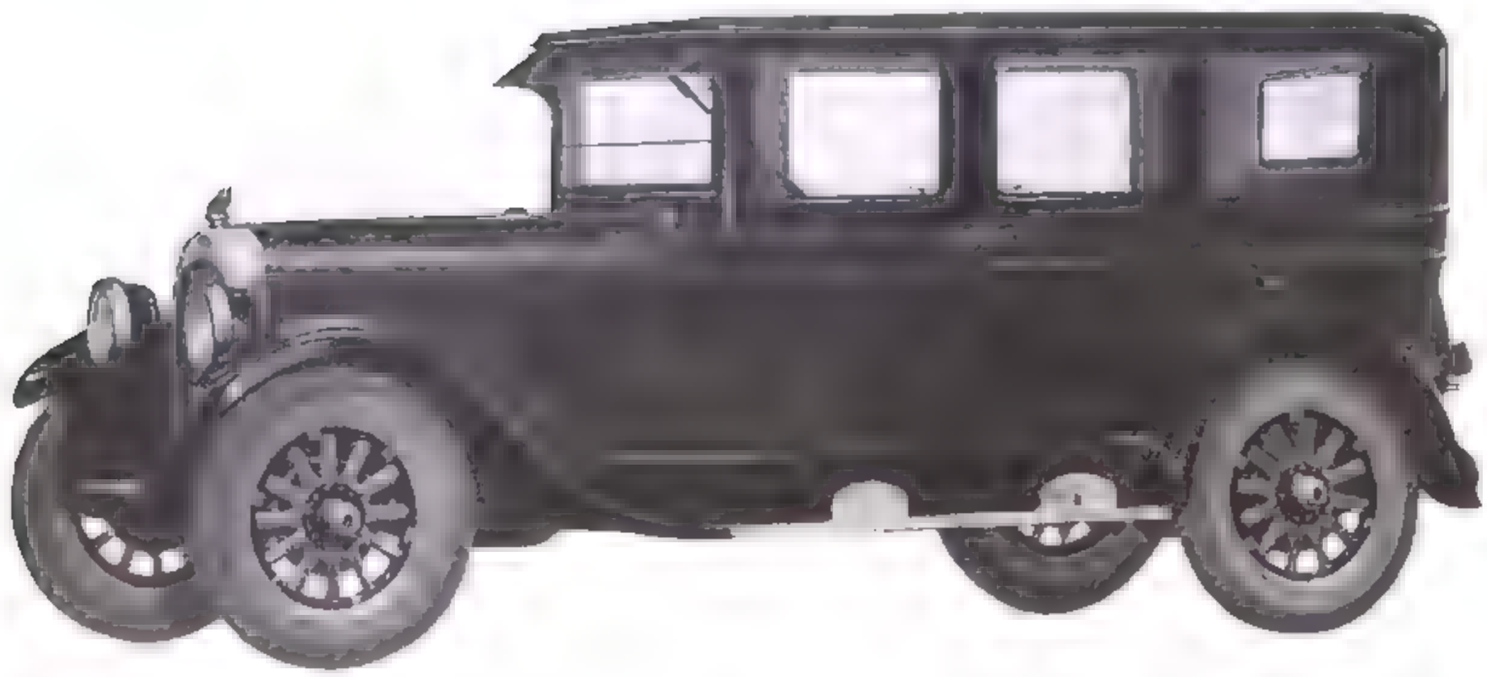
"Fourteen!" He repeated the number slowly. "Fourteen, and we number six—and one of us is an ill man."

"Here, what is all this?" Vernon demanded.

"It's rather over two to one," came the reply in measured tones; "but as I hear the steward returning, I'll take leave to say no more."

"You See, I Can't Laugh at Myself Like Some People—Like the Lucky Ones"

Continued on Page 44



The Imperial
$1895 f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra

The Chrysler Six Gives Results Never Before Achieved

The real reason for the remarkable interest aroused by the Chrysler Six is the quick recognition that it is a distinct departure from previous motor car practice and performance.

Adhering strictly to the soundest principles of design, Chrysler engineers have, nevertheless, developed and applied these principles in a manner just as revolutionary as the application of steam to ocean-going ships.

We believe that the creation of the Chrysler Six accomplished an all-important evolution in motor cars no less valuable than the original invention of the automobile.

For the Chrysler Six is as different as the compact, visible-writing, modern typewriter is different from the clumsy writing-machine of Centennial Exposition days.

The Chrysler is the culmination of all past experience in designing and building cars.

It surpasses previous practices, just as the telephone of today excels Mr. Bell's first cumbersome instrument.

Its speed capacity of more than 70 miles an hour from a motor of 3-inch bore transcends all earlier power development.

The engineering which gives such results is an evolution as vital to the motor car of the future as the discovery of the principles of internal-combustion power generation.

The vibrationless power of the Chrysler Six is a forward step in motor smoothness and efficiency as important as the over-lapping power stroke of the Six in contrast to the old two-cylinder-opposed engine.

There is nothing radical about the Chrysler Six except the amazing results of its engineering.

There is nothing sensational about it except the extraordinary new standards established by its performance.

Thus, its three-inch motor gives a high speed range from 2 to over 70 miles an hour, combined with gasoline economy safely over 20 miles per gallon.

With a Touring Car weight, ready for the road, of 2705 pounds, the Chrysler Six can be driven in comfort at 60 miles and upwards over rutted roads and cobbled streets.

Its Chrome-Molybdenum tubular front axle and pivotal steering, with ball thrust bearing king pins, make the Chrysler as easy to handle at speeds of 60 to 65 as at 30 to 35. Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes give perfect control at all speeds.

A new type of spring mounting, with springs close to the hubs and parallel to the wheels, makes it possible to drive the Chrysler around turns at 50 miles an hour. Sideway and road weaving are eliminated.

A new perfection of gas distribution, special combustion chambers, scientific heat distribution, through the applied science of thermodynamics, result in a flashing pick-up which must be experienced to be comprehended.

With an over-all length of 160 inches, the Chrysler Six accommodates itself easily to the ordinary city parking space. Yet it affords liberal room for five large adults and looks much longer than it is.

The Chrysler goes to new lengths in low center of gravity and perfect weight distribution. The result is steadiness and solidity not found even in two-ton cars of previous design.

Only by seeing and testing the Chrysler Six can you fully appreciate its beauty of appearance, its unprecedented performance abilities. We invite you to study at first hand the supreme quality of Chrysler workmanship and materials, the new standard of performance established by its scientific design and engineering.

The Touring, $1335; The Phaeton, $1395; The Roadster, $1525; The Sedan, $1625
The Brougham, $1795; The Imperial, $1895. All prices f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled Cry'sler

(Continued from Page 42)

Vernon looked at Averil and grinned. Lydia intercepted the grin and sent it shimmering back.

But there was a germ in the room—a germ of exquisite fear. Its workings were manifested by catches of breath and faint patches of white blotching the lower halves of faces.

"You seem to be talking awful rot," said Vernon genially, and was signaled into silence this time with a spoon.

Joshua Morgan always anticipated the arrival of a course by possessing himself of the implement to deal with it. His was a forward policy at table; his appetite brooked no delay. As a plate was deposited, so he attacked it. But that night there were many plates which left the table untouched; excitement will always beat victuals as an article of diet. A trembling expectancy kept everyone chained until the board was cleared and talk should be free of listeners.

"Now, then," said Vernon, trying to appear serious, "what's all this about?"

"Before I say a word," said Joshua, "I put it to all that door should be locked."

"What on earth for?"

It was Mr. Isinglass who overruled the objection.

"By all means," he said, "let us lock the door. There is to me something extremely attractive about a locked door; it bestows an air of gravity to any situation."

The door was locked, breaths were held and Joshua Morgan cleared his throat.

"Captain Winslowe," he said, "I wish to ask you this: How long have you been personally acquainted with various members of this crew?"

"Most of them were signed on at Southampton after I took command."

Joshua looked round at the company as though he had scored a prodigious point.

"Then," said he, "we're justified in the assumption that these men for the most part are strangers, and for all we know to the contrary may be no better than a lot of cutthroats."

"Look here," said Vernon hotly, "I don't want to be rude, but talk of this kind is dangerous stuff. I congratulate myself that we have a thoroughly loyal crew. There's not a vestige of excuse for thinking otherwise."

And from Mary Ottery, "I quite agree with Captain Winslowe. Why, only yesterday one of them told me how to spell 'ahoy' when I was writing it in my diary!"

But Joshua Morgan was not to be so easily subdued.

"In the course of a long business career," he said, "I've never once been associated with a deal that had as its object a financial gain without finding there was others out on the same tack. Information leaks out, and when that happens opposition steals in, and opposition isn't over particular what weapons it employs."

"Ah!" from Henry Julius. "Now you're talking sense. Now I can remember ——"

But he was not allowed to voice his memory, for Mr. Isinglass had leaned across the table to ask, "To the point, Mr. Morgan. Do you suggest there is likely to be a mutiny on board?"

"Taking one thing with another, yes."

"I never heard such utter rot," said Vernon.

Mr. Isinglass held up a finger. The affair was altogether too serious to be wiped away by a word of contempt.

"Perhaps Mr. Morgan will supply us with his reasons for this conclusion."

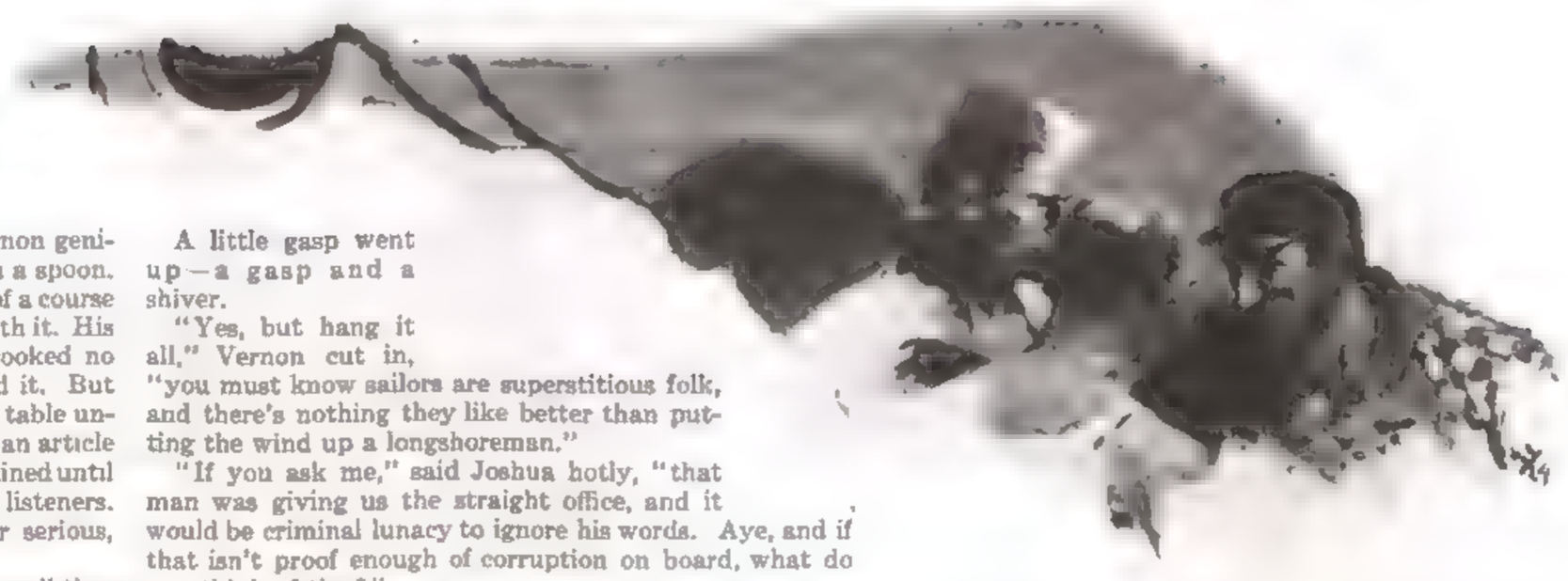
"I'm about to do so. Maybe there's some here will think 'em unconvincing, but that's a matter for them to decide after I've spoken." He drew from his pocket a folded sheet of note paper, consulted what was written upon it and said, "Indictment Number One: At half past four yesterday afternoon, happening to pass fo'-castle, I glanced down and saw one of the seamen—a short fat chap—sharpening a hooked knife on sole of his boot. Having completed this to his satisfaction, he runs the ball of his thumb along edge and makes some passes with knife in air."

The effect of this news upon the ladies was prodigious. Lydia licked her lips and Mrs. Morgan beseeched her husband to desist until such a time as the stopper of her salts should consent to come out of the bottle.

"A short fat man," said Vernon. "That would be Jenkins. He's in charge of the sail locker and he uses that knife all day long in the course of his duties."

"Have it your own way," said Joshua; "but I haven't done yet. An hour later I fell into conversation with one of the deck hands. 'So,' says he, 'this 'ere is a treasure hunt.' I tries to put him off with a negative, but he shakes his head at me and looks sideways, knowing-like. 'Treasure ships is unlucky,' he says, 'begging pardon for speaking so free. Them as looks for treasure finds sorrow, if nothing worse.' Aye, and then he adds impressivelike:

"'Who seeks a treasure they've not got,
Their bones in Davy's locker rot;
They meets disaster out at sea,
Pestilence and mutiny,
And learns the tale so often told,
That there's no health in buried gold.'"



"'Ow Long are We Going to Put Up With Him?"

A little gasp went up—a gasp and a shiver.

"Yes, but hang it all," Vernon cut in, "you must know sailors are superstitious folk, and there's nothing they like better than putting the wind up a longshoreman."

"If you ask me," said Joshua hotly, "that man was giving us the straight office, and it would be criminal lunacy to ignore his words. Aye, and if that isn't proof enough of corruption on board, what do you think of this?"

By this time the condition of nervous tension he had produced was almost painful.

"For heaven's sake, Josh, don't say there's worse to come!" gasped Kate.

"You can judge for yourself. At dusk this evening I happened to overhear voices behind one of the deck houses. Edging a bit nearer, I heard these words: "'Ow long are we going to put up with him?'"

At this point Mary Ottery pricked up her ears.

"I didn't catch the answer, but the next question was significant. 'It's a case of goin' on indefinite or one of us tacklin' 'm.' Then says Number Two, 'Aye, but 'oo's going to do it? These navy chaps carry guns.' To which Number One answers, 'There's a risk, and nothing's to be gained by actin' hasty. The chap what does it must bide his time and choose a moment when he's off guard like.'"

"Do you m-mean the p-plot to mur-murder Winslowe?" exclaimed William.

"May I speak?" said Mary Ottery.

But her request was swept away by a chorus of horrified exclamations and questionings from everyone else.

"Look here," said Vernon, "I can't make head or tail of all this. D'you know who these men were, because if so ——"

"Oh, please!" from Mary.

But once more Joshua held up the traffic of speech.

"Listen to the last thing I heard said. 'The best time 'ud be after dinner when 'e's 'avin' a smoke on deck and is feelin' peaceful-like. Then if one of us slips up and ——' But he drops his voice and I never heard the rest."

"No," cried Mary, "but I did." And there was so much emphasis in her voice that she riveted attention upon herself. "I overheard it all and it had nothing whatever to do with murdering Captain Winslowe."

"If you imagine you're a better judge ——"

"I was in a deck chair quite near and I heard every word. They were talking, and they did say what Mr. Morgan says they said, but it wasn't about murder at all."

"Then what was it about?" Lydia demanded.

Mary hesitated.

"It—it was about rum."

"Rum?" Everybody repeated the word.

"Yes, rum. It seems that the boatswain or quartermaster or whoever's responsible for serving out the rum doesn't give the men their fair share, but keeps some back for himself. Yes, and they were trying to pluck up courage to ask Captain Winslowe to do something about it."

For an appreciable time there was silence. Then, at first slowly, but with gathering impetus, Kate Morgan began to laugh.

It is perhaps the prerogative of a wife to laugh at her husband. Certainly it is one she exercises with no less zeal than loving, honoring and obeying. Kate Morgan leaned back in her chair while great billows of laughter shook her fat little body this way and that like a countryside tossed by an earthquake. Laughter of such a kind is infectious, especially when it follows so tense a situation as the one which had preceded it.

"Blood and brine!" squealed Henry Julius. "Never were like doings at fea!"

But Joshua Morgan did not join in the general gayety. He sat with clenched hands and a face that was peony red.

"Aye, laugh away," he said, when at last there was room for the sound of human speech. "Maybe it was rum those fellows was discussin', but when you all wake up to find your necks twisted the laugh'll be on t'other side of your faces."

He rose and went ceremonially towards the door.

"I say," said Vernon intercepting him, "don't take it so seriously. After all, no treasure hunt is complete without a mutiny—and if you've done nothing else you've given us all the sensations of a mutiny."

"I take nothing seriously," came the lofty rejoinder, "except the sight of my old woman shimmy-shakin' in her chair. When I married her," he added, "I reckoned I had taken a helpmate; 'stead of which it seems I'm tied up to one of these here table jellies you see advertised."

The majesty of his exit was somewhat marred by the door being locked and his having to return to the table for the key.

XXIV

MEDITERRANEAN! Blue days and sapphire nights! The lapping of waves, scurries of flying fish and phosphorus in the sea, the sweet balm of desert-dried breezes and the endless jewelry of stars. Shall not the weary find repose in you, Mediterranean? In your expanse of swaying water, gemmed with islands, margined by a hundred colored coasts, how shall folly, anger or greediness abide?

Why is not Nature in her serenest mood all-powerful to iron out the creases in the minds of men and women and leave them white and smooth? Of all masters, a perfect environment should be the greatest autocrat. It should not be within the scope of possibility to squabble underneath the stars, and yet the petty failures of men and women, sickness, misunderstandings, unkindnesses and false judgments go their appointed way unhindered by Nature's gentlest moods. It may be best that this is so, and that we are given an armor to protect us against oversusceptibility and remain ourselves, unaltered by this or that of beauty or ugliness. We are fashioned of such excellent clay, perhaps, as to be unaffected by climate or condition. Our faults are not redressed, nor are our favors enhanced by the frame we are put into. If it were otherwise there would be no great satisfaction in kisses given in slums; nor for that matter could men sink shafts into the sides of virgin mountains and litter them with lumps of coal. The achievement of happiness and contentment reposes on more subtle foundations than a change of scenery.

Take a steam roller over the beauty spots of the world and cover the flattened surface with asphalt, and there will be as many happy people afterward. Plant the East End of London with honeysuckles and roses, and misery will be as rife. The treasure of happiness is in ourselves, to give or take, find or lose, according to our skill or want of skill. And thus, though Nature smiled in good nature upon the Mascot, discord and illness and distrust and doubt worked like worms in the wood, to rot the fabric of success.

Boredom was at the root of the matter—boredom, which cannot be content with its own insufficiency, but must needs inoculate its slow poison into the veins of fellow sufferers. Almost invariably at some stage of a long cruise boredom makes an appearance and sweeps over the ship's company like a pestilence.

Since the night when Joshua Morgan introduced the startling phantom of mutiny there had been a general reticence to make any further reference to treasure hunting or its attendant risks. It would be time enough to revive those interests when they should have arrived at the island. Meanwhile fear of laughter drew a veil of silence over those attractive topics and the passengers of the Mascot drifted back into considerations of their own personalities and criticisms of one another.

Henry Julius unloaded his automatic and tried to persuade people into the greater danger of playing poker with him. This, after one or two disastrous experiences, they positively declined to do, and there was ill feeling on both sides. William Carpenter no longer walked the decks with piratical longings, but spent his time mooning round after Lydia, whose callous treatment of his advances became a matter for general obloquy. Lydia's stock was very low on account of "the curved archaic smile" she had worn at the bull fight. Kate Morgan had declared a war of silence against her and was thoroughly outraged that Joshua declined to take part in it.

"How you can speak of that young woman at all is a fair disgrace," she said.

Joshua affected innocence.

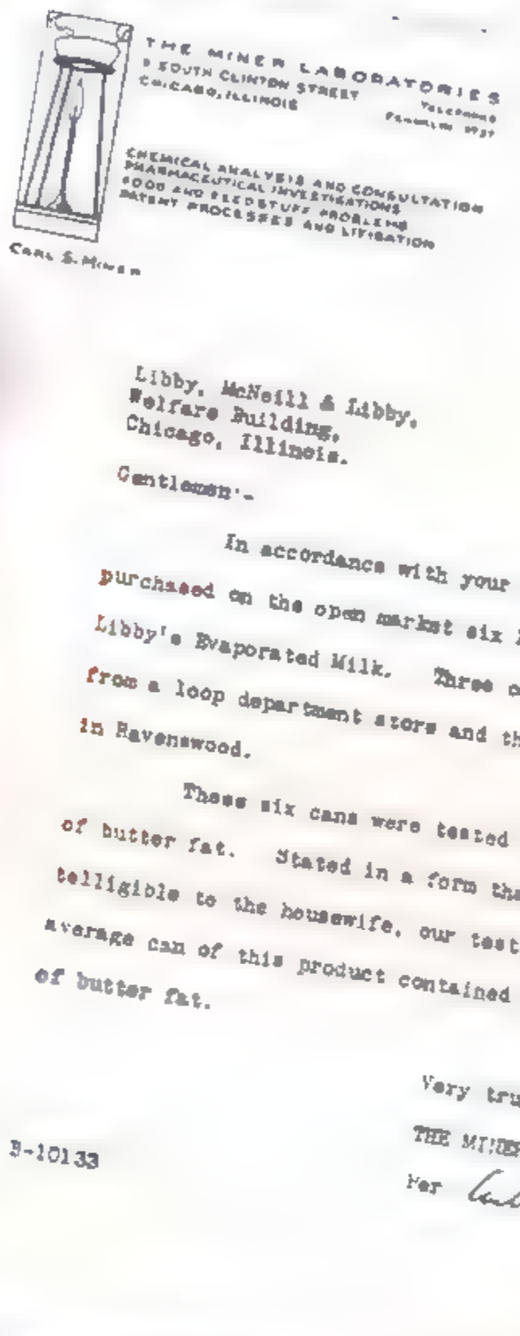
"What, Miss Ottery?"

But Kate was not to be turned aside by such transparent devices. True, she and her husband had undertaken the

(Continued on Page 56)

Exceptionally rich in butter fat

Chemist's tests show why Libby's Milk gives finer results in cooking



THE MINER LABORATORIES
9 SOUTH CLINTON STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS AND CONSULTATION
PHARMACEUTICAL INVESTIGATIONS
FOOD AND FEEDSTUFF PROBLEMS
PATENT PROCESSES AND LITIGATION

CARL S. MINER

October 11th,
1923

Libby, McNeill & Libby,
Welfare Building,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:-

In accordance with your instructions we have purchased on the open market six 16 ounce cans of Libby's Evaporated Milk. Three cans were obtained from a loop department store and three from a store in Ravenswood.

These six cans were tested for their content of butter fat. Stated in a form that will be intelligible to the housewife, our tests show that the average can of this product contained 7½ teaspoonsful of butter fat.

B-10133

Very truly yours,
THE MINER LABORATORIES
Per Carl S. Miner

7½ *teaspoons of butterfat in every* **16** *oz. can*

The milk that good cooks use
For cooking, coffee, baking

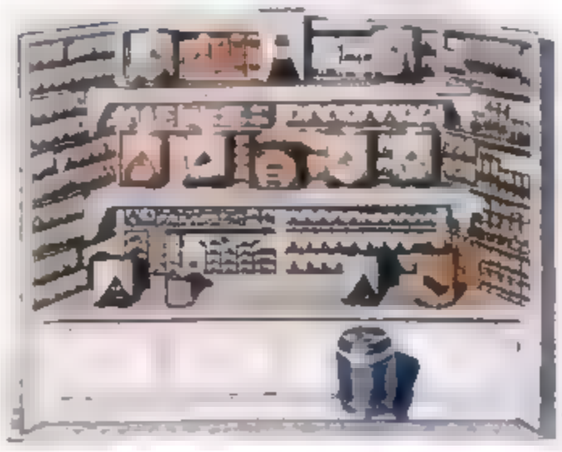
THE finest cow's milk in the land with nothing added but with more than half the water removed—this is *Libby's* Milk. Pure cow's milk made double rich! So rich that every 16-ounce can of it contains 7½ full teaspoons of butter fat, the enriching part of cream and butter!

You will find a new joy in cooking with this milk; it gives so much greater richness, so much finer flavor. Try it tonight.

If your grocer doesn't have Libby's Milk, send us his name and we will make arrangements for you to get it. Write too for free folders containing excellent recipes from good cooks everywhere who have discovered the convenience and economy of this richer milk in daily cooking.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 504 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

GROCERS: *Write us for advertising material featuring Libby's Milk and the Libby Toy Grocery Store*



The Libby Toy Grocery, the realest toy store you ever saw; 17 in. wide, 13 in. tall, with shelves, counter and 12 miniature Libby cans in actual colors. The coupon tells you how to get it. (This offer is void in cities and states, if any, having local regulations forbidding exchange of premiums for labels.)

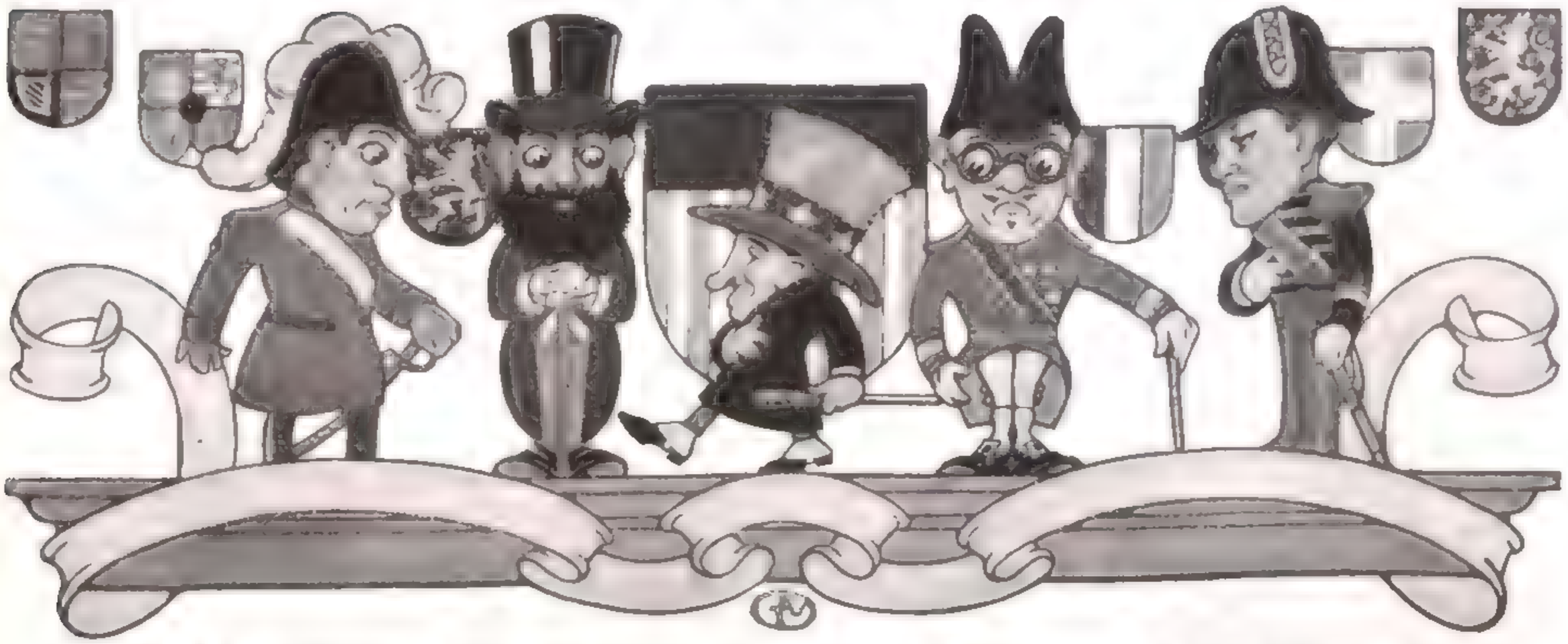
Libby, McNeill & Libby, 504 Welfare Bldg., Chicago
I am enclosing
☐ 12 complete labels from 16-ounce cans of Libby's Milk and 25c in stamps,
or
☐ 24 complete labels from 6-ounce cans of Libby's Milk and 25c in stamps.
Please send the Libby Toy Grocery Store to

Name _____

Address _____

City (Must be in U. S.) _____

AS OTHERS SEE US



By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

A LARGE majority of the finest Americans naturally enough prefer to live in their home country; and when perchance they travel beyond their frontiers, such people cause no disagreeable comment and make no more noise than do the best of any other land. During the last decade or two, however, Europe has seen quite a variety of United States citizens. Fighting men from this side of the ocean have become known; men with calm, determined, clean-shaven faces who helped the Allies to achieve victories over a common foe. Quite lately hosts of American men and women have swarmed over the Old World's devastated lands, carrying gifts of clothes and food, and giving generous sympathy, teaching hope to the homeless populations over there. They have been saving children, young mothers, war cripples and the old of many distressed nations, helping to rebuild ruined homes or to plant new crops, curing disease and spreading aid and comfort generally, till all the destitute of Europe have had good cause to call these recent visitors their guardian angels.

Thanks to this care, many men and women who had lost heart abroad have taken up their burdens with renewed courage. Reconstruction has been going on, and whatever politics may have done to retard its progress, there seems to have been permanently established a very friendly feeling between the humble people of far-away countries and America's warm-hearted charitable set.

The Career of a Climber

IN CONTRAST to these miracle workers, who have been representing one phase of Uncle Sam's character to Europe's mind, there are to be found in various spots abroad, Americans whose conduct is distinctly bad. There are those who go away merely to give full course to habits they must hide here; men, for instance, who make a point of overdrinking steadily from the three-mile limit on their outward trip until they return to the same point again on their way home; women who waste themselves and waste their money trying to play a rôle among strangers when they have found themselves incompetent to satisfy their vanity in their own surroundings. Some of these stoop to beg for introductions and for invitations from foreigners; and gladly pay to go about with almost anyone who wears a title. They are very gullible, since they are ignorant, and frequently they find they have been exploited by imposters and only made ridiculous for all their efforts.

This class of American I am unconscious of having ever seen in the United States; but in Europe they are loud enough to draw general attention. Such people have always figured in certain capitals and in resorts like those on the Riviera or like Biarritz. They usually appear to thrive on foreign soil. Some in old days grew notorious as grotesque caricatures, and occasionally, as I watched certain specimens, I felt that I could really have enjoyed their antics had they been born elsewhere than in my own native country.

One well-known tawdry old woman, painted and bewigged, for years invited the great and the smart of a society she had hardly met to dinners and to balls. She was well known to be ready to lend herself and her house for any meetings which might otherwise be difficult to plan, and she played the clown at her crowded functions always, and pranced through cakewalks in spite of her fat figure. A *succès du ridicule* she was called in Paris, by a gay group who laughed at her and used her parties. The stories of her impossible remarks were repeated with delight, and it was told that she had gone to several important hostesses and actually had wept for invitations to their balls.

One season, in Biarritz, she finally managed to be presented to King Edward. She had no rest, and gave her acquaintances none, till this had been accomplished. Then she asked and reinvited his majesty to her villa till finally she obtained the supreme moment of her life. He permitted her to arrange a very small dinner. He, of course, treated her, as he did all his other hostesses, with courteous tact and dignity. Like a few others, the king seemed sorry for the old creature to whom the tinsel of life counted for so much. After that season, I never saw old Mrs. M—— again; and soon I heard that she had died, alone, as she had lived, while the world she had so worshipped shrugged her into oblivion at once.

In London, American hostesses were very numerous before the war. Some had settled in the British capital for good reasons—drawn there sometimes by the marriage of a favorite daughter or to help on the professional or business duties of a son. Some had made attractive homes and built up most interesting salons. Mrs. Ronalds, to name but one, was such a case, and was a very real center of light; much loved by all, a help to all her deserving compatriots, a lien between these and her adopted neighbors, she was very happy in her useful, busy life.

There were others—Americans of a very different type—who came to London prepared to spend oceans of money, hoping to cut a figure, or sometimes only to be presented at the court. They meant to go home bathed in such foreign glory that fortresses they had stormed in vain in native American towns might be expected to capitulate. They would thus gain social position. Maybe they succeeded in the final achievement, but usually they got well exploited by all sorts of toadies who gathered round them. One way of doing this was to persuade them to pay some person of doubtful reputation a large fixed sum to take them about and introduce them, or to arrange great entertainments in the houses which they rented. Sometimes the experiment was a dead failure.

In Russia we had no American colony. No one could be presented under any circumstances at the court save such as came officially on missions; and society had remained comparatively small, interrelated, picturesque and most informal. No outsiders got more than a glimpse of any functions unless it was a foreigner married there who was well liked; or, in occasional cases, some diplomat who was admired might be adopted, as it was called.

"You are a friend and one of us," such people were told; and really this speech meant a lot, and was greatly appreciated.

In twenty years or so, while I lived in Russia, there were many of my native compatriots who came as tourists to the country. Some of these were very interesting men and women whom we were only too glad to show around. We enjoyed their intense pleasure and excitement over the wonders of holy Russia, its beauties, vast size and extreme magnificence. The more intelligent the American, the more completely he generally fell in love with Russia's charm. Every kind of American diplomat was sent to the Czar's capital during my time. I had an excellent opportunity therefore of judging the advantages and disadvantages of our American system in the making of ambassadorial appointments.

The Versatile Mr. Rockhill

I LANDED in St. Petersburg in 1899, and then Charlemagne Tower was the American ambassador. Of course, to be called Charlemagne by one's wife across a dinner table would rather startle Europeans who have informal notions of home life; but even with the handicap of this really heavy name, the Towers had already made a very pleasant impression on the Russians. They held themselves proudly, yet they frankly enjoyed the people whom they met. Mr. Tower measured up extremely well both in manner and in culture; and his interest in science, history and politics soon attracted a large group of leaders from the government circle, the academies of art and science and from St. Petersburg's great university. His was rather a special position for an ambassador to make, and he had no rivals in the diplomatic corps at that time.

Later Mr. Rockhill outshone all his foreign colleagues even more. This brilliant man was appointed by Mr. Taft, I think, soon after the Japanese War. He came as a friend and admirer of Russia's, and he had already had a varied and brilliant career, full of diplomatic experience of one kind or another. He possessed the subtle charm of a thoroughbred man of the world, a reputation of long success, with the quite unique halo of having been chosen arbiter between China and England, to settle their trying problems of Tibetan frontiers. He had conducted these difficult negotiations to the satisfaction of both parties. He possessed what seemed almost uncanny knowledge of the Chinese; knew their language and had read their literature in the original. He was a rare expert in Oriental art also. He had made long explorations of Mongolian deserts, both in China and in Tibet, where he had worn a disguise, living alone among the nomad tribes for several years. He spoke French like a native and knew Europe thoroughly, with all its problems and its complications.

(Continued on Page 49)

Interesting Free Booklet

"*Beautify Your Home With Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs*" is an interesting new booklet by Anne Pierce. It shows all the beautiful patterns in full colors and gives many valuable suggestions for brightening up the home. Just drop a line to our nearest office today for your copy. It is free!

"Mary writes that she has Congoleum Rugs in every room"

Women who glory in keeping their homes immaculate welcome the cheerful brightness and the relief from drudgery that *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs bring. For these rugs are so easy to clean they give the housewife time for the many interesting things she likes to do.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs are made without a seam on a firm, waterproof base and have a smooth surface that practically nothing can stain. A damp mop removes every speck of dust and leaves the rug absolutely sanitary—fresh as new. And although they need no fastening, Congoleum Rugs lie flat on the floor with never a curled up edge or corner.

There are appropriate designs for every room—rich warm shades and dainty floral effects for living rooms, dining rooms and bedrooms, and neat geometrical reproductions for kitchens, pantries and bathrooms. The very low prices of these durable and attractive rugs are sure to be a pleasant surprise to you.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6	x 9	feet	$ 9.00	The patterns illustrated are
7½	x 9	feet	11.25	[illegible]
9	x 9	feet	13.50	[illegible]
9	x 10½	feet	15.75	[illegible]
9	x 12	feet	18.00	montage with them.

3	x 1	feet	$ .60	
3	x [illegible]	feet	1.40	
3	x [illegible]	feet	1.87	
3	x [illegible]	feet	2.33	

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

CONGOLEUM COMPANY

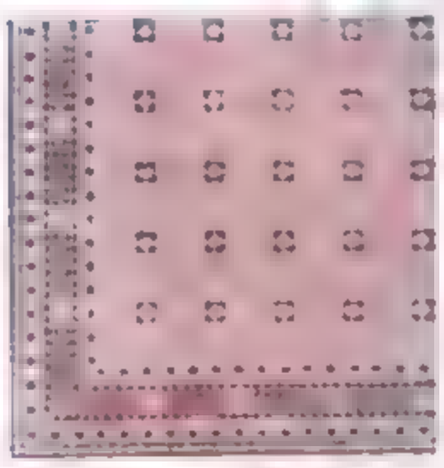
Philadelphia
Kansas City
New Orleans
New York
[illegible]
Montreal

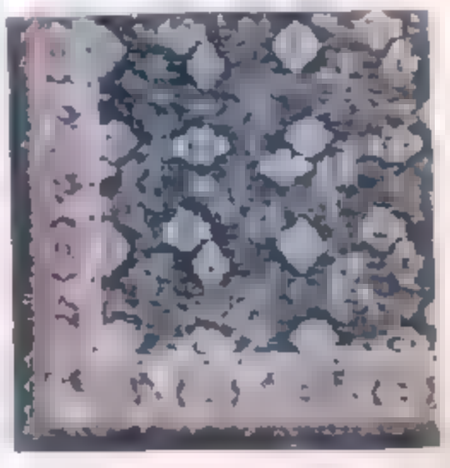
Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Always Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is Gold Seal Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug, and on every few yards of genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. It protects you against substitutes and gives you the protection of our money back guarantee. Don't fail to look for it when you buy!





Back *from the* Spring Overhauling

Keep that fresh feeling of power!

No wonder your automobile feels young again after a brief spring visit to the garage man!

Wheels are in line again. Carbon is out. Valves are ground. Spark-plugs, wiring, hose connections, fan belt—all have been inspected. Nuts are tightened. The chassis has been freshly lubricated from front to rear spring shackles.

And instead of grunts and squeaks you have quiet. Instead of that "tired feeling" you have power.

For Engine Results

As a part of this spring overhauling, now is the time to drain off all old oil from the crankcase and refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil. It is the surest way to keep your car running sweetly and smoothly all through the year.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the Chart your guide

Domestic Branches

New York *(Main Office)*	Boston	Chicago
Philadelphia	Detroit	Pittsburgh
Indianapolis	Minneapolis	KansasCity, Mo.
Milwaukee	Des Moines	Dallas
Buffalo	Rochester	Oklahoma City
Albany	New Haven	Springfield, Mass
St. Louis	Portland, Me.	Peoria

465 manufacturers of automobiles and automobile engines have specifically indorsed our recommendations of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for their cars. It is because they have found from experience that Gargoyle Mobiloil insures a smooth-running engine and low operating costs—in short, gives you ideal lubrication.

Keep Mobiloil at Home

Now is the time to see that an adequate home supply of Mobiloil is always on hand in your own home garage.

With such a home supply of Mobiloil you form the valuable habit of attending frequently to the oil in your crankcase—at the same time that you inspect your tires, the gasoline supply, and the water in your radiator.

Your garage man will be glad to supply you with a 5-gallon can or a 15- or [illegible]-gallon steel drum (with convenient leak proof faucet) for your home garage.

In buying Mobiloil be sure that you get the correct grade for your engine. If your car is not listed in the partial Chart shown here you will find it on the [illegible] Complete Chart of Recommendations which hangs in the dealer's walls.

For Your Touring Needs

Gargoyle Mobiloil in the new convenient [illegible] at 35c each or 3 for $1.[illegible] New England States, New York, P[illegible] and the Middle Western States. As fast as [illegible] Put one or two one-quart [illegible] handy refill when your oil gets low along the [illegible] Be prepared!

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for [illegible] engine [illegible] have been arranged and compiled [illegible] specialized [illegible] chart below.

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be encountered.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company from the Standard Board of Automotive Engineers and represents our professional advice on automobile lubrication.

PRELIMINARY SHORT CHART

	1924	1923	1922	And	1920
[illegible]					

Transmission and Differential:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 46)

Yet he was very simple, and he loved and understood human nature well. Often, those who were handling the affairs of various foreign countries sought his advice and aid in attending to their own duties. Physically of huge frame and rugged countenance, his appearance was imposing and his manner most cordial. I found that men and women were equally glad of his good company, and he was always a very loyal person, whether to his family and his friends, or in the broader fields of patriotism and of international affairs.

When he was sent to St. Petersburg, Russia knew she had been honored and she received this delightful cosmopolitan American with every sign of due enthusiasm. The emperor, society, the foreign office, scientific circles and political groups were equally anxious to make him welcome. Rockhill found time to give to each, and its ambassador made America very popular and very much respected.

A number of years after this noble man had left his Russian post, when the news of his death reached the Slav capital, there was expression of deep mourning on every side, so much had his personality left its strong impression among his old associates there.

Another American ambassador who was a very real favorite, though a man of different type, was Mr. George von L. Meyer. Mr. Meyer inherited a delicate position, since his predecessor had not only handled our enemy's affairs during the Russo-Japanese War but had—as had his wife—shown constant personal interest in the conflict. They had openly expressed their own and America's pro-Japanese sympathies, and this pose of theirs had made a deep hurt, because throughout our history Russia had been a faithful friend of the United States. Meyer's talents were also taxed by the negotiations going on at Portsmouth early in his stay; and these events were closely followed by the revolutionary movements which swept over Russia in 1905 and 1906.

Through all the trying period, this American ambassador's great tact and most agreeable manners, together with his very real diplomatic cleverness and his comprehensive knowledge of the world situation, stood him in good stead. He eradicated the unfortunate impression of the wartime ambassador, he impressed everyone with his sympathy, he made many and warm friends, and his relations with the foreign office were always not only dignified but were made entirely cordial. He was a keen sportsman, a clever rider and polo player, an excellent shot, a delightful dinner companion, a good dancer; and at cards he was a varied and ready player.

His numerous accomplishments soon brought him into contact in an exceptionally intimate manner with a variety of groups, both old officials and young members of the court, who thoroughly liked him. They all appreciated his attitude immensely, were glad to tell him frankly whatever he wanted to know, as well as to make him opportunities for what he might want to say informally to those in power; and he used such occasions often instead of acting always through official channels. When he left Russia there was a feeling that we had lost a warm and trusted friend, of value to both countries.

Envoys of the Right Sort

THESE three men who stood out during years of American Embassy history at St. Petersburg's court were all men trained in foreign affairs who knew foreign life extremely well. They all spoke several languages, had lived abroad a lot, and they understood the problems to be handled, as well as understanding the kind of people among whom they lived. Such preparation is valuable beyond the realization of the American public; or even, I think, of average American chief magistrates. The gift of a diplomatic mission is here usually considered a proper recompense to offer to some personal friend or to some valuable party supporter. He has faithfully served the successful candidate and must be rewarded for his service.

I think all those who have steadily watched, as I have, the difficulties of American envoys and ambassadors have felt that there is much to be said for the Old World's education of its diplomats.

Americans have natural gifts, straight intentions and warm hearts almost always. Sometimes they chance to have been well prepared for the special post they go to abroad, but they usually have to depend considerably on accident to find their way about. It is therefore harder for them to represent their nation well than it is for the foreigner in a similar position. Sometimes Americans seem quite unconscious of their defective personalities; sometimes they seem to suffer keenly. Embarrassment or ignorance gives frequent rise to funny or pathetic anecdotes which put the great nation they represent into grotesque, unwarranted or painful light.

Several times I saw with regret the representative of my native country fall into a very secondary fast group in Russian society. Some of them were hardly invited to the great houses at all, and never went to agreeable intimate parties that were given. They had to be content with the few official functions to which all the diplomatic corps was indiscriminately asked. Exploiters sold them tickets to charity performances, and they appeared with a second-rate and noisy crowd, and were queered, when one would have liked to see them lead the diplomatic corps by their sheer force of prestige.

There was the disappointing case of one American ambassador who gambled and drank in preference to all other pleasures. He was well-born, but thought diplomacy was like his native city's pothouse politics, to be conducted with much slapping on the back, and with hail-fellow-well-met attitudes and noise. I saw him half-seas over at several official dinners; and, proud to show his knowledge—which was slight—of foreign languages, he found occasion at the different embassies to burst suddenly forth, singing the national anthem of whichever country he was visiting that evening. The hosts and other guests were greatly embarrassed by his conduct. It was a question whether to rise from the table and join in the chorus, or to suppress the ambassador's misplaced enthusiasm. After a year he was very generally dropped, and my heart ached for the gentle, pale, shy wife whose reception days meant silent, almost empty parlors, and who quite evidently realized how few invitations came to the American Embassy, and why this was.

There were other men whose failures were less tragic, but who didn't at all understand Russia. They decidedly fumbled, even in serious matters; or they completely misjudged political situations, or mistook one mentality for quite another among the Russian people.

Popular Nonsense About Diplomacy

NOW and then there was something highly amusing sent out in the way of ambassadors. One American was voted the quaintest man in Russia during the short time his mission lasted. Tiny in size, exceedingly pompous in his manners, he dressed in the very height of fashion, from his patent-leather shoes and perfect white spats to his very glossy stovepipe hat, worn on occasions when his colleagues were content with simple business suits. He had a most pretentious way of talking; and if contradicted, he irately put the offender in his or her place in a very squeaky voice. He was lamentably ignorant of every topic discussed before him, and his solemn remarks generally caused fits of mirth, which were politely suppressed until he left the room. It was admitted that he didn't know what happened in his chancellery; that he appeared there only occasionally to ask if there were any letters or papers for him to sign, and that his chief occupation while in the Russian capital was to stand in front of a long three-paneled mirror and say to his reflection as he tried on the inevitable and perfect stovepipe, "Ambassador! At last ambassador!"

There was one representative of the American people who was so meek that he and his rather obstreperous wife were known as Mary and the Lamb. He also was small and agitated, and he seemed to gambol about her billowing figure. There were several representatives of shirt-sleeve diplomacy who were perfectly decent fellows, self-respecting and happy in their own surroundings, but who in a foreign land felt and appeared at sea. They knew little or nothing of the problems they were expected to handle, and must have hoped and prayed for an early recall home. I personally liked several of these, and they talked to me occasionally about their difficulties. One couldn't very well explain that the trouble was partly in themselves, but largely it lay in the American system which decreed that though engineering, business, medicine, music and army matters, or in fact anything else technical, shall be handled by well-prepared experts, the people of the United States are seemingly always willing to trust their foreign relations to the veriest amateurs.

If one says this even now, here, most people will answer, "But we feel that a simple American is much better than are those gold-laced, fancy-mannered diplomats of ancient effete monarchies."

This seems to me an excellent feeling, but it doesn't work out in practice. The gold lace doesn't matter in the least, and surely good manners can be proved to be perfectly American. But it is equally certain that everyone in America ought to realize that it is a serious necessity to have men sent well prepared to any foreign post. Whether his business is to defend American rights or offer American services, why shouldn't there be invariably the most capable representative to do the job? We always see the finest business man or engineer or soldier looking after the United States' interests abroad. Why not have the finest diplomat?

Europe's representatives are of two kinds—those who are professional and those who now and again for a time are sent on missions, or who may be pressed into service from other walks in life because of special talent fitting them for the special work at some given post. Europe usually dresses her diplomats in regular uniform, trains them in manners and foreign languages and gives them any kind of information which may be valuable to their home country's interests. They are also sufficiently well paid and sufficiently rapidly promoted to make a diplomatic career seem attractive and full of promise to patriotic and ambitious youngsters. Fine brain and character are therefore drawn into the service. Men found unequal to the strenuous career are dropped as time passes; but those who prove worthy can count on proper recompense, even for small efforts they may make. England, for instance, added a hundred pounds to the salary of her embassy secretaries in Russia who took the trouble to learn the language there.

All the first-class nations house their ambassadors well and permanently in foreign capitals. I have noticed that a British Embassy is hardly ever moved, and it is usually in some well-known building of great dignity which becomes fixed in the minds of all the people of the country where it is. Ambassadors may go and come, but there stands permanently enshrined the empire's prestige, to impress the casual passer-by with due respect for England's value. A British ambassador may be poor or rich personally, and his salary comparatively so small that once his career is closed he will retire to a tiny house in some cheap street of London; but while he represents his government he lives with considerable grandeur. The obligation to entertain is put upon him, and for this there is an expense account, out of which the ambassador is not allowed to benefit himself. All the representation is exclusively for the benefit of England.

By contrast the United States ambassadors in some posts are given enough to appear rich and some of them even save. I have known one or two who lived in a single small room on a dark court, behind their chancellery offices, and who were little known in the capital to which they were sent. Others with great fortunes could outdo all their foreign colleagues. Some lived in splendor and entertained like princes of the blood. There were those, too, who, though poor, in their zeal to do their homeland justice, greatly strained their own resources. By adding to the salary, which is often inadequate for life in a high-priced capital, they squandered their personal fortunes and returned home ruined by their effort, or at least heavily indebted. One can't but criticize a system which makes for such uneven results and permits such accidents.

Great Britain puts her poor man and her rich one on exactly the same level. She forces either to live in the official frame, where the nation's furniture, pictures and silver are always ready for him, and where he has no right to make a change. His wife may wear more or fewer jewels, and he may supply a better or a poorer brain; but those are his only opportunities of showing differences from any of his predecessors in the office. I fancy this complete detachment from his surroundings, besides saving a lot of time and trouble to a new arrival, has a tendency to make an ambassador feel that his fortune and his personal rank are unimportant. To be the Duke of Something, or merely Sir John Smith, becomes a negligible point, since the man is simply for the time the British ambassador.

Uniforms for Diplomatists

GENERALLY, I have noticed that their embassy is a patriarchal center for British compatriots, who find a warm welcome there, with comfortable, homelike, democratic ways. The official state is kept up by the embassy's formal reception rooms and the royal portraits, with the numerous secretaries and the well-liveried flunkies. All these surroundings give an impressive atmosphere, of course.

Go to Washington, or to the capital of any other country, and look about you; notice how the public feels about England's representative. It is quite curious to find the Anglo-Saxon always at the top by general admission. Immovable, suave, dignified and simple, he is always apparently quite sure of himself. Very largely this remarkable feeling has been created on the spot, by a long line of British ambassadors, with their staffs, their frame and their extremely clever system. Once or twice in St. Petersburg quite secondary men came out to take the rôle of the British ambassador. Occasionally they were men who might have even been laughed at as individuals; but their eccentricity or stupidity was perforce limited by circumstances, and no one smiled much at official acts of a British ambassador. He never brags and he never explains; he simply takes himself and his homeland for granted and is accepted at his own valuation.

As for diplomatic uniforms, they need not be gold-laced or in the least elaborate; but why make an American ambassador dress like a hired waiter, whether for morning ceremonies at a foreign court or for official feasts? I know of several curious incidents which occurred, thanks to this custom; and aside from causing embarrassment to a perfectly good public servant, it seemed not quite to reflect credit on a nation to have these confusions possible.

Why shouldn't diplomats as well as army officers of a democratic country wear a proper uniform? Benjamin Franklin, whom we like to cite as being so particularly simple, was a man quite comfortably well off. He was never dressed in anything resembling the clothes of Louis XVI's servants. He wore his individual style of American colonial dress, in quiet colors. How many who speak of him as typically a success, and as a diplomat by accident, know that

(Continued on Page 76

Watch This Column

Will you be one of our assistants?

The American public has become Assistant Manager of the Universal. Its many letters to me, telling what kind of pictures it likes, and offering suggestions as to old books and stories that would make good pictures, have in many cases proved of great practical value. We have dug up the stories, found many of them desirable and are producing them now at our Universal City (Cal.) studios. Have *you* any such suggestion to make? Do you recall any story or poem or song that you think would make a good picture? Please write me a personal letter and tell me.

By asking your opinion of Universal pictures which have appeared, I get a mighty good idea of your likes and dislikes. What do you think of the dashing drama, ***"Sporting Youth,"*** starring REGINALD DENNY—the picturesque old-Bowery play, ***"Fools' Highway,"*** starring MARY PHILBIN, heroine of ***"Merry Go Round,"*** and the all-star production of the intense drama, ***"The Law Forbids"***?

WILLIAM DUNCAN

Those of you who enjoy exciting chapter plays are advised that ***"The Fast Express,"*** written by the celebrated author, Courtney Ryley Cooper, and starring WILLIAM DUNCAN, is, in my opinion, the best chapter play we have ever produced. One reason for this is the excellence of the plot, but the action, the cast and settings are due to UNIVERSAL. Excuse me for this pat on our own back. Watch for ***"The Fast Express,"*** then tell me what you think of it.

I think we were mighty lucky to find a clever, good-looking actor like "BILLY" SULLIVAN to take the place of REGINALD DENNY in the fourth series of ***"The Leather Pushers."*** "BILLY" is a nephew of the redoubtable John L. and he has lots of talent. I'd like your opinion of him.

Don't forget to see ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."*** It is all over America now, and many of the smart people of the country have written to me that it is "astounding, magnificent and thrilling." Have you seen it? If so, what do you think of it?

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 38)

All right, beautiful, give me the mud-pack. But don't spill any of the stuff down my back; I just took a bath. These mud-packs always make you look like an artichoke's model posin' for one of those library lions.

They're a cheeky lot, those algebra cowboys. I remember one of 'em tried to be funny and asked me did I believe in biology, and believe me, dearie, he got socked good and heavy!

Smear it on thick, dearie. Under the clay now or later, it makes no diff'rence. No I won't crack a smile and ruin your art providin' you don't ruin mine. It took me all morning to get this mascaro on.

And then there's the fat and fussy steamboat that's balder than an American eagle and wears rocks on his fingers bigger than Gibraltar. He always tries to flirt with you no matter what dame he's got with him. And of course there's the party hound that always invites you up to his apartment. Well, that's good clean fun, dearie, if you hit up with the right sort, but if you want to take some advice from a hard-boiled eggotist like me, be sure and show 'em you're a lady right off the bat!

Of course you don't have to be a poison-ivy wine, but neyether should you be of the clingin' variety. Respect from their gentlemen friends is the primitive thing a lady should demand and don't you forget it. You can take that home and set it to music!

Well, that's all I've got to say on the subject of men, dearie. Any time you feel like confidin' in me about your affairs of the heart why you're welcome. I'll be as discreet as the family skeleton.

But don't you ever get mixed up with any of the royalty! Those classy count guys always turn out to be waiters with three or four wives. Say you're smearin' that stuff all over my mouth! Now don't forget what I told—all right I'll keep quiwlah-wlah-bll-nll-be-gll-lady-gloof-glub-gllah!

—Max Lief.

The Radio Noises

I'VE sat at the feasts of jungle beasts
And listened at many a meal!
I've gathered statistics on characteristics
Of whistle and squawk and squeal!
I'm up on the calls and caterwauls
Of a dozen menageries;
But I never have heard from beast or bird
Such horrible sounds as these:

"Whoo-oo-ee! Yow-ee! Yow-ee!
This is from Station W J Z."
"Brr! Squawk! Awk! Aw-w-wk!
W E A F, New York!"

Not even the crash when cymbals clash,
Or the lonely Banshee wail,
Or the noisy gnaw of a cross-cut saw
When it strikes a rusty nail;
Not even the yell of the torture cell,
Or the whistles on New Year's Eve,
Can ever compare with the pure night air
When the radio fans receive:

"Conditions prevailing in Germany which
S-s-stuch! Ch! Ttsch! Ch! Ttsch!"
"—— and Peter Opossum came hoppity-skip—
Ee-yow! Xzip! Xzip! Ziz-zz-zip!"

Sometimes they seem like the hissing of steam,
Sometimes like bugle and fife;
Sometimes I tremble to hear them resemble
A man who is beating his wife;
And sometimes it seems that the maniac screams
Which blend with the hideous din
Come from some pioneer who is trying to hear
While his neighbor next door tunes in!

"Whoo-oo-ee! Yow-ee! Yow-ee!
This is from Station W J Z!"
"Eee-yow! Eee-yow! Eee-yow!
W O R is speaking now!"

—Corey Ford.

The Decimal

DANIEL GUPP is proud that he
Comes of illustrious ancestry;
To see him swell and hear him brag
You'd think his family owned the Flag.

He comes of a mighty exclusive stock;
He's still got a stone bruise in his sock,
Where his namesake slipped on Plymouth Rock.

Dan talks a lot of his family tree;
All through American history
"Gupp" has stood for "loyalty."
"That is the reason why," says Dan,
"I'm a hundred per cent American!"

II

He broke the speed law yesterday,
And came round chuckling to me, "Say,
I made that mile in nothing flat!
I wonder what the big fool, fat,
Roughneck speed cop thinks of that!"

I met him again. He looked around,
Lowered his voice and said, "I found
An absolutely infallible way
To beat the tax returns today!"

I met him down at the club and he
Drew me aside and said to me—
"Listen, Bill. Don't you want a case
Of the real pre-Volstead old Squareface?
I know a yegg—he's a trifle tough
And the way he works is a little rough,
But he certainly handles the good old stuff!"

He was a stickler for his "Rights";
All his days and half his nights
He would strut around and pun
Any law that seemed to Dan
To be un-American.

"Un-American," translated,
Meant whatever Dan Gupp hated.

III

And where is that patriot, Daniel Gupp?
He's down in the alleyway, chumming up
With Bootleg Pete, and spending nights
Bawling eloquently of his rights!

What to Dan if the storm cloud grows?
What to him if the hell wind blows?
Law was made for the Other Man—
Not the hundred per cent American.
Law's all right—till it interferes
With Dan Gupp's pleasure; then one hears—
"I'm patriotic as any man;
One hundred per cent American!
Of course I busted a law, but say—
Who cares? It's a fool law anyway!"

IV

I give him up, for he cannot see
The depth of his selfish infamy;
He cannot see that eminent birth,
Social position, family worth

Count for nothing. He may brag,
But he is a traitor to his Flag.

The Flag may fly in the ominous air,
But somebody else must keep it there;
Dan's too busy to do his share.

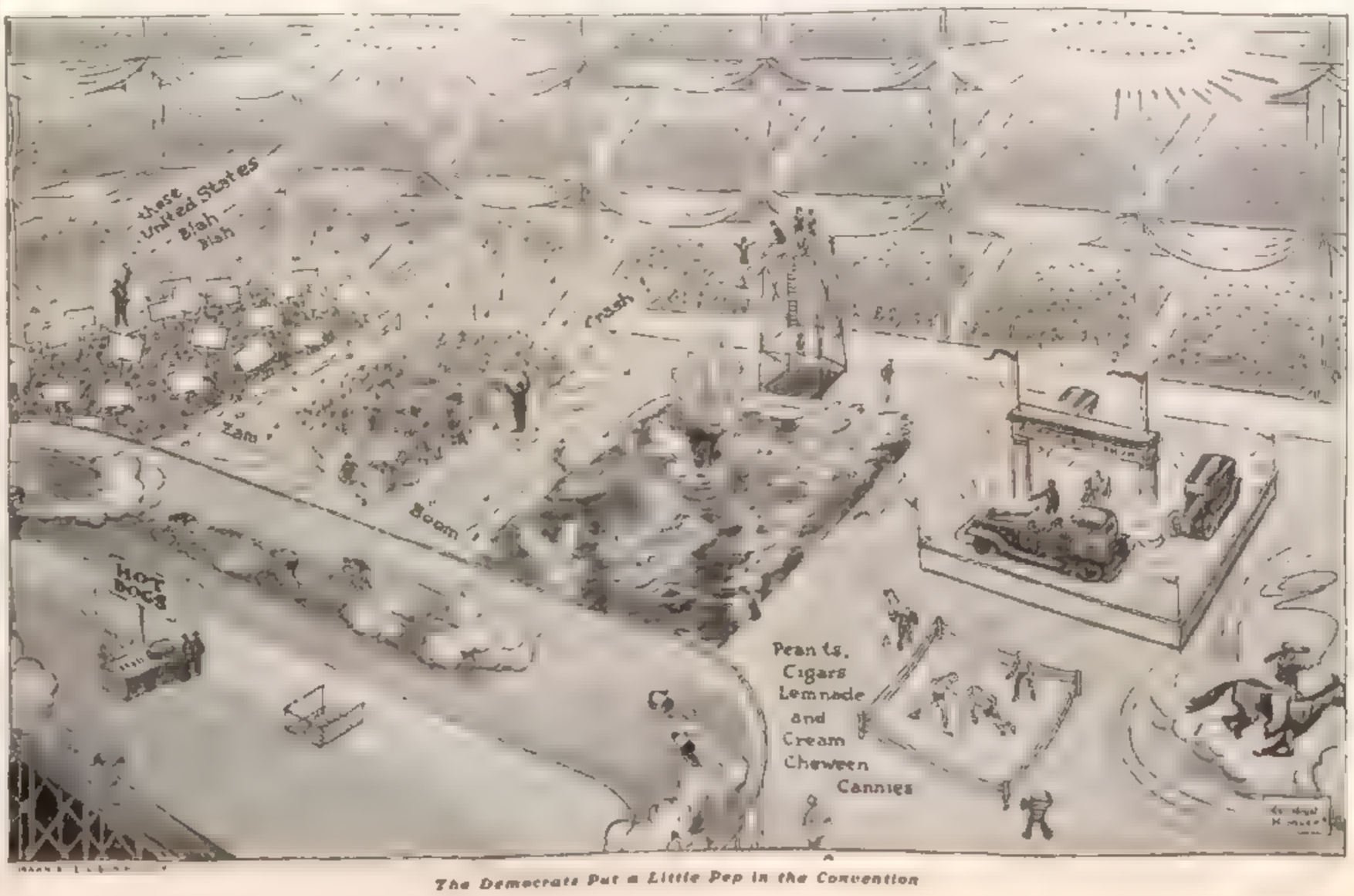
In him tradition has gone to seed,
And Daniel Gupp is a rotten reed
That snaps in the country's time of need.

His namesake died to erect the Law
A guard for the future that he saw;
Dan is a rat that gnaws at it,
Crumbling the edifice bit by bit.

And still Dan brags of his ancestry
And his citizenship and his loyalty!

He does not know he's that pitiful man,
The seven per cent American.

—Lowell Otus Reese.



The Democrats Put a Little Pep in the Convention

The New

PEERLESS SIX

THROTTLE it down to two or three miles in high, even on a hill—step on it, and you're off and over the top without shifting.

To drive this new Peerless Six is to experience a new quality of power that is almost unbelievable.

Beautiful in every detail, roomy as only a big, comfortable car can be. Silent, smooth running, and easy riding.

This Peerless Six gives you an entirely new conception of six cylinder motor car satisfaction. And at a moderate price.

To drive it is to love it—and to desire it.

To possess it is to secure a high value heretofore unknown in a Six.

What a worthy companion for the matchless Peerless Eight.

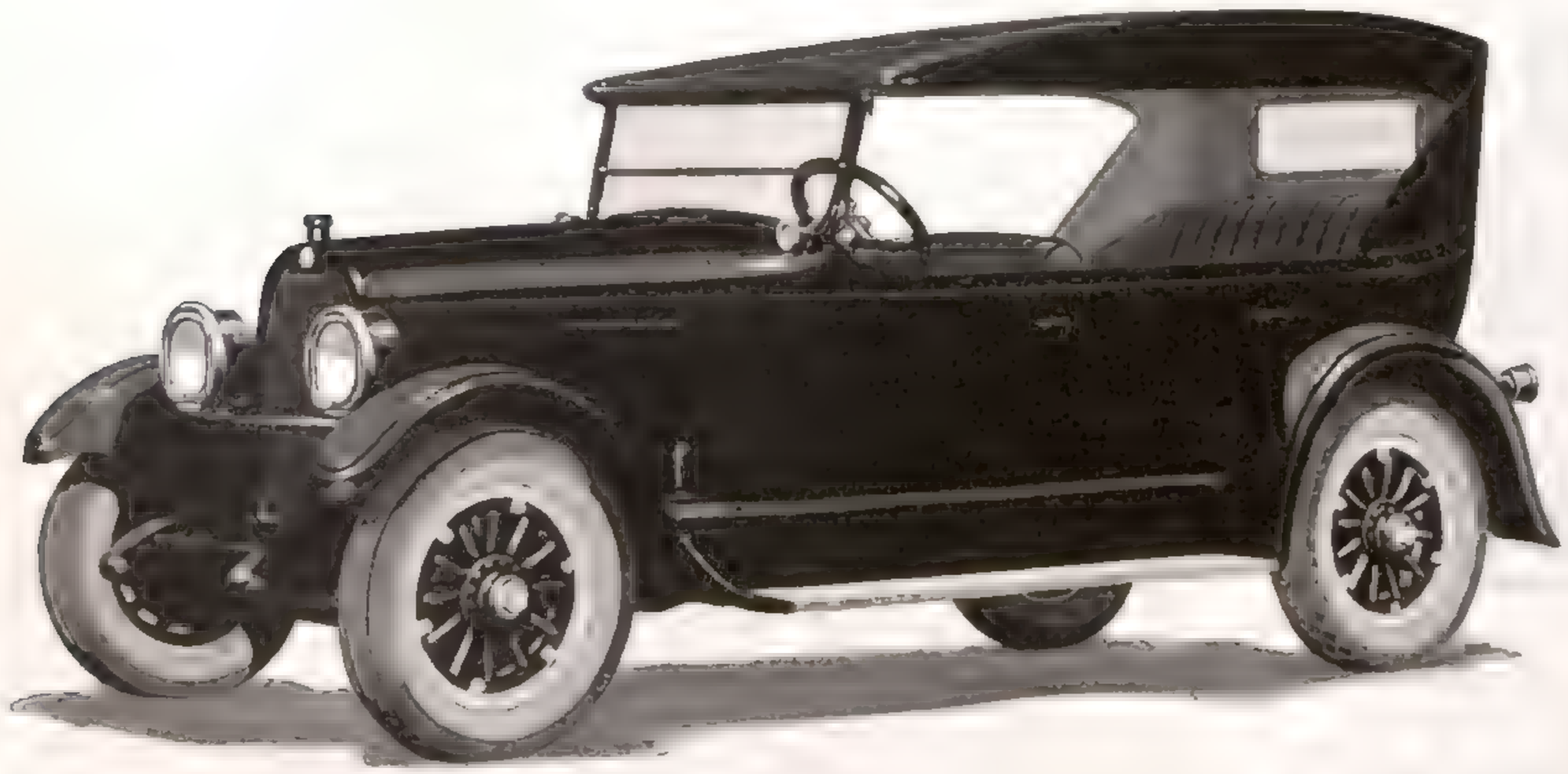
But whether you drive the Six or the Eight—after all it is a Peerless. And that name always has and always will represent the sincerest efforts of the ablest craftsmen in the motor car field.

By all means inspect this new Peerless Six at your earliest convenience. It is now on display at the Peerless Distributor's Sales Rooms in your territory. Should Peerless not be represented in your community, write us for further information.

Abundant Power

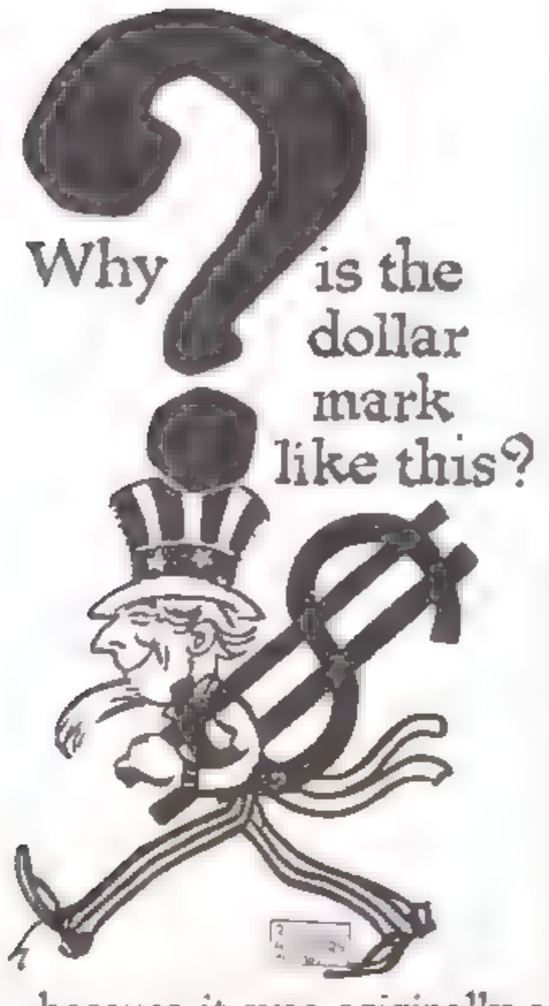
The clean Six engine delivers more than — horsepower. It is of exclusive Peerless design and is built entirely in our own shops. Cylinders are 3½-inch bore by 5-inch stroke. There are seven main crankshaft bearings 2¼ inches in diameter and light reciprocating parts are perfectly balanced. Wheelbase is 126 inches.

Four wheel hydraulic brakes and balloon tires.



THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Builders of the New Peerless Six and the Famous Peerless Eight



—because it was originally a combination of the initials U and S (United States). Due to haste in drawing, the curve of the U gradually dropped away. The low price of

Puretest
No. 6 Disinfectant

combines with tremendous strength to make it the ideal cleanser for every home.

No. 6, as a germ killer, is ten times more powerful than carbolic acid—and ten times as safe. Unexcelled for wounds and personal use. Keeps the house sweet and clean, animals free from vermin, out-buildings free from insect pests. Puretest No. 6 Disinfectant goes like cleansing sunshine where sunshine cannot reach. Use it everywhere—every day.

One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

SOLD AT 10,000
Rexall
Drug Stores
There is one in your town.

© 1924 U. D. CO.

THE MANLY ART

Continued from Page 15

"Cocked dice," said Cowley. "Cocked dice, I say—roll them again." He looked up and saw me. "Why, hello, Joe," he said, passing up his hand to me. "Didn't see you, Joe. How's every little thing?"

So after this conference with Cowley I felt better about it. Cowley is a dog, which is a way of saying he's not friendly with everybody; but he's a real good fellow when you know him, and he knows fighters. If Cowley vouched, this boy upstairs was no Greek god, that was sure. Cowley disgusts a Greek god even worse than I do. I don't mean to say that a fighter can't be a perfect gentleman, because most of them are in every sense of the word; but a fighter has got to be built to sock, what I mean. Just like a toe dancer has got to be built to dance; she got to have piano legs or she can't dance for sour apples, and it don't make no difference if piano legs are pretty.

So I went back to the gym and I said, "Listen, Tug. Get on your pants and run for the train."

"Pardon me?" he said.

"What's your name?"

"Lucian Norval Pipkin."

"That's a fine old name, Lucy," I said. "We will save it and I will fight you under the nom de plume of Tug Mahaffy. I've got you dated up under that name. Let's hop to it!"

I had to make the hamlet of Scrapple Foundry, on the other side of Philly, by nine o'clock that night, so there was no use losing time.

On the train I said to him, "How long have you been fighting, Lucy?"

"I have long been devoted to boxing as a means to developing agility and a graceful carriage," he said, turning his fine hazel eyes on me. "But only recently have I taken it up in a serious way, as a profession."

"What did you do before that?"

"I was on the stage as a chorus man. Possibly you saw me in the Road to Broadway? That was my biggest success. I didn't have a speaking part, it is true."

"A chorus man! What started you fighting?"

"Largely the financial consideration. A chorus man is inadequately paid and there is not much of a future; and I wished to get married, and when one has only forty dollars a week he hesitates to ask a lady to share his lot."

"No," I said, puzzling, "I wouldn't call forty a week a lot. But it seems to me you made quite a jump."

"Ah, there's where you err, Reddy," he said brightly. "That is the contribution which I shall make to pugilistics. I bring to it a new conception. I shall rescue it from its present deplorable status, and shall make it a profession, indeed, and more—a branch of dramatic art."

"I see," I said. "You mean you invented a new punch. Well, Lucy, I don't take much stock in new punches except for a write-up. The trick in fighting is to sock plenty and keep socking, and keep getting up and getting up; and never sock newspaper fellows for nosing around a camp, and never fall on them out of a ring. That, and count up to ten ——"

"You fail to grasp the point, Reddy," he said with superiority. "I dare say you have the obsolete notion of a boxing bout as a disgraceful brawl between two persons working at cross purposes. Such a degrading idea destroys all the poetry of boxing. The so-called prize fight is—or should be—a collaboration between two artists, a species of dance, wherein one leads and the other follows. There must be struggle, for struggle is the stuff of drama; but it must be evident to the audience from the beginning that the drama points toward an inevitable catastrophe. The boxers must proceed in unison, as dancers do; when one boxer hits the other must guard; when one charges forward the other side-steps and uppercuts.

As prize fighting is conducted today, too much is left to accident. How can the fighters give an artistic performance when neither knows with any certainty whether he is to win or to lose?"

"You mean," I said, groping after him, "that fights ought to be fixed?"

"That is the idea, crudely expressed," said he. "Prize fighting has become big business nowadays, and it should be conducted on modern business lines. The modern business man does not trust to accident any longer in selecting his employes; he does not hire and fire in the old wasteful way until he has found the right people. He employs a character analyst, a psychoanalyst, a vocational director—call him what you will. This scientist examines all applicants for jobs, picks those who must succeed in business and directs the others elsewhere. In like manner, a competent analyst could determine which of two fighters of equal strength and agility has the greater will to victory. That one would be slated to win, and thus a million-dollar purse and the evening's amusement of twenty thousand people would not be left to the event of a lucky punch or a badly digested dinner."

"Say, Lucy," I said, "is that the kind of a fighter you are?"

"Not yet, Reddy," he said. "I have mastered the technic of fighting by studying the work of the great masters in moving pictures; I've seen every fight picture ever shown in New York, I dare say; and I have assiduously practiced their best blows night and morning until I am now letter-perfect. I have interviewed several well-known managers and tried to explain to them my theory of harmonious boxing; but each of them insisted that his particular fighter was the best in the world, which was palpably absurd. We can never have the real poetry of motion in the prize ring until each boxer's relative position is well understood. If you have ever observed a champion fighting a third-rater you will have observed what harmony he enforces, how he glides hither and thither with his opponent, like a gentleman guiding a lady in a dance, and how finally, when interest lags, he knocks his man down and out. He is the champion and it is understood that he will win and there is no squabbling. Indeed, I am credibly informed that it is customary for the champion's manager to pledge the other side to accept defeat in advance—to lay down, as the expression is—or else the manager will not permit the champion to enter the ring. As only a champion—in the present inchoate state of the profession—can make his work an artistic triumph, I have decided to become a champion."

And that made my pipe fall out of my mouth again.

"How long since you left the ballet, Lucy?"

"Six weeks. But I have not been a professional prize fighter during all that time. The first three weeks I sought to enter the world of commerce, only to be repeatedly turned back by character analysts and vocational directors in the employ of great corporations."

"You certainly done good to beat all these good boys in three weeks!" I said. "Where did you fight them?"

"Pardon me? Oh, I didn't fight them. I took the decisions by default. You see, I challenged them, and when they failed to respond within a reasonable time ——"

"Wha-at! Well, you big coffee cooler," I said, "are you going to tell me you never fought a battle at all?"

"No personalities, my man," he said. "It is true that my victories have been of a tactical nature, but I do not doubt that I should have been equally successful had I been obliged to resort to violence."

"Here's where you come to blows," I said, taking him by the shoulder and pulling him out into the aisle. "Put up your mitts!" I was mad from thinking how I had shot my roll on transportation.

"Here, stop this!" said the conductor, running down the aisle. "No rowdyism! Did he strike you, sir? If you wish to make a complaint, I will give him in charge at the next station."

"I am heartily sorry, conductor," said Lucy, getting up from the floor. "I fear that I lost my temper. I apologize, Reddy, and there's my hand on it."

"Shake hands," said the conductor, "or I'll put you off at the next stop. This young man could mop up the car with you."

So I shook hands and sat down again, having nothing else to do. I figured I would smack the tar out of him when we got to Scrapple Foundry, but then I thought I better collect my hundred-dollar guaranty and I would have the fare back to New York.

Well, we got to Scrapple Foundry at 8:47, and we jumped over to the opera house where the local boxing fiesta was going on, and Tug Mahaffy, the catchweight champion of the A. E. F., was billed to fight a local nose breaker named Matt the Miner. I reported to the impresario in a dressing room behind the stage, and I held out my hand and told him to count up to a hundred. Lucy got into his togs. He gets up then and begins to slide gracefully around the floor, limbering up and pretending to fight six men to a standstill, and he looked very good. There was a big Polish fellow sitting in his undies and wearing a silly grin, and this was Matt the Miner. Lucy took to him at once and waltzed into a seat beside him and put an arm over his shoulders.

"Matt," I heard him say earnestly, "we got to make this thing look good now. Don't fall down right away as soon as I hit you, will you?"

"Guess not," said Matt.

"Good! I shall hold you to that promise, Matt. I'm going to try out on you the punch that killed Cowboy Frank at Medicine Hat last year. But I claim his heart was affected, and the blow shouldn't be productive of more than general stagnation, outside of the passing agony. Still, if it kills you, Matt, I shall never use it again. How's your heart?"

"Well, I don't know," said Matt, feeling his right-side ribs.

Lucy took his hand and looked at his finger nails, and then drew down his eyelid and studied the white of his eye.

"Your extremities are somewhat cold," he said, worrying. And he got up and went over to the house manager and whispered to him, "Will there be a doctor in the house, Mr. Frawley?"

"What for?" asked Frawley.

Lucy pointed out Matt.

"In case of a deplorable accident," he said. "That man's heart action is rather weak. You notice he is paling perceptibly."

"That's from washing off the coal dust, Tug," said Frawley. "Matt's all right. It wouldn't hurt him if he ran into the pole of a truck."

"I wish I was sure of that," said Lucy.

And he went back to Matt and spoke very nicely to him, asking after his family and who was dependent on him. And then he shook his head and told the manager Matt ought to sign something and then there would be no hard feeling.

"Oh, accidents will happen, Tug," said Frawley, laughing it off.

"That is true," said Lucy; and he went and told Matt accidents would happen.

"To who?" said Matt. And he reached for his coat and said "'Tain't a fair fight."

"But it's too late to reconsider now, Matt," argued Lucy.

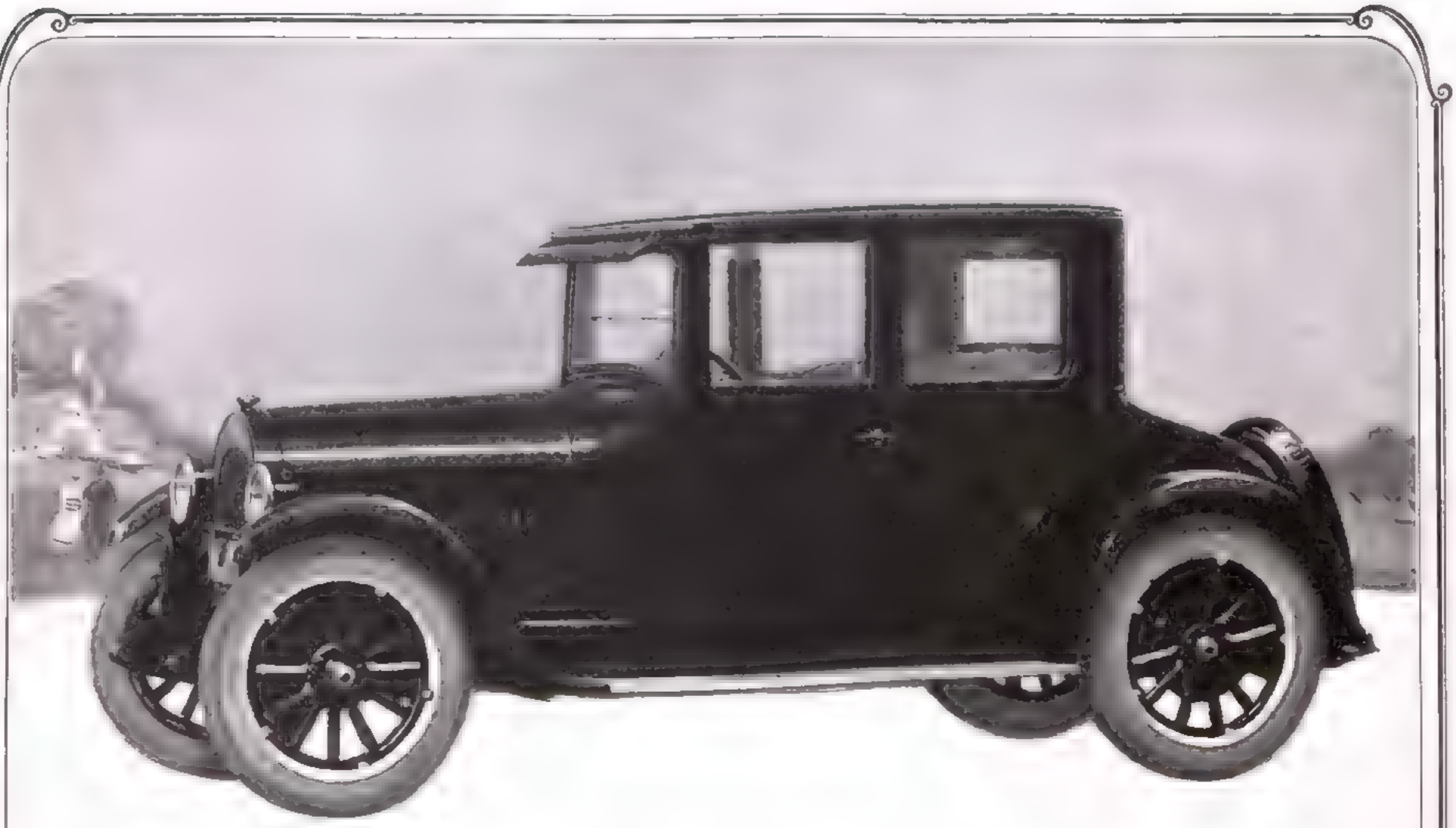
"I tell you what, Matt," I said, grabbing him as he was heading out for the coal mine, "I will make my boy promise to cut out the punch that killed Cowboy Frank. That is, if you take care not to sting him. Tug is not the man to want to bring sorrow on innocent little ones."

"But look here, Reddy," said Lucy, "that is my favorite blow. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll try it out on Matt now, and if there is a sad mishap Mr. Frawley will still have time to get another boy." And he sets himself to haul off and smack Matt on the jaw, and I grab hold of him while Frawley is tripping Matt up to keep him in for the night.

Well, the fight came off, and it was a hippodrome. Lucy looked like a world beater, as a Greek god always does when he is winning. He danced around Matt, nailing him with fancy rights and lefts, and the coal man would not have covered up deeper if he had crawled down his native mine and pulled it in after him. And finally Matt gets so uneasy that he falls down in nervous prostration and the referee counted him out. People said it was stage fright and he didn't do himself justice, but Matt was perfectly satisfied. And Lucy stood around in the lobby of the hotel and let fellows feel his muscles until half past one. The next morning the local doc was still running up a bill on Matt, who wouldn't come to and stay so, and the paper came out and said it was a brutal and degrading sport, and the most disgusting sight ever seen in Scrapple Foundry. I got clippings from that paper.

That gave Lucy a nice start, and I touted him after that as a man-killer who was open to reason. We went sailing along through several bouts, bulling simple-minded young

(Continued on Page 54)



Why 500 People a Day Choose Oldsmobile

The reasons back of Oldsmobile Six success—the reasons why more than forty thousand discriminating men and women have already bought this car—can be summed up like this:

Oldsmobile Six combines sterling quality, six-cylinder performance, fine appearance and unusual comfort with low price.

There's no difficulty in finding all these among higher priced automobiles. On the other hand, it's easy to buy bare transportation on a strictly price basis. Oldsmobile Six, however, occupies a place between these two—giving you a high grade six-cylinder automobile at a price unmatched anywhere.

The coupe, for instance, has a Fisher body with real comfort for four passengers. Appointments are complete, including velour upholstery, heater, dome light, cowl ventilator, door locks, transmission lock, etc. Underneath are the 40 H. P. engine of highest efficiency, and a chassis that holds the road amazingly at all speeds.

The coupe is a striking example of the way in which the Oldsmobile Six combines all of the fine qualities of your ideal motor car—and combines them at a price made possible only by the close co-operation of Oldsmobile and General Motors.

a SIX Coupe at $1075

The G M A C extended payment plan makes buying easy. All prices f. o. b. Lansing. Tax and spare tire extra

The following certified accessories, specially designed for perfect fit and quick installation on the Oldsmobile Six can be procured from any Oldsmobile dealer in the U. S. at these net prices, complete with necessary attachments

Front Bumper - -	$15 00
Rear Standard Bumper	15 00
Rear Sport Bumper -	15 00
Radiator Cap, with Bars	2.50
Road Spot Light - -	5 00
Windshield Cleaner -	1 25
Rear View Mirror -	1 75
Trunk Rails (set of four)	6 80
Sport Tire Carrier -	7.50
Trunk Platform - -	7 00
Enameled Steel Trunk	25 00
Running Board Step Plates (pair) - -	4 75
Windshield Wings (pair)	17 00

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

Olds Motor Works of Canada, Ltd. Oshawa, Ont

Genuine Oldsmobile parts can be purchased from any Oldsmobile dealer in any part of the United States, at a standard price established by the factory, without the addition of any war tax, handling, or transportation charges. Every Oldsmobile dealer has a master parts price list issued by us, which is always open for owners' inspection.

Roadster $785 Touring Car $795 Sport Touring $915 Cab $985 Sedan $1135

OLDSMOBILE - SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

SIXTEEN HUNDRED *Miles of* COWS

IMAGINE a procession of cows passing your home, one after the other, stretching from New York to New Orleans—or from Boston to Dallas, Texas, —a distance of 1,600 miles.

If these cows passed you at the rate of one per minute, you would sit watching them for 16,666 hours—or for 1389 days —or for nearly *four* years.

IF SUCH an exhibition could be arranged, you would then admire the magnificent herd of over one million cows owned entirely by the 70,000 progressive farmers of the Dairymen's League Co-operative Association—who *send direct to you* their famous DAIRYLEA Brand Evaporated Milk.

When you buy DAIRYLEA you are buying direct from the farmers who produce it, and each can has the combined guarantee of 70,000 progressive farmers.

BELIEVING that increased merit and food value will urge you to eat more evaporated milk, the Dairymen's League gives you, in DAIRYLEA brand, a richer, creamier, better milk than even the high Government Standards require.

To secure this rich, delicious milk, merely ask your grocer for DAIRYLEA. This is the can:

Convince Yourself!

(Continued from Page 52)

fellows out of decisions; and naturally the boys that wanted to go on with Lucy were not college professors. These fights did not give Lucy any confidence; he had all there was already. And he wanted to know if it wasn't time to match him with the champion and stop beating around in the bush.

"When I get in the ring with him," he said, "I will make him miss me like a tyro."

"Me and that little girl of yourn would miss you a lot, too, Lucy," I said. "This is what comes of treating a fighter too good, and you are getting so fond of clean sheets that now you want one thrown over you in the daytime!"

But it was different out in a little town in Ohio called Tonga Plains. They had a local idol out there called Butcher Hagenboom, and when I saw this ugly image standing outside the hall I knew him for one mean customer. He had a look in his eye like a business man. He was as tall as Lucy, but so much lumpier that the shoulders of his coat were around in the middle of his back and he had busted all the buttons off. His eyes were set back under his thick skull where you couldn't get at them except with a thumb, and he had the true straight drop from the crown of his head to his rear collar-button bone, and he was knock-kneed. I always did like a knock-kneed fighter, because he has not got to spread his legs to sock, and he is very confusing to an opponent who keeps looking at his feet. And as a matter of history, this Butcher Hagenboom is getting his grand right along in New York right now fighting semifinals to big bouts, but at this time he was only fighting out of bad temper.

So I said to Lucy, "There is your meat—that big fellow who is the life of the party. Go on and prepare his mind."

And Lucy, like a good fellow, goes up and tips his victim off, and says "I am Tug Mahaffy, the well-known man-killer from New York."

The Butcher looks coldly at him and says to his friends, "Where did they put that New York man-killer that I socked last Friday night?"

"Down in the freight house alongside of the three others until the next of kin send the charges prepaid, Butch," said a little joker.

"All the same," said the Butcher, "he will have to move over!" And he turned away and began to argue some nonsense, and I said to myself, "Not so good." And I pulled Lucy by the sleeve and brought him into the hall. I could see with half an eye that my boy was going to be killed by this big knacker if I didn't lend him a hand; but naturally I had looked forward to this sort of misfortune every time I started Lucy, and I had thought over it a whole lot for a good plan. So I was all set. I got my boy into his togs and sat him down in his corner.

"Keep that sweat shirt on," I said when he began to haul on it and want to show his beautiful figure. "You can lick this big rumdum under wraps!"

"What is that I feel on the back of my neck, Reddy?" he said.

"You are raising a boil from high living," I said, "and I have got it bandaged." But it was not a bandage, but a large sponge that was under the neck of his sweat shirt.

"Now, Lucy," I said, "you must fight a careful battle so as not to injure this poor boy. Shortly after the bell, count seven and then get up and fall into a clinch. Hang on! Get your Adam's apple on his shoulder and hook your ear behind his, and hang on. Don't let anything come between you until you hear me holler 'Break!' Do you get me? Jump right up briskly and hug him like a French general. And when you break give him the blow that killed father!"

"I don't understand that part about jumping up, Reddy," he said.

"It will come to you as you go along," I said. "Go on out." And I shook hands with him, wanting to part friends if anything happened.

This was the first place we struck where the townie was the favorite and had a real gallery, and I didn't wonder so much when I saw the Butcher stripped. He outweighed my boy about twenty pounds, and when they shook hands he grinned and yanked Lucy up close to him to show his strength. They broke on the bell and Lucy began to do footwork and shadow boxing. But this big rowdy was all business, and he hurried right up to my boy and struck him a cruel blow on the cheek. Lucy hit the back of his head in falling, and he rolled right over and prepared to pass the night.

"Count!" I yelled with excitement. "Count now!"

Lucy stared at me vacantly, trying to recall where we had met, and then he started to rise. I guess he had forgotten where he was, but he knew enough to fall into a clinch, where the Butcher could not hit him unless he was double-jointed.

"Hang on!" I shouted. "Hang over his shoulder!"

The referee tried to break them, but Lucy knew when his face was out of trouble, and he hung right on and looked at me with gratitude for the kind thought. The Butcher was loosening his ribs, but Lucy didn't mind that, figuring that some of his ribs were floating already, and what was a few more? The Butcher was grinding a week's whiskers into Lucy's silky neck and was grinning to his friends to tell them that he was quite all right and would be with them any time now. He worried me, but I cheered up and said to myself, "He is only human, after all, and he is going to fall into a peaceful reverie in half a minute if he don't take his nose out of that chloroform." That was what was in the sponge in the back of Lucy's neck—fifty cents' worth of the best chloroform—and Lucy was holding the Butcher's smeller right on it. And sure enough, the Butcher's eyes got dreamy and he was tapping Lucy's ribs absent-mindedly.

"Break!" I yelled, helping out the referee. "Break now!"

Lucy broke and got back out of harm's way.

"Go on in, kid," I advised. "Bring it over before he falls down!"

The Butcher was straddling around, fighting flies, and Lucy stole up to him and pasted him, and down went the local boy. The referee counted ten, and then had a look at the timekeeper's watch and scratched his head and counted it over again louder. It was still ten. So they finally let it go at that, and we won, and I saved nine dollars and twenty-five cents.

I gave the Butcher a quarter and the chloroform made up the ten dollars. And everybody said, where did the Butcher get off to try and fight a regular prize fighter from New York?

Well, sir, in one way and another, and not to go into the revolting details, we fought twenty battles in the sticks and plastered ourselves with glory. I had to explain about the chloroform to Lucy when he asked me what I had in the jug, and I said to him, "It is smelling salts. When I see you are overmastering a man too rapidly and dazing him with your speed, I give him a sniff of this for a pick-up, and then the patrons see a fight for their money. I did not want to tell you, Lucy, and I know you will not think I am working against you."

"It is queer-smelling stuff," he said, sniffing; "but it does seem rather exhilarating. I must say, Reddy, that I have observed some things that made me think you would be guilty of unfair practices in order to secure me an advantage. I want you to understand distinctly that there must be nothing of that sort. I wouldn't countenance it for a moment. I want you to be extremely scrupulous to see that my adversaries are given every possible opportunity; I should take no pleasure in victories secured by unsportsmanlike methods."

Well, it was all I could do to keep from getting up and crowning him, only I did not want to spoil his grand record. In one month he had fourteen knock-outs and six decisions, and you want to remember he had never fought a battle in his miserable existence until I took him under my wing. And that was his thanks. But I am used to that, having managed many fighters, and if any boy of mine threw a bouquet at his old manager I would duck like a shot, because I would know where there was a door knob in it sure. So I only sighed and licked my thumb and kept on reading my roll. This was on the train going back to New York.

Lucy looked over my shoulder and got interested, and said, "When do we come to division?"

"More of your college talk," I said. "I had to leave school when I was fourteen, and I never did learn anything about division, and I am not going to take your word for it."

"See here, Reddy," he said, "aren't you going to give me some of that money?"

"I certainly am not," I said, "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to ask for it. You fought as Tug Mahaffy and I will pay the money to Tug or nobody."

"Then you are going to pay it to Tug Mahaffy, are you?" he said. I had told him about Tug by then.

"For what?" I said. "When he didn't fight a battle?" And I crowded the roll back into my clothes.

"Reddy," he said, "I regret to say that I suspect you are not strictly honest. It pains me to have to say this. I fear that I shall have to dismiss you and retain a manager of less questionable business methods. I dare say you will be able to obtain other employment, and I suggest that you avoid positions where you would be in a fiduciary capacity. I speak for your own good, my man."

"Is that so?" I said. "Where do you get off to bawl me out when you have been going around under another man's name? Say, Lucy, if I was to tell what I know you would never get another fight as long as you lived—not saying that you would live long if you did get another fight."

"Do you really believe, Reddy," he said, "that I have been guilty of a fraud upon my public?"

"What else do you call it?" I said. "You not only stole another man's fights but you got the crust to want to steal his money."

"There is something in what you say," he said. "I perceive now that I have compromised my reputation and that I should make honorable amends." And he took his chin in his hand, and I got out the roll again and counted it in peace.

We got into New York at eleven o'clock in the morning, and I wished Lucy good-by and promised to write. Then I had my lunch and went up to Cowley's, and there I found Tug Mahaffy. He was hanging around there and waiting for me to come back like a dog that's been left behind in a drug store, and he jumped all over me. I gave him the price of a set of beans to build up his strength and told him to report right back and we would see about getting bouts. He was starved thin and ferocious and he would have fought a striped tiger in a cage for his pound of raw chuck. And it wouldn't have been all tiger either, what I mean; he might have shaded Tug, but he would have to scratch some. So I inclosed a row of clippings to the Evening Star, which is New York's best sporting sheet, telling of Tug Mahaffy's travels and licking the twenty champions. Naturally I was going on with Tug and not with Lucy. Well, we are all proud of our mail service in New York, but still and all I was not a little surprised when I walked straight back from the mail box to Cowley's gym and found there was a reporter from the Evening Star waiting there for me already.

"What is this we hear," he said, "about an ex-chorus man stepping out and beating twenty good boys in a month under the pet name of Tug Mahaffy? He was down in the office this morning, and the editor told me to hop right up here and ask you what was in it."

"Two beans," I said, producing it and trying to tuck it into his vest.

"Now it looks like a real scandal," he said, pushing the money away and lighting up a pill. "Come clean, Reddy!"

"Then there's nothing in it for anybody," I said, pouching the sawbuck. "Tug Mahaffy will be here in a minute, and you can give him a write-up and a picture."

"We will hear from the other side too," said the reporter. "I have a date with the ex-warbler to come here and face you out. And here he comes now!" And with that, out steps Lucy from the Subway and comes up to me full of smiles and tells me he has fixed things between him and his public and everything now will be quite all right.

"Listen," I said to the reporter, getting sore, "if I give this bird a good cuffing right here and now, and without throwing away my cigar, will you believe me what I tell you?"

"As to that I cannot say," said the reporter. "But I would like to see the fight."

"Fight?" hollers Tug Mahaffy, popping out of the lunch room across the way, full of beans and ambition. "Who? Where? Let's make it three-handed!"

"That's my boy," I said proudly. "That's the one and only Tug Mahaffy himself in person. Why, say, son, Tug could fight a whole army of dubs like this one."

"There's no call, Reddy, for hurting Mr. Mahaffy's feelings by mentioning the word 'Army' in his presence," said Lucy indignantly. "It shows your typical lack of fine feeling. Considering that he is a fighter by profession, he even deserves a certain credit

(Continued on Page 56)

The

REMY

Standard is

Excellence

and you may judge
every Remy Product
by this standard

REMY

STARTING MOTORS, LIGHTING GENERATORS, IGNITION SYSTEMS *for* MOTOR CARS

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY, ANDERSON, INDIANA

Test Bottle Free —see offer below

To your daily shave add a *SMILE!*

DO you like to "tune up" your face after shaving? Most men do. Why? Aren't these the reasons:

—to cool, soothe, and protect the skin?
—for the pleasant feeling that it gives?
—to render first aid to little nicks and cuts?
—for the delight of the fragrance?

These are the ways Aqua Velva serves and pleases. Aqua Velva is a new preparation made *expressly* for after-shaving use. The makers of Williams Shaving Soaps originated it—from actual study of the newly-shaved skin.

Even in principle Aqua Velva is new and startlingly different. After shaving, your skin needs its natural moisture restored. That is precisely what Aqua Velva does—brings moisture back to the skin. It is especially helpful to men whose skin has a tendency to be dry and drawn.

Aqua Velva pleases with its brisk feeling and breezy fragrance and at the same time greatly benefits the skin. It relieves chapping, takes away face-shine, leaves the face soft and comfortable and protects it noticeably from wind and weather.

Get this test bottle free!

We'll gladly send you a free "150 drop" test bottle of Aqua Velva to let you judge it at our expense. Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. D, Glastonbury, Conn. The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick St., Montreal.

Large 5-ounce bottle 50c. (60c in Canada.) Costs almost nothing per day—only a few drops needed. *By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, if your dealer happens to be out of it.*

Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

By the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps

(Continued from Page 54)

for being able to restrain his pugnacity during the war."

"Is that so?" growled Tug, glaring at him.

"How do I know if Tug can fight him?" said the reporter.

"We will settle that," I said; "and you will see that this bird is a false alarm and cannot fight whatever, and then you will know what to believe about his twenty victories. Come on inside and we will let them put on the mittens."

"But this is shockingly unfair, Reddy," said Lucy, looking at Tug with sympathy. "This young man is out of training and quite unpracticed, and perhaps I would do him a permanent injury. I should not forgive myself if I disabled him badly."

"Don't let him talk to you, Tug," I said nervously. "He has a very dangerous line of patter. Keep away from him!"

"I'll patter him, Joe," said Tug joyfully. "Come on inside!"

"It is unwise," said Lucy, shaking his curly head. "Where are your bags, Reddy? You have my things in them."

"Go get them," I said, telling him where. "And if you try to run out I will send Tug to take you. We will be waiting for you on the floor, and I will give you three minutes."

There was a roped ring in the gym for fighters who wanted to show their paces for ten cents to the public when training for star bouts, and I dressed Tug and put him in his corner and asked him to make it long and sweet. Lucy came in, and he sat down in his corner and looked over at me and felt ill at ease from seeing me with the opposition. The reporter said he would referee and he called the boys out; but Lucy said first he would look at Tug's bandages and see he was not carrying a horseshoe in them for luck. He had often seen me exploring an opponent's mittens, and he thought he would let on to know what he was up to. Then he tied Tug's gloves on again with his teeth very politely, and stepped back and put up his hands.

"Fight!" said the reporter.

Well, naturally I had told Tug not to put Lucy out right away, as that would only start an argument about a lucky punch, and he had better demonstrate his superiority first. I told him, too, that Lucy had a wallop; he needn't be afraid of it, because Lucy always telegraphed on ahead when it was coming, but still and all he didn't want to put his jaw out and let Lucy sock. Cut him to ribbons, was my idea. So Tug comes out and starts to chop and jab, and he had Lucy bleeding right away, and when Lucy would rush he would cover up and let them bounce off. Tug could box circles around him, could outhit him, and could take punishment like a habitual criminal. So there was nothing to it.

Well, I noticed that Tug was coming out of crouches a little slowly. A man with his mittens over his face and doubled up is going to look between before he opens up again, but he don't have to uncover like a lady taking a mud mask off her face and fearing her nose and front teeth will come with it. And he was getting a very strange look which was very familiar, and the first thing I knew Lucy dashed right up to him and handed him a lovely sock and did not get his receipt.

"Atta chorus man!" yelled the reporter.

Well, the least said of this the better, and the gallery said that Tug was punch-drunk; but I knew what it was even if I couldn't tell. And finally Lucy stepped back and said he wouldn't strike a helpless man, and the reporter said it was nice of him. And I dragged Tug away and threw water on him, and he rolled up his eyes and said the surf was fine and he always did like old Brighton Beach. Clean off his nut. Cowley came and said he would like to date the boys up for a return match at his club the next week, when Tug would have time to get in training. The reporter was tickled pink, and he bustled down to his paper, and the Evening Star came out with the finest publicity Tug and me ever got in all our days, only Lucy was in it this time too.

"What was the matter with Tug?" I asked.

"He had the old sponge in his glove," said the gray-haired man. "His left glove—the one he would naturally cover his face with when he was working. Lucy said he felt Tug ought to have every advantage. But I couldn't make a holler with the reporter waiting for an earful of tittle-tattle."

"Chloroform?" I said doubtfully.

"Well, maybe it was ether or red pepper; I don't know," said the gray-haired man crossly. "You never know what you are getting in drug stores these days."

"And did they fight the return bout?"

"They did not," said he, "and it is my lifelong sorrow. Lucy said he got a very fine offer out of having his picture in the paper, and there was no sense in him fighting a second-rater like Tug when he could be a champion right away. 'Champions, Reddy,' he says, 'are the only fighters who have moving pictures taken of their bouts and can preserve their art for posterity; and I am going to be a champion hereafter and fight only for the moving pictures. My opponents will concede my superiority in advance, and then we can box in harmony and the ensemble will not be in danger of being spoiled by a lucky punch like the one the Butcher staggered me with in Tonga Plains. Only champions can exact such a pledge of an opponent, as you know. I shall raise the brutal avocation of prize fighting to the rank of a fine art. It shall hereafter be the manly art of self-defense in every sense of the word.'"

On the approach of the waitress, the gray-haired man fell into a state of gloomy abstraction, from which he did not emerge until I had paid the check.

"So that Talbot Strongbow ——" I resumed.

"Four thousand a week and training expenses he's getting now!" cried the gray-haired man passionately. "And for what? I've watched the pictures of a dozen of his battles, and every one of them is fixed! Don't I know? Can't I see the other boy pulling his punches and doing a nose dive when he wasn't hit? I've got up and denounced him again and again, and offered to fight him myself and pay him money, and all I get is thrown out! Talbot Strongbow the great champion—yah!"

I got up to go.

"Say, fellow," he whispered with a vengeful wink, "come around to the show at eight tonight—I'm going to ride him again."

A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

(Continued from Page 44)

cruise in a spirit of belated honeymoon, but this fact did not discourage Kate from employing weapons of offense against Joshua in the use of which marriage had provided her with skill and familiarity. By day he avoided her society, but by night he got the most scathing indictments against his morals, ascending from the lower bunk and impacting against the small of his back with the force of a mule's kick. In all this there was much injustice and a good deal of human nature.

"The wonder is you're not ashamed of yourself," she would say, "and it's no use lying up there pretending to be asleep."

Sometimes Joshua persisted in this pretense, but it availed him nothing, for the arc of his body was within reach of Kate's hand, and it is not possible for a man to affect slumber while he is being subjected to assaults from the rear.

"Aye, and the way she chases that poor Captain Winslowe is fair disgusting."

There was truth in this claim, for Vernon was never on deck for five minutes together without Lydia flitting up to his side. Here was an embarrassment he had not foreseen and one with far-reaching and distressing consequences. Without positive rudeness, it was impossible to escape her company, and Vernon had vowed to himself that so far as lay within his power he would make the cruise a success. To do this he must avoid coming into conflict with any of the passengers. It distressed him terribly, however, that he was never given the opportunity of having a quiet talk with Averil. No sooner had they exchanged a few words than Lydia was at his side, turning what might have been a delightful *à deux* into a disastrous *à trois*, which dissolved into an *à deux* again as Averil drifted away. It was always Averil who was first to go. Averil who was disappointed that the friendship between herself and Vernon which had made so valiant a beginning should have retrogressed into something negative and ordinary. He was conscious of the disappointment she felt, but it was impossible to dispel it without making a declaration of his real emotions.

Politeness and common courtesy is a very poor fuel wherewith to keep the fires of a love affair burning, and it was not unnatural Averil should have wondered whether after all he did not prefer Lydia's society to her own. They were always together and he was always civil to Lydia. If he disliked the woman, surely he would have shown it in some way or another. The inference was that he did not dislike her, or perhaps even encouraged her continual companionship.

The affair touched her pride and Averil determined in no way to press her friendship where it was not sought. But pride is a poor consolation and the idleness of life aboard a ship gave her ample opportunity to feel miserable.

The sense that something tremendously worth having had almost been hers, and then inexplicably had vanished, hurt her to the quick. Then one morning when she was early awake and on deck Vernon came up and spoke to her.

"I say, is anything wrong? You look rather down and ——"

"I'm perfectly all right," she replied. "One gets a bit sick of a long voyage and nothing to do."

He nodded.

"I know. It's a tedious business. By the way, did you speak of what we found in the log book together?"

"No."

"Then I think we won't," he said. "For the present, for what it's worth, we'll keep it to ourselves."

Absurd as it must seem, the thought of sharing a secret with him was pleasant to her, so pleasant that she did not bother to wonder what his reasons were.

He went on, "We don't seem to see anything of each other these days."

"You're busy," she replied, "and occupied."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, after a fashion; but one misses talks—at least I do. This chitchat of a ship is tedious stuff."

She looked at him.

"Captain Winslowe ——"

"Hullo! I thought we were to call each other by friendlier names."

"No," she said, "that's stupid. You're Captain Winslowe to everyone else."

"Yes; but still ——"

"So I think I'd rather be like the rest."

"Even when we're alone?"

"We hardly ever are alone, so what's the good of that?"

He had gone farther than he meant to go.

"As you like, of course," he said.

Then quite suddenly she asked, "Why are you different?"

"Different?"

"It's a silly question, perhaps; but I've been wondering. You have been different, you know, ever since I told you about Edward Sullivan—and that ring I wanted to return to him."

"I don't know that ——"

"Not that it matters, only men and women look at things in different ways; and I wondered, when you thought over what I told you—calmly, as I know you do think—whether what I meant to do seemed a very puny, rotten thing."

"Good Lord, no!"

"Don't just say that. I'd much rather you said yes if you meant yes. We seemed to be friends and then it stopped."

"It hasn't stopped, Averil."

"Then it's been spoiled somehow, and I wonder what's spoiled it—and I wonder if it's me." She forced a little laugh. "It's so easy to go cheap in other people's esteem."

"Cheap?" he repeated. "You?"

"It might be so—from your standard."

It was the word "standard" that got him, for she said it as though his was a standard anyone might be proud to follow. In that instant a sudden determination to tell her everything surged over him.

"Look here"—he said—"look here! If you want to know the truth, here it is."

And he threw out his arm with the fingers extended. It was the very cream of irony that the gesture he made should have pointed at Lydia La Rue—Lydia in a pink negligée, smiling after her morning tub,

(Continued on Page 58)

1899 – 1924

Only Packard can build a Packard

Packard Eight
Pictured above is the Packard Eight Sedan Limousine. Packard Eight furnished in nine body types, open and enclosed.

Packard Six
Packard Six furnished in eleven popular body types, open and enclosed.

Some Packard Facts Which are Known Wherever Fine Cars are Appreciated

Materials - - - - - 100%

Nothing can be better or finer than in the Packard. We submit Packard materials to comparison with any motor car on earth. Packard has only one standard—the best that money can buy and experience can select.

Workmanship - - - 100%

For 24 years Packard has had but one policy—to build as finely as human skill and the best machinery can build. It is recognized by engineers, manufacturers and laymen alike that Packard leads in fine manufacturing.

Design - - - - - - 100%

For years Packard has set the pace in motor car development. The beauty and distinctiveness of Packard are traditional. There is, in Packard, an inherent exclusiveness that no duplication of mere dimensions can ever equal.

Four-wheel service brakes; 2 additional rear wheel brakes—a total of six—on all Packard cars

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

WARNER LIQUID SOLDER
SURE-SAFE-BETTER
Stop Leaks in Radiators Yourself for 75c
Repair shops are full of cars for expensive repairs due to loss of water through leaks in the cooling system. Stop these leaks easily, quickly and permanently with Warner Liquid Solder. Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed by Mr. A. P. Warner. Does all we claim for it, or money refunded. Avoid substitutes.
Big Car Size, $1.00
It also prevents other leaks from developing
WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WARNER Do-It-Yourself Products
Free Rusted Nuts with
WARNER-PENETREEN
Squirt a few drops on a nut that brute force cannot budge. It quickly penetrates and dissolves rust, releasing bolts, pipe joints, etc.
Stop Your Auto's Spring Squeaks
Squirt it along spring ridge, it penetrates and covers every pin surface with highest quality spring lubricant. Contains Acheson's deflocculated graphite. Guaranteed and sold on money back basis.
75c
Over 1000 Uses for Plumbers Farmers Machinists Auto Repairers and at Homes
WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Send me one can of Warner Penetreen
Name
Address
Town State

Continued from Page 56

smiling and picking her way daintily toward him.

"I see," Averil said.

"No, no!" he replied hotly.

"Then what?"

After all, was he justified in telling her the truth? The opportunity to do so had gone and with it much of the impulse. Just because he loved this girl, had he any right to make her a confidante in a matter that affected everyone alike?

"Oh, nothing," he said. "There is no reason."

Friendship will not thrive upon concealment. Averil bit her lip and turned away.

"What a morning!" said Lydia as she passed by; but Averil did not seem to have heard.

Mediterranean, blue coverlet for lovers! What a failure you can be!

XXV

THEY were in the Red Sea. It was terribly hot, with that sticky kind of heat that makes the nerves snap.

"Shall I read some more?" said Mary Ottery.

Kate Morgan, her knitting in her lap and her eyes half closed, nodded acquiescence.

"If it isn't troubling, dear. I do love a book with lords in it."

Mary turned to Chapter XXIII of The Cherished One. She drew a breath that was half a sigh and began to read. Very stupid the words sounded to her, with all this high-life nonsense about earls who stooped to imprint kisses, and so forth—very stupid. However, Mrs. Morgan seemed to like it, and for want of active employment Mary had fallen back into her old way of service and companionship.

With the fans going, it was cooler below than on deck; but even in the card room the sense of suffocation was almost unbearable. The frightful oppression of atmosphere had affected everyone. Joshua Morgan was blowing and bubbling by the deck house above. Henry Julius had sworn venomously when his fourth white collar that day collapsed like melting wax.

In his cabin in the forward part of the yacht Tommy Gates was behaving like a man who was going to die, which is to say he was staring at the cabin ceiling and through it at some place beyond. Lydia La Rue had passed through the card room while Mary was reading the last chapter. Her eyes were hot and feverish and her mouth drooped. A second later William Carpenter followed, carrying a vanity bag she had left in the saloon. There was something odd about his expression too. More or less everyone was at the end of his tether.

The day before a stoker, crazed with the heat below, had rushed on deck and thrown himself into the sea. Vernon went overboard after him and there was a fight in the water, where the attempted suicide had to be struck into insensibility before he could be saved. The affair had done little to quiet anyone's nerves.

When the two men were hauled dripping over the side, Lydia met them.

"You might have been drowned yourself," she said, with truly wonderful eyes for Vernon.

"I might," he replied brusquely. "Not that it would have mattered."

That was all. He would not accept hero worship.

Henry Julius explained that he never saw the fellow go in, and Joshua remarked that it would have made precious little difference if he had. Followed words! A very disjointed ship's company.

The air was charged with electricity. No one knew when lightning would flash from the system, or who would be struck. Even Mary was all charged up and was wondering how long it would be before a storm broke.

"Well, dear?" said Kate.

Mary flattened out the book and read how a certain Lady Rosita Tilington "cast herself on a couch with truly Eastern abandon and flashed her wonderful eyes at Reginald." She broke off to say, "Life's not a bit like that, really."

Kate Morgan looked up surprised.

"Eh, my dear?"

"All this about languorous smiles and parted lips and breath that drugs people. Life's not like that."

"Well, dear, I never supposed it was; but reading of such doings makes for a bit of entertainment."

"All lies, this stuff," said Mary. "Foolish lies. Life's an ordinary affair we take along with us wherever we go; rather ugly, I think, with just here and there, in patches ever so far between, some something that makes up for the ugliness more than makes up for it. I don't know, but that's the way it strikes me. I'd better go on reading."

"If you'd rather not, dear, I've a skein of wool we might wind," suggested Kate by way of a cheerful variety.

"No, I'll go on."

She gave the book a kind of shake and read:

"'Life with you, Rosita, would be one long dream. Sometimes as I lie awake at night, I conjure up a vision of our future, and I see roses clambering over the door of the cottage where we dwell with each other. And there are children, Rosita—our little children—with happy, laughing faces. They play in the sunlight at their innocent games. I see them, too, kneeling by the little cots at night to say their prayers.'" Again she broke off.

"I don't," she snorted. "That's not children—not children as I see them. There's a better picture of children in that ugly vest you're knitting than all this innocent-games-and-little-cots business. I don't want children like those, but natural ones—wild—naughty, and with dirty faces from what they've picked up with their hands and rubbed into their cheeks; real children who come for help sometimes and are angry if you give them the wrong help. Laughing faces and prayers! That isn't children. It isn't honest—isn't ugly enough to be honest. Honesty is ugly, you know, like all things that hurt."

"Miss Ottery, what are you saying? Honesty hurting!"

"Of course it hurts. For the twelve years I was a companion I was never honest once, and I never hurt anybody once—I only irritated them."

"Miss Ottery!"

She swung to the book again.

"'And leaning forward he gathered her in his arms and crushed his lips to hers with a kiss that was agony.' Ah, that rings true—that's honest. Love would hurt—must. The only prizes worth having are won by pain." Then she threw up her head and exclaimed, "Like children!"

The book fell from her lap and she went quickly to the deck. Kate watched her go in mild amazement, then stooped, recovered the book and hid it beneath a cushion where Joshua was unlikely to find it. Then she, too, went on deck to look for Joshua, who had been left too long alone—or did she go in case he was not alone?

Mary was not left long to herself, for presently Henry Julius appeared with a word about the heat of the night and a request that she should sew a button on the sleeve of his nautical jacket.

"Yes; all right," said Mary, who always had a needle in her bag.

While she sewed Henry favored her with a sample of his shrewdness in the matter of a picture deal—a canvas picked up for a tenner and afterwards sold for seven thousand pounds.

"And how much of that did you give the man you bought it from?" she asked.

"He had his ten-pound note," was the frank reply.

Mary took out her scissors and snipped off the button she had sewed.

"I don't mind life being ugly," she said, "but when it's mean ——"

She threw the button into the sea.

"I call that hard," said Henry Julius.

Meanwhile Kate was asking Joshua to fetch her salts.

"Do you need 'em?" he replied wearily.

And she flared up to answer, "Very well, I'll get them myself. You know full well how I hate them narrow passages and bumping from side to side agen them rails. M' hips look like zebra's as 'tis."

And in the uncanny stillness of the night Vernon Winslowe, from the bridge, heard all the frets and troubles on the deck below. He heard a row between Joshua and Julius on the refusal of the former to play a hand of cards; he heard the bitter tones of Lydia when her faithful slave William brought her bag; even the coughing and harsh breathing of Tommy Gates reached his ears. All this he heard as his eyes rested on a lonely figure leaning against the prow of the yacht, and it seemed that he was steering a ship of failure to a port of disillusionment. There had been no cable at Port Said from Ralph Whitaker in answer to his letter; and since that morning in the Mediterranean he and Averil had barely exchanged a word.

Then a voice behind him said, "May I come up?"

He assented, and Mr. Isinglass joined him on the bridge. By the light of the moon the old man looked like an aged satyr. His smile was exasperating.

"Well, Winslowe, what of the night?"

Vernon did not trust himself to reply.

"Anything wrong?" said Mr. Isinglass.

"What should be?"

"Satirical young man."

"No, resentful."

"What do you resent?"

"You, chiefly."

"Me?"

"You're laughing at us."

For a moment a hand rested on his sleeve.

"No, no, no. I am smiling, though, that is all. Why not join me? Sailors I heard were jolly fellows."

Vernon turned his head sharply. Was the old man trying to bait him, to make a jest of his doubts and perplexities? But the expression on the face of Mr. Isinglass was the very soul of innocence. Vernon turned away again.

"It's a bit hot tonight," he said; "too hot to be a really jolly sailor."

"I know, and nerves get jangled in a high temperature. That's so, isn't it?"

Vernon nodded.

"By the way, I haven't congratulated you yet on your bravery of yesterday."

"Don't bother."

"A plucky rescue like that deserves praise."

"Sometimes," said Vernon slowly. "I wonder if one has any right to rescue people."

"Rubbish!" said Mr. Isinglass, and repeated, "Rubbish! But that's not all I wanted to say. I start with the jam to get to the powder. I've been asking myself just lately whether you are quite doing justice to yourself; whether a little more raffishness, more confidence, more dash, wouldn't help things along in this difficult temperature. It's only a suggestion, mind you, and a humble one."

"You mean I'm letting things down?"

"Not at all. But there's a vast difference between letting things down and cocking 'em up."

Vernon thought in silence for a while; then, "I know what you're driving at," he said at length. "The thing's a failure—that's patent to both of us."

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, a failure; and we may as well face the issue. What's the good of going on?"

"Shush, shush, shush! We've barely begun."

"Maybe, but the spirit has died out of everyone."

"It hasn't been born yet."

Vernon lifted his shoulders hopelessly.

"The tire's flat," he said, "and we're running on the rim."

"That being so, it's for you and me to blow it up again."

"Oh, what's the good? Mr. Isinglass, in spite of the fact that I honestly believe a treasure may possibly be found on the island, it's in my mind to chuck the whole business."

"I would not bother about that," said the old man; he had started at Vernon's words about the treasure. "I would not bother with beliefs or make-beliefs, honest or otherwise. For my own part, I know there is treasure there."

"You know?"

"As I know there is treasure everywhere if we are clever enough to find it. But that doesn't matter. Our duty—your duty is toward the emergency of the present time, however out of joint it may be."

"And is."

"For you perhaps."

"Not only for me."

"But for you in particular."

Vernon made no reply. Once more the old white hand rested on his arm.

"It is very difficult to think clearly when one is in love, is it not?" said Mr. Isinglass, addressing a star.

"Who said that I ——"

"My dear boy, I'm not blind. I know well enough the cause of your depression. What fills your thoughts to the exclusion of all else. Let me say I have greatly admired the reticence you have shown in that matter. It's all gone down in the book."

"What book?"

"A strange book I keep, sometimes adding a page or two, and sometimes tearing them out. It's like a game of beggar-my-neighbor, never knowing from moment to moment whether one will gain a few cards or lose them. Great fun."

(Continued on Page 60)

EXCEPTIONAL RIDING COMFORT

Owners continue to comment on the marked riding comfort of Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

Increased chassis length, low-swung body and generous seat depth have much to do with this.

Primarily, however, it must be accredited to the greater buoyancy of the new spring equipment. The rear springs are ten inches longer, and underslung.

The price of the Touring Car is $895 f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS

A Dining Car Favorite—Sauerkraut

"Well, George, I'm glad to see sauerkraut on the menu—I won't have to go without my favorite home dish."

* * * * *

"Yes, sah, eve'body's eatin' sauc'kraut nowadays. Sho' is populah."

* * * * *

"How long have you been serving it on this road?"

* * * * *

"Oh, we had it fo' some time now. So many people asked fo' it dey put it on reg'la two-th'ee times a week."

* * * * *

"Well, it's mighty good food to eat, George. It keeps you feeling fit."

* * * * *

"Yes, sah, dat's what dey all say. Tastes mighty good, too."

* * * * *

"Yes, I should say it does. I guess everybody's always liked sauerkraut. But it's only recently that the doctors have found out why it keeps people healthy. It's the lactic acid that does it—keeps everything working properly."

* * * * *

"Yes, sah, it sho' does."

* * * * *

"I'll have this Number 4 lunch, and bring me an extra order of sauerkraut."

Everyone who is interested in keeping healthy by eating the right foods will want to read the booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food." It tells in detail the findings of eminent food scientists regarding the value of sauerkraut as a corrective and preventive food. It contains also many new recipes for preparing delicious sauerkraut dishes. Mail this coupon for it now, free.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at groceries, meat markets and delicatessen stores.)

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

Send For This Interesting Booklet—FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association P-29
Clyde, Ohio
Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

Name

Address

City State

Continued from Page 58

"Yes," said Vernon. "Fun for the watcher, Mr. Isinglass; the player doesn't always have such a good time."

"I suppose the rebuke was merited; but, after all, I am too old to be other than a referee."

A sudden anger swelled up in Vernon and made him say, "What good is a man who can't referee his own battles? You came and robbed me of my own command."

"Yes—at the command of someone greater than either or any of us."

"You forced your way in—uninvited."

Mr. Isinglass seemed to grow bigger in the moonlight and a strange fervor filled his voice.

"It is only those invitations I do not receive that I hasten to accept. This is not the first time I have been a nuisance."

"You make it a habit?"

"A habit of mind."

"You were not wanted."

"Had that been so, I should not be here. It is my greatest ambition not to be wanted; but never have I felt more welcome than when I entered the room on that memorable night and found a man mutilating an inspiration. I did not know what I should find, but I felt at work in the air around me the forces of doubt, misgiving and disappointment. And so I knew how welcome my arrival must be, and knew I had already arrived even before I turned the handle of the door."

Away to the left a faint gray silhouette of a mountain arose out of the dull rust of the desert shore. Mr. Isinglass pointed.

"Mount Sinai," he said. "It was there the Ten Commandments were written. Sometimes I think an eleventh should have been added —— 'Thou shalt not inspire with promises that are not fulfilled.'"

His body went small again and he passed a hand across his forehead, which was glistening with beads of sweat.

"It's hot tonight—very, very hot. What have I been saying, I wonder? In this temperature one loses the thread of things."

Vernon stared at him perplexed. The tangible heat of the brassy night was like a band about his head.

"You talk," he said, "and I listen, and all my own judgment falls away and—God knows, I can't tell whether you stir my conscience or numb it. Every sane impulse is shouting out in me, 'End it now.'"

"It's too late," fluted Mr. Isinglass.

"Then answer this: Who's in command of this show—you, or am I?"

"You," was the answer.

"Very well, then I shall follow my own judgment; and the moment I am convinced beyond doubt that we shall fail, I shall make a clean breast of everything and put the ship about."

"Have it your own way, Winslowe; you are in command; for until such a time as you come to regard me otherwise, I am merely a passenger. The matter rests now on judgment—sane, natural judgment; not pique, not anger, not resentment, but judgment."

From the saloon below blared forth the scrapy voice of a phonograph, piercing the hot night with the roar and rattle of a ragtime tune.

"What fool started that?" cried Vernon.

He went down the steps three at a time.

XXVI

LYDIA LA RUE was alone in the saloon. She was leaning against a pillar with half-closed eyes, beating time to the music with the toe of a silver shoe.

Vernon walked straight to the phonograph, lifted the needle from the record and stopped the motor.

"I'm sorry," he said; "Tommy Gates may be asleep."

"I forgot," she answered without moving.

"That's all right. But in case he is, I thought —"

"Quite."

"Beastly hot, isn't it?" said Vernon, and moved towards the door.

"Are you going?"

"Back to the bridge."

He had scarcely closed the door when the phonograph started again. He came back.

"Why —?"

"Because I want to talk to you," she answered, "and failing that —"

Her shoulders went up expressively. Once again Vernon stopped the phonograph.

"Well?" he asked. It was too hot to use more than a minimum of words.

Lydia thought for a moment, then came smack to the point.

"What's the idea in avoiding me?"

"I didn't know I ——"

"Oh, rot! Sorry, I didn't mean that; but, Vernon ——"

"Eh?"—at the sound of his Christian name.

"I'm not going to call you captain or mister or whatever it is. Vernon, why can't you be ordinary?"

"Ordinary? I should have thought ——"

"Like other men, instead of keeping anyone at arm's length."

It was difficult. Something in her eyes argued that a light answer would precipitate the storm.

"I think," he replied, "I am the same with you as with the rest."

"Possibly, but you see I'm not the same as the rest." She put her arms above her head and stretched the muscles tight. "And oh, Vernon, I'm so bored, so utterly, utterly bored!"

"I'm sorry," he said, "but a long voyage is a tedious business, and in this awful heat ——"

"Oh, not that. I'm bored by neglect. Not used to neglect." She moved away and dropped in the cushioned seat beneath the row of sapphire portholes. "Phew, that's the trouble, my friend! Moods! You don't get 'em, I expect. Yes, you do though; only yours are different. Moods are beastly things. You wouldn't think I'd tried to cure myself of mine, would you? Well, I have—tried hard—but it's no use somehow. You see, I can't laugh at myself like some people—like the lucky ones. If one can laugh, one can do anything; but without laughter—moods."

"Why tell me all this?" he asked.

"Because you're one of my moods."

He shook his head.

"Oh, you won't teach me to laugh at myself by smiling at me. Don't think it's a pleasure to me to tell you this. I don't even know if I care for you or like you, but I do know I love you. I do know that."

"I say," said Vernon sharply, "stop saying these things, d'you mind? It's the sort of talk that can do neither of us any good, and I think it's rather silly to ——"

But before he could finish she was on her feet and stood before him with blazing eyes.

"Silly!" she cried. "Silly to be in love! Love's silly, eh?"

It was the word "love" that fired a spark in Vernon.

"Look here!" he said. "For everyone's sake let's behave like normal beings, but ——"

"Don't you know when a woman loves you?"

"Yes. Yes—and that's why, if we're to talk together, I ask you to use the right words."

"The right words?"

"Say I'm a mood—a passing fancy—or anything else like that and it doesn't matter; but love is a word that does matter—love is a word we have got to keep for where it belongs."

"And when I say mine belongs to you?"

"That's not true, and you know it isn't true." He stopped with a half-pleading gesture. "I say—I say, let's stop this. Things are difficult enough without complicating them further."

"Difficult? What's difficult?"

"Oh, never mind," he said.

For a moment she watched him in silence, then, "I see. It's like that. You—you've fallen for this Averil girl, eh? Oh, don't be frightened! I shall say nothing against her—but it's true, isn't it?"

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, it's true."

"Ha!" she went. "Ha!" And turned away with the back of a hand streaking across her eyes.

And for want of something better, he said, "I'm sorry to have made you angry."

"Angry! So you think these are angry tears? Oh, you men! Well, you needn't start being apologetic, because I don't want it. I wonder, though, what it is in me you don't like. You think I'm a rotter perhaps. Well, I'd take a bet you're not all saint."

"And you'd win," he said bitterly.

"Yes, I don't often make mistakes—at least of this kind. Why do you suppose I came on this voyage?"

"You told us."

"Yes, and I dare say I thought I was speaking the truth at the time. I came because I liked you."

"That was not the reason you gave."

She threw up her head.

"Reason, reason, reason! A fine ship's company you'd have had if reason had been the lure!"

"I dare say."

"We came for adventure, and all of us have our own idea of what adventure is."

"Yes."

"Yes. Mine hasn't led far, has it?" She gave a short laugh. "This talk can't have been too easy for you. Not much fun being fired at when you've no fancy for being the target."

He did not dispute it.

"Well, if it's any interest to you to know, I'd gladly have followed you to the devil."

He laughed then.

"You seem to have got my direction right," he said.

They stood and looked away from each other for a while, then Lydia said, "Not much point in prolonging the interview, eh?" And before he was aware of what she intended, she leaned forward and kissed him. "Because I love you," she said, and raced up the short companionway into the arms of Joshua Morgan; and because he had seen what had taken place, he put out a hand to stop her.

"Miss La Rue—Miss La Rue—as a man old enough to be thy father—"

"Or the father of my children," she retorted. "Oh, let me go, can't you?"

With a cross between a sob and a cry, she thrust her way past him and disappeared at a run.

XXVII

FOR a long while after Lydia had gone Vernon stayed in the saloon, staring at the sticky sea through an open port. The tingling heat of the night was like the breath from a furnace that shrank and tightened every tissue in his body. After the quick *rafale* of Lydia's words the silence was oddly unreal. "I'd follow you to the devil." The sentence rang in his ears with hateful persistence. How hateful, too, had been the whole scene between them—hateful, detestable. The reserve he had shown, the remoteness, the touch of something superior in his manner—detestable!

An awful situation arises when a man will not accept what a woman offers, and in refusing cannot choose but place himself upon some kind of cheap pedestal. There is no other foothold. But how wretched was this assumption of a virtue that in reality was no more than a distaste. It must ever be a situation crammed with hideous complexities, where giving is one-sided. There is no possible way out that does not lead down ugly, graveled paths. Try the alternatives:

"Here is your gift returned; I do not like it."

"Here is your gift; I do not want it."

"I return your gift of love, being in possession of all I require from another source."

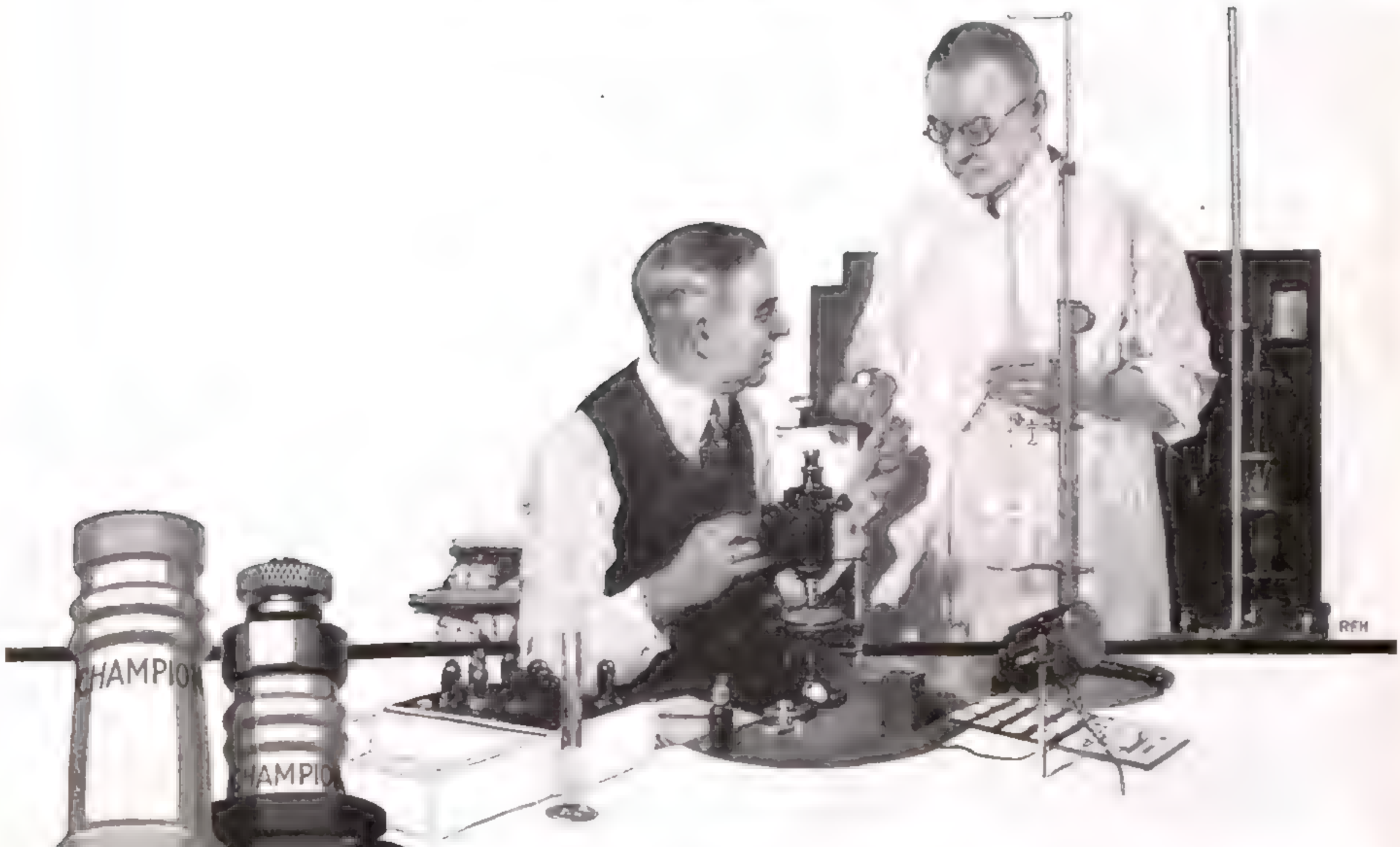
What else? "Let us forget this ever took place." A fool's proposal! Time may in time achieve forgetfulness; but these are cold words sprinkled on a passion split into steam like water in a furnace.

What he had said about love and the quality of love, his plea for the right definition of what she offered, recurred, and he hated himself for the brusing intensity of that outburst. Who was he to say what this or that was worth or might be worth? If what she offered had been pure, shiny and most innocent, his answer, since he wanted her not, would have totaled to the same—a priggish disregard—and he of all men to be a prig!

Which was worse, he wondered, to refuse a love for which one has no desire, or desire a love for which one may not plead?

And in the humming heat of that Red Sea night the weakness and the strength of his character were revealed. He became aware that in all his actions he was ruled by a longing never to hurt, never to inflict an injury. Here was not kindness—unless it were a kindness to himself—for in hurting others he drove the deepest wound in his own side, as a few moments before had been the case. He saw clearly that he would go to almost any length, any lie, any stretch of postponement, rather than be proved author of a pain. All his decency lay at the feet of this fact, and all his weakness, too—tremendously his weakness. He had not the general courage to be unkind. This whole cruise was built on that foundation, as was the whole of the trust that men and women bore for him. Upon it lay his avoidance of Averil, his submission to the will of Mr. Isinglass and all and everything. The scalpel of truth was in his hand and he feared to use it. He was no more than an anæsthetist at whose doors was a lying brass plate bearing the word "surgeon." Yes, and when his patients awoke and opened questioning eyes and wondered

(*Continued on Page 62*)



Champion's Laboratory Experiments Revealed Sillimanite

That Champion is today the better spark plug because of its Double-Ribbed sillimanite core, is due to the painstaking research work of Champion scientists.

Striving always to improve Champion spark plugs, they carried on countless laboratory experiments with various ceramic mixtures.

It was these experiments which sent them on a world wide search for sillimanite which they finally found in California.

That is why Champion controls the only known commercial supply of this rare mineral —why no other spark plug can have a core of sillimanite.

Sillimanite possesses great shock resisting properties. This makes possible the semi-petticoat tip of the Champion core which will not foul. This core is a perfect insulator.

That is why dependable Champion spark plugs deliver a full, intense spark to the firing points over long periods, making certain more complete combustion.

Engine performance is better in every way. Power and speed are increased. Acceleration is quicker. Oil and gas are saved.

More and more motorists are coming to know these things. That is why Champion makes two-thirds of all spark plugs produced —why Champion is outselling throughout the world.

Be sure you have Champions in your engine —a full set. They will soon save their cost. You will have no trouble securing Champions. More than 90,000 dealers sell them. Any of them will gladly permit you to compare Champions with other spark plugs. Champion superiority is readily apparent.

Champion spark plugs are fully guaranteed. The seven Champion types provide a correctly designed spark plug for every engine. Champion X is 60 cents. The Blue Box 75 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents).

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

DON'T GUESS
Buy the Coat with a Double Guarantee

New Fancy Tartan
2 Pocket Coat
$8.50

Thermo
KNITTED
COATS & VESTS

Warmth Without Excessive Weight

When the weather warms up, the old overcoat makes your shoulders droop yet it's too early to shed it entirely. A Thermo knitted coat comes in handy now—wear it under your suit coat—just warm enough without adding much weight. Thermo is a comfy house coat too—fine for office wear, or sport wear—saves other clothes—easily washed.

Worn all the Year 'Round

Made of virgin wool and sold with a double guarantee that assures you unequalled value. Thermo coats in Scotch Grains, Tartans and Heather mixtures, $7.50 to $9.00; Vests $5.00 and $6.00. Look for the Thermo Virgin Wool hanger. If your dealer cannot supply you write us.

THERMO MILLS, Inc.
Dept. M., 349 Broadway, New York

This double guarantee applies only to coats with this hanger in the neck

Thermo

IF for any reason due to faulty workmanship or imperfect material, this coat does not give the wearer satisfaction, return the coat with this guarantee ticket to us and a new coat will be sent free of cost.

Virgin wool is new wool—not shoddy or reworked wool which is called "all wool." This Virgin Wool garment gives the longest service and greatest comfort. Our double guarantee of all Virgin Wool and satisfaction is your safeguard.

THERMO MILLS, Inc.
Hudson New York

P. S.—See other side for washing directions.

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

(Continued from Page 60

why the operation was still unperformed, he knew well enough what would happen. He would lack the courage to tell the facts and instead would drowse back to happy insensibility with a whiff of chloroform. Truth that might hurt! It was not in him.

Through the tangled skeins of these heat-inspired thoughts his mind stumbled blindly. He had lost all track of the upright, generous impulses of his nature which largely governed the situation. He could see himself only as a weakling, striving at any cost to save himself the pain of inflicting pain. The rational side of him was at that moment nonexistent. Cool judgment was gone—burned out by the heat of the night, cloyed and clinkered by unsifted thought ash that had been given no outlet from his brain.

He turned suddenly from the porthole with arms stiff at his sides and his face set.

"They shall know all about me tonight," he said.

There was a hand bell on a side table and he rang it furiously. A steward came in.

"Ask anybody you can find to come here, please."

"Very good, sir."

The man went out.

From the seamen's quarters came the faint sound of a man's voice, singing to the accompaniment of an accordion:

"I used to cry for the silvery moon,
I used to sigh for the silvery moon."

The sound came in waves, rising above the pulse and drone of the engines. The words were strangely coincident with his thoughts. He raised his head to listen as the notes rose and fell, distinct and indistinct, merging with the noises of the ship.

Then the door burst open and Tommy Gates stumbled in. Tommy was the last person on earth Vernon expected to see at that moment. The boy was in pajamas, his hair was disordered, his face was the color of lead and in his eyes a ghastly fear of some unknown thing was written plain. Gasping for breath, he tottered forward, seized the edge of the table and collapsed like a broken box in one of the swivel chairs. In an instant Vernon was beside him, an arm about his shoulders.

"Tommy—Tommy, old man—Tommy, what's wrong?"

But there was no coherent answer. The fight for breath continued, punctuated by small frightened cries like those of a child who has met a terror in the woods.

A patter of feet and Mary Ottery ran in, followed by Averil and Mrs. Morgan.

"Gracious, what's the matter?" exclaimed Kate.

"He was asleep," gasped Mary. "My cabin is next to his. I promised to listen so as to give Nurse Banbury a chance to rest. Whatever shall I say to her?"

Then Tommy, gripping the chair arms and staring out before him with ghosts in his eyes—"Hang on to me—hang on! Oh, God, I'm afraid! A dream—a beast—a hell of a dream!"

He covered his eyes and rocked to and fro. The second door of the saloon flew open and Olive Banbury came in. At a single glance she took in the situation.

"I knew what it would be," she rapped out. "Shut that port! Turn off that fan! Get a blanket, someone!"

She was in command and the women went in all directions to obey her.

"Give me a hand, somebody—a hand," wailed Tommy.

"Here, old man," said Vernon

But Olive swept him aside. There was to be no poaching on her professional preserves. She went down on her knees beside the poor scared boy and gripped his hands.

"Quite enough of this," she ordered. "Stop it, Tommy, do you hear? Stop it!"

But the terror was too deep to be willed out of him by a stronger personality. He jerked his head this way and that. The words he spoke were broken and hysterical:

"It was horrible—horrible! All liars, they were, every one of them—a crew of jeering liars! No island! No treasure! Only lies—lies!"

"Brandy!" said Olive. The word rang like the note of a fire bell.

There was an unopened bottle of brandy in a locker a few feet away. Vernon went for it, nearly colliding with Mr. Isinglass and Joshua Morgan en route. He did not wait to find a corkscrew, but smashed the neck of the bottle against the table edge and tipped some of the spirit into a glass.

"Here!"

Olive did not release her grip on Tommy until he had swallowed every drop.

"Come on now with that blanket," she said. "Shift him over here to these cushions. That's better—much better, isn't it? Now, Tommy, take it easy. You're a fine one! A lot of fuss about nothing—you and your dreams. Goodness me! There you are! Comfortable? That's the way."

Slowly but perceptibly the gasping and terror died. Then after a few moments Tommy turned his head and looked at Vernon.

"Winslowe," he muttered in a voice that was barely audible, "want—to—ask—you—something."

Vernon felt what was coming.

"Go ahead," said he.

Tommy propped himself on an elbow.

"This—adventure of ours—my last shot in life—this—wonderful—treasure hunt—and being part of a Stevenson book—it's—it's a real show, isn't it? No, wait a bit. I'm almost played out—just hanging on by a thread." He stopped, drew breath and concentrated as though he were winding up the mainspring of his poor, worn-out machinery for its last run. "That thread hurts damnably—sorry, everyone, but it hurts damnably. And if—if all this show is as it seemed in my dream, a lie—a fake—I'd snap the thread here and now—snap it, see? break the thing—chuck myself overboard tonight." Again he stopped. The silence that followed was terrible. One could hear the ship's clock ticking. "So I ask you, Winslowe, man to man, and to give me your word one way or the other. If—if it's a fair show I'll take a grip on myself. Yes, and I'll beat this death business—I'll beat it yet. So speak up—out with it! You can't lie to a chap who's dying."

"No," Vernon repeated, "I can't lie to a chap who's dying." His muscles tightened and his brows came down in a straight black line across his eyes. "I can't do that, Tommy; and yet ——"

No one but Mr. Isinglass understood the full depth of agony that the choice of answer must inspire—or the full measure of responsibility imposed in making that choice. For just as surely as a lie blisters, so may a truth destroy. In this grim game of life there are no simple rights and wrongs that we can paste upon the signboards of our souls to point the true direction. There is no course by land or sea that does not turn a thousand corners and round a hundred capes. So it was Mr. Isinglass who stepped up to Vernon's side and fastened his fingers on Vernon's arm. And through those thrilling fingers flashed a message that plainly read, "Lie on! Time is not ripe for truth! Lie on!" And the power and the mercy and the kindness of a lie that was torture to utter took Vernon by the throat and forced the words:

"Rot, Tommy! Would I have dragged you all into this business—would Mr. Isinglass have lent us his yacht if it were a fraud? There is an island—there must be a treasure. There must—must!"

"Honest to God?"

Once again the fingers closed on Vernon's arm.

"Honest to God," he repeated, "I believe so."

The tenseness and the fear died out of Tommy's face. His head drooped forward to loll against Olive Banbury's breast. No one stirred and very soon an even to and fro of breathing said that Tommy was asleep.

From a distance came the sound of the sailor's voice again:

"I used to cry for the silvery moon ——"

"Sh-h-h!" whispered Olive Banbury, and nodded in the direction of the sound.

"What?" said Vernon dully. "Oh, yes."

As he turned to the companionway he met Mr. Isinglass, and Mr. Isinglass smiled at him like a man who is giving away medals.

"Damn you!" muttered Vernon. "Damn you, even though I know you were right!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

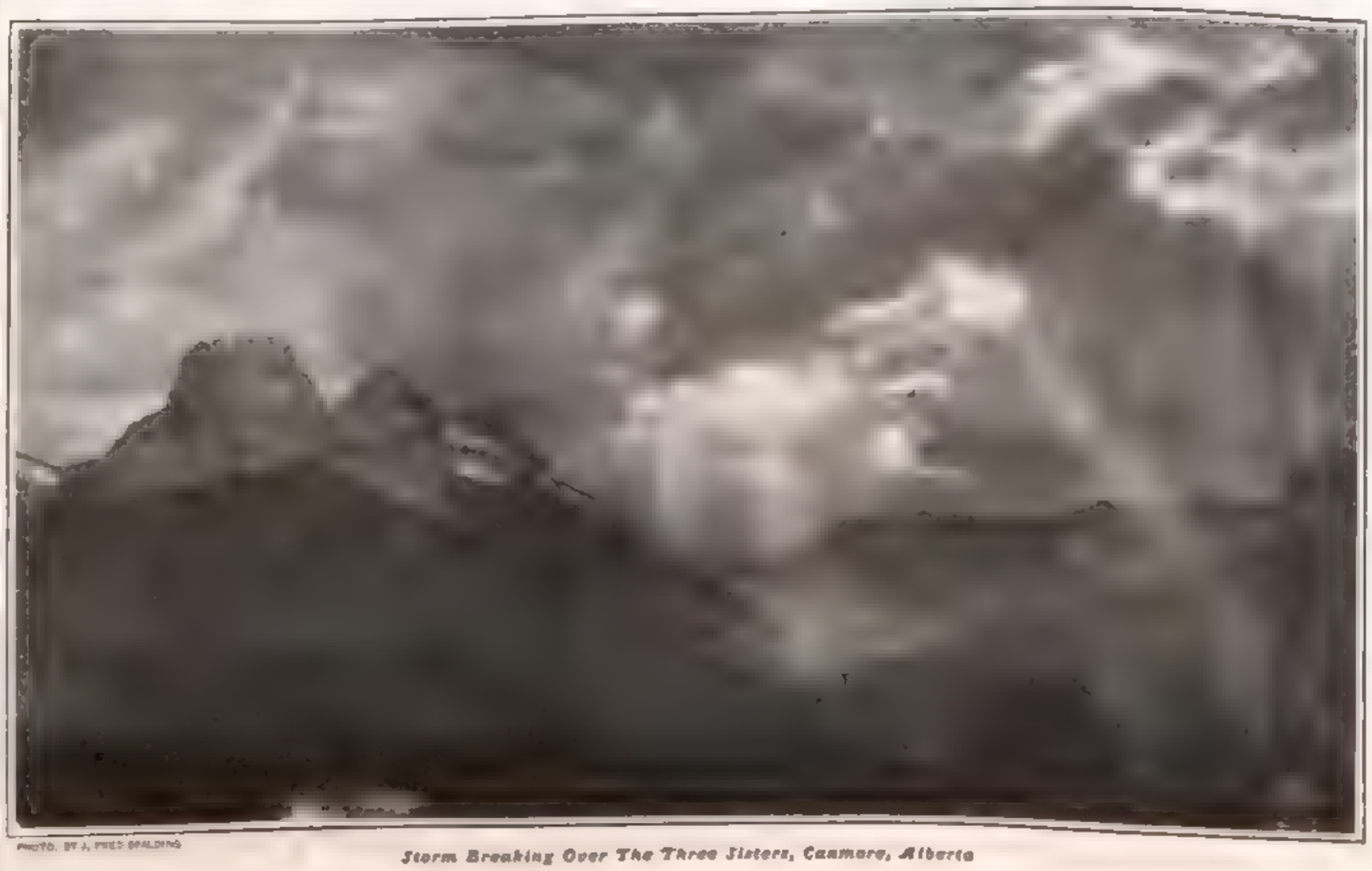


PHOTO. BY J. FRED SPALDING

Storm Breaking Over The Three Sisters, Canmore, Alberta

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

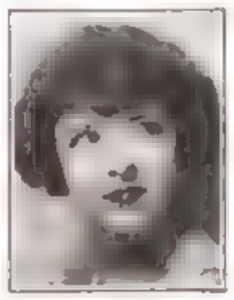
An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

What Kind of a Girl?

"WHAT kind of a girl does a girl have to be, to be the kind of a girl the boys want her to be?

A riddle for a million girls, indeed, and a subject for a thousand debates. Also, it is the theme of Colleen Moore's next picture, "The Perfect Flapper," which will arrive with the spring flowers, and be as welcome.



Colleen Moore

Dainty Miss Colleen, ever piquant, vivacious, and with refreshing charm set countless hearts aflutter in "Flaming Youth" and repeated the trick in "Painted People." And now after a brief vacation comes "The Perfect Flapper," presented with the promise of many surprises. Work is well under way and the American girl may see herself soon upon the screen in all her light-hearted gayety and all her underlying earnestness.

The leading screen players have been enrolled for the cast. Frank Mayo will be there, as will Sidney Chaplin with the delightful heritage of the Chaplin personality. John Francis Dillon will direct.

Who Wants a Spanish Galleon?

FOR SALE—Beautiful Spanish galleon of sixteenth century type equipped with hand-hewn spars, fifty cannon and ornate poop deck. Crew required seventy galley slaves and a few sailors. A survivor of the sea battles in The Sea Hawk. Also an English frigate and Moorish galleass. Frank Lloyd Productions Inc.

One may expect an ad like the above any day, now that Frank Lloyd has finished with his sixteenth century fleet which played such an important part in making "The Sea Hawk" the most fascinating sea story of all time. The picturesque craft are now safely anchored among prosaic twentieth century surroundings on the Pacific Coast. A chance for someone to have his fill of adventure on a cruise in such a ship!

Incidentally, Frank Lloyd has reconstructed sixteenth century Algiers for "The Sea Hawk," and on land and sea this picture promises to be pictorially and dramatically outstanding. Read Rafael Sabatini's novel and you will be able to imagine the fascination that the screen version will hold.

The Honeymoon

John M. Stahl, director of the memorable "Dangerous Age," has given the screen ideal entertainment in "Why Men Leave Home," presented by Louis B. Mayer. Lewis Stone and Helene Chadwick (above) have the leading rôles.

It is an adaptation of Avery Hopwood's stage success, blending comedy and romance.

"WHY MEN LEAVE HOME"

Why do they?

Well, friend wife is far away vacationing in some spring, summer, autumn, or winter resort, and—

But what sends wife vacationing?

Ah! That's the story—a delightfully human, gently satirical story of married life.

The First Anniversary

"WHY MEN LEAVE HOME?" The question just had to be settled, so Louis B. Mayer started to find the answer. And don't think it was an easy thing to do. No, sir.

Many theories were advanced. Wives, they said, nag their husbands. Wives forget that breakfast is a table function and not a boudoir rite. They trump their husbands' aces during a bridge battle. They are accomplices of Mischievous Milliners. Wives seeking money or other incriminating evidence turn Pickpockets. Wives trick defenseless husbands into Shopping Tours.

THE investigation was complete and careful, and the results have been recorded on the screen by Director John M. Stahl. Whether the above reasons are the real cause of the wandering of the stronger sex is settled once for all in the delightful comedy drama of married life, "Why Men Leave Home." It is no laughing matter, says Mr. Stahl, but it's a picture full of laughs. In the cast Lewis Stone, Helene Chadwick, Mary Carr and Alma Bennett help solve the problem.

"Cytherea"

A GREAT love story should be told in the springtime! Therefore you will be able to see "Cytherea," Joseph Hergesheimers' novel, on the screens of the leading theatres, just when the spring freshness puts an ache in your heart for romance.

"Cytherea" was the Goddess of Love of the ancient Ionians. Her spirit smouldered in the eyes of Savina Grove, a modern society woman, and Lee Randon, average American, caught the gleam. Her romance, his romance, makes a colorful love story, aglow with thrill and throb. The picture was produced by Samuel Goldwyn (not now connected with Goldwyn Pictures) and directed by George Fitzmaurice.

"The White Moth"

THEATRICAL life? Fascinating! Theatrical life in Paris? More fascinating!

Maurice Tourneur's new picture "The White Moth," will have enough of the warmth of romance to drive the chill out of the most prosaic bones. Barbara La Marr and Conway Tearle are to be featured, you remember, and we have just learned that Ben Lyon, attractive young juvenile, who shone in "Painted People," and Edna Murphy, have been added to the cast.

The Echoes Begin!

'TWILL be a long time before the echoes of approval aroused by "Lilies of the Field" and "Flowing Gold" die down. Both these recent pictures have taken the public by storm. "Lilies of the Field" features beautiful Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle in a story dramatically perfect. "Flowing Gold" is a Rex Beach novel, a story of the Texas oil fields. Anna Q. Nilsson and Milton Sills have the leading rôles.

"The Woman on the Jury"

One woman sitting in judgment with eleven men! Will she change her mind continually? Or will she be unable to decide? Not this girl. For she is judging a woman with a woman's mind—and heart. Never since "Madame X" has such a dramatic court room scene been written into a play. Sylvia Breamer is the star in this forthcoming picture.

"Bad Men" of Algeria

Charging, silent and sinister, they cover the vast expanse of the rolling Sahara, defiant of French and Algerian authority. "Tauregs" they call them in Algeria where Edwin Carewe filmed "A Son of the Sahara." Outlaws is the word in plain American.

The above is an actual scene from this unusual screen entertainment.

"A Son of the Sahara"

Romance finds its way even to those remote army posts of the French that fringe the Sahara in grim defiance of nomad tribes hidden somewhere beyond the dark horizon.

Above are Walter McGrail and Claire Windsor, two of the principals in the forthcoming Edwin Carewe production, which will bring the romance and lure of the real Sahara to your theatre in the near future.

Bert Lytell, Rosemary Theby and Montagu Love complete the cast.

Ford Owners
Stop the Shiver

YOUR Ford chatters because the lining is glazed and charred. Don't drive your good Ford another day with the wrong lining. If you do it will shiver and shake itself to pieces—and cost you rear axle and transmission repairs.

Advance Linings are woven for long wear on specially built looms from highest grade yarn. Treated with treatment specially compounded—will not glaze, char or carbonize.

Any one of these three Advance linings will improve your Ford, save unnecessary repair bills and last longer than the ordinary lining.

Don't buy a substitute. Advance Quality is found only in Advance Linings. Ask your dealer *(see below) for ADVANCE LININGS and be sure you get them. Get a set TODAY before you injure your Ford with cheap lining. Select the Advance Lining you prefer

ADVANCE
Cork Feltbak

Patented July 6, 1920

The Perfected Cork-in-Fabric Lining for Fords

CORKS for friction. Grip smoothly—always hold. Feltbak holds corks in place. Lubrication under pressure thru oil holes prevents burning and glazing—thus removes the cause of chatter permanently

$3 per Set—In Canada $4

ADVANCE
Feltbak

Patented under Patent No. 1,421,432

(Without Corks)

FELTBAK (without corks) has same features as Cork Feltbak except corks are omitted and oil holes are punched in lining. Stops chatter permanently. Both Feltbak Linings have specially woven heavy duty fabric and treatment same as in the famous White Stripe.

$2.75 per Set—In Canada $3.70

ADVANCE
White Stripe

SPECIAL weave covers and protects framework and binder cords from surface wear. At least 30% more cotton—all long staple—than ordinary linings. Special Treatment penetrates every fiber, prevents burning and glazing—keeps lining soft and pliable

$2.25 per Set—In Canada $3

Improve Your Ford with Advance Equipment

THE Ford owner who expects and wants better service from his car uses Advance Equipment sooner or later. Millions of Ford owners wouldn't think of using anything else. You can buy Advance Equipment with absolute confidence. Finest materials, careful workmanship, rigid inspection.

*You will find Advance Equipment for sale by every first class garage dealer and accessory store, except in car agencies where they are strictly prohibited from handling anything but their own make.

Send for FREE booklet just published.

Advance Automobile Accessories Corp.

Dept. 55, 1721 Prairie Avenue CHICAGO

Also Manufacturers of

Red Star Timer for Fords and Fordsons
Duplex Shock Absorber for Fords
White Stripe Cord Fan Belt for Fords
Advance Asbestos Brake Lining
Advance Feltbak Asbestos Brake Lining

ADVANCE EQUIPMENT
"Every Product the Best of its Kind"

THE RAWLEY STEEPLECHASE

(Continued from Page 7

has decided upon a desperate expedient and has no time for fooling.

"American, aren't you?"

"Yes, thank God!"

"Quite right. Quite right. Drive a motor-then, probably?"

"Yes."

"Thought so. Look here—I couldn't help seeing how pipped you looked when I rolled on the bridge wondered for a moment if you were going to jump off. Er—look here. You don't want to make a goodish bit of money for the next few days, do you?"

"All depends," said Jed, pricking his ears. "What's the matter?"

"Speeding. I've been burning the road for the last sixty miles, and the devil'of it is they think they've recognized me. They've fined me twice for the same offense, and this week they are putting them in jail for tricks not half so bad as the one I've just been playing. Now I happen to be very desperately busy this week and simply haven't the time to go to jail. One of those things, you know. So to come right down to it—look here, if you'll wear this coat and cap of mine, and jump in the seat and let on that you've been in charge of Ginger James all the way down from Coventry, I'll pay you ten pounds, cash on the nail, for every day that you're in jail!"

"Like thunder he will!" was Jed's first involuntary thought; but then that crabbed old mentor, Necessity, laid an invisible hand upon his shoulder. "Ten pounds," mused Jed. "Let's see, that's nearly fifty dollars."

"Fifteen pounds!" exclaimed the other, misconstruing the silence.

"Seventy-five dollars," thought Jed, his heart jumping a little, "and even if I was only in for ten days I could nearly square Miss Graham."

"Damn it, twenty pounds!" cried the other, with a quick glance over his shoulder. "But any moment now may be too late!"

Yet even a mouse doesn't enter the trap before taking a good smell at the cheese.

"How do I know that you'd pay the money?" asked Jed, approaching the other.

"I'll pay it to anyone you wish—the American consul, if you like—twenty pounds every day by twelve o'clock. If I don't, you simply tell the story and that's the end of me."

Far up the road a light was drawing near, flicking the wires in nervous haste, staining the tree tops green.

"Well, what do you say?" demanded the owner of Ginger James impatiently.

"I'll go you!" said Jed simply, already taking off his coat.

"Good old sport! I thought there was action in you!"

It took them only a moment or two to exchange hats and coats.

"Every day," said Jed, "before twelve o'clock you are to hand twenty pounds to Miss Lavinia Graham at the Hotel Plantagenet. You get that?"

"Miss Lavinia Graham at the Hotel Plantagenet," repeated the other slowly. "I catch you, yes. Beginning tomorrow. By, old man; good luck and much obliged."

With a quick wave of his hand he was off, and almost immediately had merged into the darkness.

"I ought to have got his name," thought Jed frowning to himself a little. "Still, it's all right. I've got the number of his car."

Walking to the front, he read it. "L. C. 1237."

The approaching car was roaring forward, as though in grim assurance of its right of way.

"Cops, all right," thought the young man on the bridge, and felt in the borrowed coat for a possible pencil with which to write down the number.

His hand thrust deeply in the right-hand pocket, he felt something strange and brought part of it up to the light to see what it was. The next moment a handful of magnificent jewelry was winking back at him—gold and platinum, diamonds and pearls, necklaces and rings, dazzling away with all the colors of a fiery spectrum, and seemed to be glowing yet when he let them slip back into the pocket from his nerveless fingers.

"Good Lord!" he breathed. "What am I in for?"

The approaching car, rapidly checking its speed, had stopped on the bridge, and two policemen were striding toward him—one tall and Iberian like Mulvaney and the other a marker for little Otheris.

"Stopped on the bridge to cool off a bit, like?" asked Mulvaney, stepping close to Jed's side.

"'E needn't have worried about that," said Otheris more grimly as he stepped close to the other side. "'E'll have plenty of charnce to cool off by the time he's out again!"

VI

ON THE way to the station house, riding quietly enough on the back seat of the pursuing car, Jed had a few minutes to think things over. It had been his first idea to give his own name and address, and to say that he had borrowed the car from a friend; for when you've said and done, there's no particular disgrace in being arrested for speeding in a strange land; but with a pocketful of jewelry, looking unmistakably as though it had been stolen, he wasn't so full of this idea of giving his own name. That, however, was as far as he got; for, truth to tell, he was more or less dazed by the rapid percussions of the last few hours, and the station house was much too near for protracted reflection. Jed, indeed, was still blinking a little when he got out of the car between the two green lamps and was led into a businesslike room with a long high desk on one side and a menagerie door on the other. At the desk sat an elderly sergeant with heavy eyebrows and walrus mustache; so that if the two officers had reminded you of Mulvaney and Otheris, the sergeant at the desk might very well have put you in mind of Mr. Kipling himself.

"What have we here?" he asked, looking down at the three in front of him.

"A bad case of speeding, sir," said the taller of the two officers. "We heard of him first in Leamington and then in Banbury. Upset a fried-fish stall in Aylesbury and nearly 'ad an old man in Watford. We picked him up in Southgate and followed 'im to London. He must have been doing seventy miles an hour when he gave us the slip, but we caught him again on the Putney Bridge, where one of his tires had blown."

The sergeant shook his head and looked at Jed, that unconscious speed demon and upsetter of fried-fish stalls.

"Ordinarily, of course," continued Mulvaney, "we would have been satisfied to give him a summons; but considering the chase he had let us in for, we thought it better to bring him here and make sure of him."

"Not his first offense, either," said Otheris, speaking for the first time. "Nor the second!"

"One thing at a time, please, gentlemen," said the sergeant, dipping his pen in the ink. Turning to Jed then, he said, "Name, please?"

"Paul Jones," said Jed after a moment's hesitation.

The sergeant stared at him in surprise.

"The captain?" he asked.

"If you like," said Jed.

Again the sergeant looked surprised, and turned his head so that one of his ears was trained more directly upon the young man in front of him an ear slyly placed and listening as though from ambush. At that Jed had a flash of understanding.

"It's my accent," he thought. "Doesn't sound English. I'll have to look out or I'll give myself away."

"Ha!" said the sergeant, writing it down. "Capt. Paul Jones. Have you your driver's license with you, captain?"

Not knowing what else to do, Jed made a pretense of fumbling in his pockets, but he wouldn't speak again.

"Perhaps you can help him," said the sergeant, with an intelligent glance toward Mulvaney.

Without more ado, a large, freckled hand was thrust into the inside pocket of Jed's borrowed coat and came out with a number of letters, which were laid upon the desk. The sergeant looked at the addresses of these, and then he looked at Jed, and then he took his ear out of ambush; no longer puzzled but indeed with the relieved air of a man who has had a narrow escape from being taken in.

"Ah, yes," he said with a satisfied nod. "I thought it was you, my lord."

"Knew it all the time, sir," said little Otheris. "'E was recognized in Warwick and in Leamington too."

The three officers looked at one another with the gratification of three fishermen who have found a very large fish in their net, and then the sergeant turned to Jed again.

"You will wish to give bail, my lord?" said he.

"No," said Jed shortly.

For the moment, you see, the matter of that confounded jewelry had escaped him; but at least his mind was clear enough to see that if he were out on bail he couldn't very well draw his twenty pounds a day for being in jail; and more than anything else in the world he wanted to make sure that Miss Graham would begin getting her money back the following morning, as the owner of Ginger James had solemnly promised him.

"You don't want to give bail?" repeated the sergeant, as though he couldn't believe his ears.

"No," said Jed, shorter than before.

"You mean that you prefer to spend the night in a cell?"

"Yes."

As you have guessed, Jed was confining himself to monosyllables so that his tricks of speech wouldn't give him away; but the others didn't know this, and they all three stared at their noble prisoner, possibly wondering if his scorching ride hadn't seared his wits a little.

"Well, as you please," said the sergeant at last; and dipping his pen in the ink again, he said to Mulvaney, "Better see if he has anything "

Again the freckled hand descended on him, patting, frisking, exploring.

"Hello!" suddenly exclaimed the sergeant as a freckled handful of jewelry was laid upon the desk -and another—and still another joined it. "What's all this?"

Well, there were three or four ropes of pearls, for instance; and bracelets and beads; and a diamond butterfly for the hair; and a wrist watch that looked as though the fairies had made it; and a ring of flat-cut diamonds and emeralds; and a platinum cigarette case with the monogram "Q R-H" surmounted by a coronet of pearls. And last but certainly not the least beautiful was an ivory miniature set in a gold frame—the miniature of one of the peachiest girls that Jed had ever clapped eyes on—and this, too, bore the monogram "Q R-H" surmounted by its coronet of pearls.

Looking up from these, the sergeant gave Jed a glance of understanding in which sympathy seemed to play its part.

"I'm sorry, my lord," said he in a lower tone than he had used before. "We will give you a receipt for these, of course. Your papers, however, you may have back, if you wish."

"Yes," said Jed, but wouldn't say any more.

A minute later the menagerie door was unlocked and he was led to a cement-lined cell of which the leading characteristics were the sentiments that had been scratched in the walls by previous guests, and a very strong smell of chloride of lime. And there for a long time Jed lay on the wooden bench that served as bed, reviewing the events of the day, pondering over the things that puzzled him, but more than all wondering who "Q R-H" could be, and how the owner of Ginger James could have been so thoughtless as to go away and leave those jewels behind him.

"Lucky thing for him that I didn't walk away with them," was Jed's last sleepy thought.

When he awoke in the morning he had daylight to help him, and the first thing he did was to turn to the papers which the sergeant had returned to him.

"M-m-m," he thought, looking at the envelopes. "Lord Beswick. That's me, I suppose. I guess Miss Graham's going to get her twenty pounds a day, all right."

He didn't look in the envelopes, but among them was an open letter, written in purple ink on lavender paper and scented like a perfumery shop in Cairo. Jed didn't mean to read it, but first a phrase flashed into his eyes "nice but norty" and underneath that appeared the words, "I thought I'd lost my undies."

"Good Lord!" muttered Jed. "Is that the way Q R-H writes?"

He looked at the signature, but the letter was signed Cosetta, and having gone as far as that, he probably thought that he might

(Continued on Page 66)

The New ESSEX

What Experts Here and Abroad Say About It:

"Hudson has produced a super Essex . . . . It looks like the proverbial knockout."—From Automobile Topics.

"The New Essex is a revelation of performance, ease of riding and of smoothness."—From Motor Age.

"Steers easily, even on loose gravel at 50 miles per hour."—From Motor World.

"A wonderful value—a car of which Hudson engineers have a right to be proud."—From Motor Life.

"Possesses qualities I didn't believe could be incorporated in a closed car at $975."—H. A. Tarantous, in Motor (U. S. A.).

and "MOTOR" of London, England, Says:

"For a very considerable time the Essex car has been one of the most popular American productions marketed in this country, and has won an enviable name for reliability and road performance. Good as the four-cylinder model has proved to be in service, however, the manufacturers have superseded it in favour of a six-cylinder model. It represents a very great advance in design on the old car, and is one of the most interesting American vehicles that has ever been imported here, chiefly on account of the fact that the engine is only just over two litres capacity.

"Outstanding features are the splayed rear semi-elliptic suspension, the sturdy frame, accessible power unit and components, oil system of chassis lubrication, general finish of chassis and bodywork, and the remarkably low price.

"So much for the details of the chassis. A short run on the road proved to our satisfaction that the car did not belie its appearance. The engine is vibrationless and will take the car along at so slow a speed as 2½ miles per hour without a tremor from the transmission. From even this low speed a ready pick-up can be obtained without changing down. For a 2-litre power unit the acceleration on second is terrific; in fact, it is one of the most lively cars in which we have ridden. Thirty miles an hour or over seems but 10 or 12, so smooth is the engine, while ordinary main-road gradients can be surmounted in excess of 45 miles per hour.

"The steering is particularly light for an American production, very accurate, and an ample lock is provided. The brakes, both hand and foot, could not be better, for they are very smooth, progressive and powerful in action. The transmission is noiseless, and in every way the new Essex six-cylinder can be put down as a real delight to drive."

"Even better than my former ESSEX" say Thousands of Owners

It is the most talked-of car ever brought out by Essex. Old owners say it duplicates the pep and dash of the former Essex up to 50 miles an hour, while far surpassing it in smoothness and riding ease.

Thousands who examine and ride in it daily are proclaiming qualities never expected in a car of its price. They call it the easiest riding car they ever knew. Safe, comfortable and steady on all roads at all speeds. A special design that will interest you accounts for that. It starts instantly in any weather. Steers easily as a bicycle. Gears shift noiselessly at a touch.

Even those who keep but casual track of gasoline and oil mileages are astonished at its economy in those respects. And the minimum service cost policy continues these economies in inexpensive maintenance throughout all the years it serves you. Ask your dealer for the parts price list.

And take a 30 minute ride to learn the facts.

2500 New ESSEX Owners Every Week That Tells the Success of Value

ESSEX MOTORS—DETROIT, MICH.

Hands up!

No bandit cares about YOU personally. What he wants is *your money.* Smile—and let him take it. Only make sure *beforehand* that the joke is on him—as the joke assuredly will be *if* you carry

American Express Travelers Cheques

Your Money is insured against theft or loss. These cheques can be used only when twice signed by *you*—once when you purchase them, and again when you spend them to pay transportation, hotel or other bills, or change them to secure cash.

In addition to this protection to your traveling funds, carriers of American Express Travelers Cheques have the full and most efficient Service of 26,700 Express Offices in the United States and Canada, during the entire business day. This is a very personal and helpful Service in hundreds of ways—for business or pleasure—an exclusive feature of these cheques.

Business men in every field—traveling salesmen, buyers, executives, the theatrical profession, etc., recognize the benefit of this Service and protection and are each year using these cheques in enormously increasing volume.

To vacationists—motoring, tramping, touring, traveling by train or boat, on the Pullman, shopping, or just resting at resorts—wherever the security of traveling funds, plus most helpful Service, is desirable—American Express Travelers Cheques ***are a necessity.***

Spendable everywhere, acceptable anywhere, these cheques abroad have long been known as the insured money of all nations. Right here at home—in your own United States, or in Canada, their use *insures* and *assures* a protective and personal SERVICE.

Issued in amounts of $10, $20, $50 and $100, American Express Travelers Cheques ***cost only 75c for $100***—75c for protecting your traveling funds, for most valuable personal service, and for your own ***peace of mind*** when you travel anywhere.

FOR SALE AT 22,000 BANKS AND EXPRESS OFFICES

American Express Co.

65 Broadway, New York

(Continued from Page 64)

as well be hung for an old sheep. So he read it all, which was, of course, a dreadful thing to do. When he had finished it he gathered that Cosetta had wanted Lord Beswick to meet her at the Blue Lion Inn, near Warwick, on Wednesday afternoon. There was more in the letter than that—much more—parts which made Jed blush—but that was the gist of it

"No, sir; that's not the girl in the miniature," he told himself with decision. "If Cosetta ever had her picture taken, it was for an old-time cigarette coupon. Wednesday afternoon, eh? That was yesterday. I'll bet he was coming back from Cosetta then when he was pinched—or rather when I was pinched for him."

He had got as far as that when the lock of his cell began to jangle, and a moment later the door was swung open and the turnkey entered, already pointing his thumb over his shoulder.

"Lidy to see you, sir," said he.

Jed frowned in sudden thought, but the other stood it in affable good nature, having the look of a turnkey who had been tipped very well indeed.

"A lady?" demanded Jed. And then with ironic mispronunciation, "A lidy? What lidy? What's her name?"

"Didn't give her nime, sir; but she's a newker. Pick of the tree, sir, if anybody arsks me. This wy, my lord. I've got her in my own office, so cozy as you please."

Jed followed, his brows still knitted together.

When he entered the turnkey's cubicle—that knowing functionary discreetly staying behind—the first thing he saw was the girl of the miniature—peachier, though; far, far peachier than any poor artist could ever paint on a miniature.

"Oh!" she cried in surprise. "I—I asked "

Jed put his finger on his lip.

"Sh-h-h!" he whispered; and feeling his heart go pitter-patter-pitter, "It's quite all right!" breathed he.

VII

SHE took a step back and then she stopped, partly perhaps because there wasn't much farther to go, and partly perhaps because even at his worst Jed didn't have much in him to make any girl back away. And while she stared at him, one hand unconsciously raised as though to keep him off, he looked at her and pleaded with his eyes, searching his soul for something wonderful to say, but finding not a thing.

"It's quite all right?" she whispered. "Why, what do you mean?"

Jed looked cautiously behind him.

"I mean I'm taking Lord Beswick's place," he whispered. "It was inconvenient for him—or something. Anyhow, I'm doing it, you see."

She had never taken her eyes off him, and now her expression softened slightly, and it was evident that she trusted him a little; although, of course, with those thousands and thousands of reservations with which every young girl has learned to trust a young man whom she sees for the first time.

"But I don't understand," she said. "It was in the papers this morning that Lord Beswick was in prison. And when I asked for you here—or rather for Lord Beswick ——"

Jed told her then how they had met upon the bridge and exchanged coats and places; and toward the end of his narrative she followed him quite breathlessly, and didn't back away from him at all—not even when he leaned over so that the turnkey in the hall outside wouldn't hear and whispered some of it to her.

"But why?" she asked at last. "I can't understand it, please. Why should you be willing to go to prison for a man who is an utter stranger to you?"

So then, of course, he had to tell her everything, including Miss Graham and having his pocket picked at the track; and as the recital proceeded, Jed's visitor grew radiant with interest, saying "Oh!" and again "Oh!" and once, even, "Oo-ooh!" to rime with "you," which is a very special thing for a girl to say and is never said to a man unless she's beginning to like him.

"Splendid!" she exclaimed when Jed was through; and after thinking for a moment she said, "And this Miss Graham—about how old do you think she is?"

"About fifty," he told her. "Fifty or fifty-five."

"Oh, I think it's gorgeous!" said she.

She stood there, evidently thinking, a necklace of beads rising and falling on her chest, first so high and then so low, that they drew Jed's eye.

"That reminds me," he said. "I think they've got some property of yours at the desk here."

She raised her eyebrows, and it struck him that this was a divine thing for any girl to do.

"I beg your pardon," she said, bringing him to earth.

"Oh, yes," he hastily excused himself, and told her about the jewelry.

"I see," she said when he had finished. "You changed coats, of course—and he hadn't found out that they were there yet," she finished, more to herself than to him.

For once in his life Jed had a true flash of divination. The things he had found in the pocket represented a return of presents—a broken engagement. He had already surmised that much. But now he guessed that instead of a melodramatic "Take back your jewels, for jewels can never buy me!" she had quietly slipped them into the gentleman's pocket when he wasn't looking.

"Just the sort of thing she would do," thought Jed, trying to look at her without showing his admiration. "She'd never pull anything rough."

"Of course it can't go on," said the girl, who had evidently been thinking again.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say of course it can't go on—your going to prison for thirty days. That's what the papers say will happen when you go to trial this morning. Indeed, if anyone ought to go to prison ——"

"Yes, but look here," said Jed earnestly. "I've got to go. Don't you go and spoil it. I've got to have the money!"

"Yes," she said, "and that was dreadful, too—having your pocket picked in England. You ought to hear dad talk about the Americans. He always says that we wouldn't have won the war if ——"

An official cough was heard in the doorway and the turnkey appeared with the official look of one whose tip has expired.

"Oh, yes," she said, "he only promised two minutes. Never mind; we shall see each other again, I'm sure."

She held out her hand—Q R-H with a coronet of pearls—and he felt an absurd desire to kiss it. Perhaps she sensed the way he felt, for she withdrew her hand almost hastily and colored a little when she smiled. Seeing this color and smile together, Jed grew daring.

"Do you mind if I ask you something?" he said.

"No—er—probably not."

It was an idiotic question. No wonder that he boggled over the first few words and let the rest of it come out with a rush.

"Do you mind if I ask you what the Q in your name stands for?"

She told him over her shoulder, "Quentina. Isn't it weird?" And the next moment she was gone.

"Quentina," repeated Jed; and you might have thought that he was repeating one of Swinburne's most beautiful lines. "Quentina—R-H. Some name! And some girl too! Oh, no; there aren't any pretty girls in England! Oh, no; they don't even know what beauty is over here! Oh, no; all they've got over here ——"

This strange outburst was interrupted by the return of the girl, accompanied not only by the turnkey but also by a clerk who had evidently come from the police court outside.

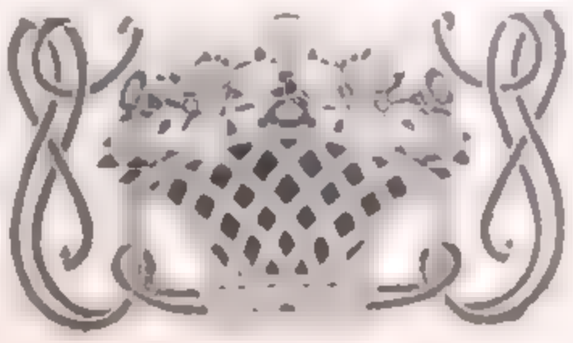
"I'm going to get my presents back, if you don't mind," she said. "I think he has something for you to sign."

Rather thoughtfully, Jed signed the receipt which the clerk held out on a pad. He didn't think much of it—Quentina taking her presents back like that.

They said good-by again.

At the outer grille the turnkey fumbled with the lock, and Jed saw the girl whisper something to the clerk. What she said Jed couldn't tell, but he heard the clerk answer, "You can catch him in his office now, my lady, but you'll have to be quick."

"My lady!" repeated Jed to himself with an empty feeling. "Still—I thought she was. My lady! And now she's going to take him back again—Cosetta and all!"



VIII

JED was late being called into court that morning. Cells to the right of him, cells to the left of him, opened and emptied, their occupants passing along the corridor, some with bravado, some despondent, to face the judge upon the bench—itchy men, poor men, beggar men and thieves—and although Jed expected that he would be the next every time the turnkey appeared, it was a quarter past twelve when he was finally fetched; and he passed through two iron doors and up a flight of stairs and along a dismal hall and finally into a court room which had the deserted air of a reception room just after the party has left.

"Next case!" snapped the judge.

He was an irascible little man—this beak upon the bench—who looked as though he only ate those things which disagreed with him, and Jed's heart sank every time he glanced at him.

"Thirty days—I might be able to stand that," he thought, "but this old bird looks as if he'd just as lief give me thirty years!"

An aged clerk began to drone the complaint, and as the different counts went slowly by in monotone, Jed could see himself in stripes, cracking stones for the rest of his life on some deserted moor.

"Where are the complaining witnesses?" snapped the judge again, when the indictment came to an end at last.

They all looked around—the magistrate, the clerk, the judicious-looking constable in plain clothes, and two old cronies who sat on one of the benches and held their hands behind their ears. But no Mulvaney appeared—no Ortheris—and nothing was heard but the constable shuffling his feet and one of the old cronies saying, "S-s-s!" to himself, as though he were a critic of the drama and was calling general attention to a miscue in the play.

"What?" demanded the judge. "What, what, what? No complaining witnesses?"

"I think they've gone, your honor," said the clerk after an uneasy silence. "They might have thought that this case was to be held over till tomorrow."

"Thought!" exclaimed the judge, fairly popping his eyes out. "So you think they might have thought! A pretty state of affairs! And since when, I would like to know, have complaining witnesses taken it upon themselves not only to think but to regulate the business of my court?"

The clerk apparently tried to duck himself out of sight, and made a great pretense of being busy with his records.

"I couldn't say, your honor."

"No!" thundered the little magistrate, pounding his fist. "And no one else will! I will look into this. I will make a note of this, and hereafter we will take particular pains to see who does the thinking. I say, who does the thinking in this court!"

At that, he didn't dip his pen in the ink; he stabbed it in the ink; and just for a fleeting moment it seemed to Jed that his honor's indignation was slightly overdrawn.

"My lord," suddenly exclaimed the judge, turning to Jed, "I deeply regret that the complaining witnesses are not here. In view of the fact that you have already passed the night in a cell, I am going to release you upon your own recognizance until tomorrow morning at half past ten." Grandly swiveling his chair toward the clerk, he made a gesture which had something omnipotent in it and continued, "Please make a note that Lord Beswick is to appear here without fail tomorrow morning at half past ten. That is all for the present, my lord."

"This way, my lord," said a voice in Jed's ear.

As the judicious-looking constable led him away, Jed fell to damning his luck again.

"A rotten mess!" he told himself. "All that nuisance for nothing, and no better off now than I was last night."

At the desk downstairs they gave him the few things they had kept from him—a bunch of keys, his fountain pen, a stick pin with which a desperate man, wearying of imprisonment, might conceivably have committed hara-kiri, or the happy dispatch.

"Then I'm not going to jail after all?" he said to the sergeant.

"Not till tomorrow, my lord, in any event."

"Good night! Good night!" mourned Jed again, and out he went into the sunlight sorrowing, Miss Graham looming like a thunder cloud above the troubled horizon of his mind.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The New Way of buying silk hosiery is the Real Silk way. *Our* representative calls at your home with samples. *You* save money by buying perfect-fitting silk hosiery direct from our Mills at manufacturer's price.

Every Pair is Guaranteed

These silk stockings are made to give Super-Service—silk soles reinforced with mercerized yarn—toe, heel and top of special processed lisle

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS

Indianapolis • Indiana

When anyone calls at *your* home to sell silk hosiery, insist on being shown the Real Silk gold identification button. It is your protection against imitators

This gold button identifies the authorized Real Silk Representative when he calls at your home

Ready folded for use

The Health Towel of a hundred uses!

In the home—office—factory—garage—wherever there is need for clean, safe, comfortable towels that *really dry*—ScotTissue Towels do just that because of their soft, white Thirsty Fibres.

ScotTissue Towels

—have changed the towel habits of the nation.

—have made it easy to have clean hands.

—have made it possible for everybody to afford a fresh, clean, individual towel every time.

—are the only towels that contain these marvelously soft Thirsty Fibres.

—are daily being used in many new ways, because of their extraordinary drying, cleaning and absorbing powers.

150 towels in a dust proof carton 40c
Canada and Rocky Mountain Zone . . 50c
Case of 3750 towels $6.15
F. O. B. Chester, Pa. (Factory)
Weight 60 lbs. per case.
Even lower prices in 5, 10 and 25 case orders.
If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your order.
SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
Chester, Pa.

Try the Handy Pack of 25 towels for 10c

For Kitchen Bathroom Automobile Office Factory

©1924 S P Co

THE CRUX OF THE WHEAT PROBLEM

Continued from Page 37

products declined progressively, and in the last fiscal year before the war the value of imported edible beef products exceeded that of the exports. In particular, the import of fresh beef in that year exceeded the export by more than 200 million pounds. This transition was due to increasing production costs and the decline of the range, in competition with rapid expansion of the cattle industry at lower costs, with opening of new range in Argentina and Australia. During the war the export of beef was artificially revived, but declined again in 1921. During the past two calendar years we have again been a net importer of fresh beef, though we remain a net exporter of cured and canned beef and of oleo oil.

The price of live cattle in Australia and in Argentina has been notably below the level in the United States. Despite cheaper land, more abundant range and lower production costs in those two countries, the decline in price of cattle has produced a crisis so severe as to lead to government action for the relief of cattle growers. Australia is paying what amounts to an export bounty on beef. In Argentina in the summer of 1923 the government fixed a minimum price on cattle, with the result that packing houses declined to operate for export trade under the circumstances, and after a short period of stagnation the minimum price was repealed. Though the price of cattle may not be regarded as equitable and remunerative in the United States, no cattle grower, contemplating Argentina and Australia, looks to the export market for relief.

What Europe Eats

In the case of hogs the situation is entirely different. The United States practically enjoys a world monoply in export pork products. Certain parts of Europe, notably Denmark and the valley of the Danube and adjacent areas, produce pork beyond their needs, and supply other parts of Europe. There is little pork production for export, in the broad sense, in Canada or Australasia, except for special products. Argentina has the beginning of a swine industry, since the character of her soil and the ability to grow alfalfa and corn enable her to produce swine as well as cattle. Up to the present, however, for practical purposes the United States is the sole international source of common pork products. This is especially true of lard and other forms of pork fat. Our exports of lard, bacon, ham, shoulders and pickled pork during the last calendar year were not far below 2000 million pounds. We export these products largely to Europe. The export is determined partly by price, but to a considerable extent by considerations of quality. Europe must import fat heavily to supplement domestic production. She can import either animal or vegetal fat; they have the same caloric value in the diet. But Europe, north of the latitude of the Alps, feels a definite preference for animal fat, and particularly for pork fat. The average housewife in Northern Europe, if offered lard or a vegetal lard substitute, chooses the lard, and this preference even overweighs a certain price difference, since these peoples are fond of the odor and flavor of pork fat as against the blandness of the vegetal oils. To a certain extent the purchase of pork products by European countries is an expression of their buying power. Since the United States possesses for the immediate future a practical monoply of the supply, a continuation of pork exports is to be anticipated. During the past year the export of pork products to Europe has done a great deal to hold up and stabilize the price of hogs in the United States. The difference between hogs and cattle in the export trade may be summarized in one sentence: We have ceased to export beef because of competition with lower-cost producers; we continue to export pork because we have no such competition with lower-cost producers.

The situation with respect to corn is more complicated. Only 15 or 20 per cent of the corn leaves the farm in the form of grain. The export of beef and pork products represents the indirect export of corn. Viewing the export of the grain, we have two separate fractions. We have an export trade to our neighbors, who employ the corn both as food and feed. We had a large export trade to Europe, employed largely as feed. This export was irregular before the war. At the close of the last century it ran in the neighborhood of 200 million bushels a year, then declined to one-third of that and rose again in 1905 to 120 million bushels. From this point on, the export declined progressively with fluctuations, and the average of the three calendar years before the war was 47 million bushels. The war provoked only a slight increase in export of corn, but this was followed by a huge postwar revival of export of corn, largely to Europe. Between January 1, 1921, and July 1, 1923, we exported 328 million bushels of corn, nearly 11 million bushels a month on the average. At that time the price of corn was very low, and Europe purchased this corn as feeding stuff because of its cheapness.

Since the rise in the price of corn that occurred in the summer of 1923, the export of corn, except to our neighbors, has declined to a negligible figure, something like 5 million bushels in the last six months of 1923. For months Argentine corn has been much cheaper than the corn of the United States, and Europe goes to South America for whatever corn she imports. The import of corn into Europe is practically on a purely price basis, determined by its feeding value. Before the war the countries of Northern Europe secured considerable corn from the valley of the Danube and the Balkan States and to some extent from Southern Russia. These areas are in position to deliver corn to Northern Europe cheaper than the United States can. The cost of production of corn in Argentina is notably lower than in the United States. The Argentine corn is flint corn, not dent corn, has a higher fat content, is lower in moisture than corn grown in the United States, can usually be shipped without artificial drying, keeps well on the ocean voyage, and is highly esteemed in Europe. For practical purposes, barring crop failures, the period of export of corn from the United States to Europe may be regarded as closed. When the American corn grower contrasts the position of low prices and large exports a couple of years ago with higher prices and no exports at present, one may be sure that there will be no appeal to the export trade in the name of the relief of the corn grower.

Price-Boosting Plans

In the broad sense, the analogy between beef and corn holds for wheat, and the forces that have placed production of corn and beef on the domestic basis may be expected to operate likewise with wheat.

The proponents of continuation of export of Federal-grade wheat from the United States suggest various more or less artificial devices whereby they hope the domestic price might be elevated above the world price, and the exportable surplus still disposed of.

One plan is a flat subsidy for wheat growing. The English wheat grower is practically in the same situation as the wheat grower in the United States. He cannot grow wheat to compete at home with cheap imported foreign wheat, just as we cannot grow wheat to export in competition with cheap foreign wheat. The British wheat grower is asking for a subsidy of one pound sterling an acre. A subsidy of five dollars an acre on wheat growing in the United States would have the effect of an export bounty. It is not necessary to discuss further the general bearings of this or any other proposition of subsidy to producers.

The price of wheat might be fixed at a flat figure by law, as has been proposed in bills that have been continuously before Congress during the past three years. This would mean a government agency to handle the crop, sell to the mills at the fixed price, and either sell the exportable surplus at home for animal feed or dump it abroad at the world price and pass the losses back to the National Treasury.

Peek and Johnson proposed a plan that has been widely urged for consideration, usually with modifications. The plan proposed the fixing of a wheat price on the

(Continued on Page 70)

NASH

An Exceptional Enclosed Motor Car at Practically the Price of an Open Model

The Nash Special Sedan

Six Cylinders—Four Doors

Here, in this Special Sedan, is exhibited the full force of the remarkable Nash ability for so focusing the forces of economical manufacture as to achieve a distinctly new and greater motor car value.

It literally is a car so far beyond anything yet marketed at anything like this low price that motor car buyers long restricted to open car purchases are awarding it a welcome so warm and widespread as to bear every aspect of a national ovation.

Mounted low upon the rugged Nash chassis, powered by the brilliantly performing Nash Six motor, is an all-metal panel body, fashioned by craftsmen whose skill is nothing less than art.

There are four broad doors, the windows are generously wide, and the extensive equipment reflects a nicety of taste and thoughtful consideration for your comfort paralleled only among the very costly cars.

Features and Appointments of New Special Sedan—All-metal panel, 4-door body. Spacious comfort for five full-grown passengers. Upholstery of blue mohair cloth. Fine jeweled clock. Tasseled silken curtains. Door pockets. Dome light. Heater. Foot rest. Automatic windshield wiper. Rear-vision mirror. Inbuilt sun visor. Kick plates. Three doors with locks on the inside and the fourth door locked from the outside. All windows adjustable except rear plate.

(2718)

FOURS The Nash Motors Company, *Kenosha,* Wis. SIXES

The Loveliness of Glistening Teeth

BEAUTIFUL teeth are your priceless gift from Nature. Keep them beautiful and healthy by "washing" them with Colgate's. It helps to preserve your youthful good looks and good health.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is a safe, modern dentifrice that "washes" and polishes, does not scratch or scour. It contains no grit, for grit scratches thin tooth enamel. It contains no other harsh ingredients.

The Colgate method makes teeth glisten. The non-gritty chalk in Colgate's loosens clinging food particles that might ferment and cause decay. Mild vegetable-oil soap gently washes these particles away, leaving the mouth clean and refreshed.

Colgate's is not medicated. No curative claims are made for it, for a dentifrice should be a cleanser, not a "cure-all".* Regular visits to your Dentist will reveal a need for medication if it exists. Your Dentist, not your dentifrice, should treat unhealthy mouth conditions.

Large tube—25c. Or, if you prefer a sample, fill out and mail the coupon below.

*A Dentist recently wrote:
"There are no 'cure-alls' in dentifrices. They are only cleansing agents performing the same function in the oral cavity that soap and water do for the hands. I heartily endorse Colgate's as one of the very best in the market."

COLGATE & CO
Established 1806

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P, 199 Fulton Street, New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream

Name _____

Address _____

Continued from Page 68

basis of cost of production and the price level of other commodities, the crop to be handled by a central agency, the exportable surplus sold abroad and the losses assessed back to the wheat growers. It was urged that if the price were fixed conservatively and the losses on the exportable fraction assessed back to the growers, expansion of acreage would be prevented. As modified by other advocates, the proposal provides for the creation of an export association, operating with government capital, to take the exportable surplus of wheat off the cash and contract markets, export it at the world price and assess the losses back to the growers, through some sort of excise tax. In the meantime, the home price of wheat would have risen because the country would be on the domestic basis. In this modified form the proposal avoids the government agency to handle all wheat and obviates price fixing. I do not believe it would be found practicable to handle the export of wheat in this manner, that it would be found feasible to assess the losses back to the grower, or that an increase of acreage planted would be avoided after the domestic price rose and wheat growers realized that the Government was handling the export.

Credits for Europe

Out of this type of consideration has arisen the McNary-Haugen Bill, which proposes a government handling of agricultural products far in excess of anything that happened here during the war. Not alone wheat but a number of other major products would be turned over to a mixed governmental commission with wide powers to fix prices, dictate operations of food manufacturers, restrain trade, monopolize export and indeed operate an incontrovertible currency. The general theory of the bill is arbitrarily to raise the price of agricultural products to the index number of wholesale prices in general. It represents government in business to the nth power. If enacted into law, such legislation would create havoc in acreages and chaos in the distributive trades, provoke a strike of consumers and lead to reprisals by foreign countries.

It is widely proposed that the National Government should undertake to provide credits for European countries whose imports are made difficult by internal economic difficulties. In effect this would mean a loan by our Government to a European country for the express purpose of purchase of wheat from this country. It is urged that such a transaction would raise the domestic price by giving us a preferential position—a higher price with deferred payment being more acceptable to Europeans than a lower cash price. If the wheat secured from the United States under such an arrangement were to represent an addition to the quantity of wheat Europe would import without this transaction, a positive increase in European consumption, this would reduce world carry-over and tend to elevate world price. But if the wheat Europe were to secure under such an arrangement were merely a substitution, a purchase of that much wheat from us instead of from the other surplus-producing countries, leading to no reduction in world carry-over, not a positive increase in European consumption, it is hard to see how anything would be accomplished except to stop-gap the momentary emergency. If such a transaction were to be consummated, and the period of credit were made long enough to lead European countries to expect improvement in the rate of depreciated exchange prior to the date of maturity of the obligation, the equitable sales price ought not to be the world price but a considerably higher price.

The Norbeck-Burtness Bill provides for special extension to wheat growers of already existing governmental credit facilities, with specified application of the credits to diversified farming, particularly the purchase of animals. The bill does not propose an extensive or radical expansion in credit facilities, and assumes for the Government no farm losses. So far as the agricultural program is concerned, the purpose of the bill is entirely sound and constructive, and if any congressional enactment is to be undertaken, the legislation contemplated in the Norbeck-Burtness Bill offers the best prospect of improvement with the least involvement of the Government.

The proponents of coöperative marketing advocate coöperative marketing of wheat as an alleviation of the position of the wheat grower, in the belief that the level of wheat price would be elevated, the seasonal fluctuations reduced, and the spread between farm price and the price of miller and exporter narrowed. So far as I am aware, the proponents of the governmental export agency have not argued that the operation of such a centralized export would raise the level of wheat price, but the proponents of coöperative marketing of wheat apparently do so urge. So long as the world market continues a buyer's market, as has been the case for three years, so long as the world carry-over is relatively large, one is quite unable to understand how a unified, centralized coöperative marketing of export wheat would be expected to raise the price level. To argue that experiences in the foreign marketing of steel products point the way for the foreign marketing of raw wheat is wide of the mark of precedents.

It is necessary sharply to differentiate between coöperative wheat growing and coöperative wheat marketing. There has been much quoting of California experiences in agricultural coöperations. Having had opportunity to study the constructive practices and gratifying achievements of agricultural coöperations of the Pacific Coast, I venture to make the following statement:

California experiences, used as precedents and analogies, justify the statement that wheat growing could be notably improved and the interests of wheat growers materially enhanced by proper cooperative organization, devoted to improvement of growers' practices. A properly constructed and executed coöperative plan of wheat growing would include selection and cleaning of seed, preparation of the soil, fallowing, method of seeding, combating of parasites, harvesting, shocking, stacking, threshing, cleaning and storage of wheat. It would have the result of larger yields, better wheat, a smaller volume of tailings, prevention of bin burning and other deterioration, improvement in milling qualities and corresponding premium prices. This would result in larger net return per acre. I believe rapid improvement in these directions is to be expected only through the coördinated efforts of wheat growers in a coöperative association.

The Effects of Coöperation

On the other hand, so far as the marketing or merchandising of the present type of crop is concerned, whether by pool or agency, I am not convinced that the experiences, precedents and analogies of the California coöperative associations hold out promise for a material elevation of the price level or narrowing of the spread in the case of wheat. On the basis of California experiences I should not expect the coöperative marketing of the present crop of wheat, in size, varieties and qualities, to make returns to the grower above those now received. These statements apply to the present situation. I do not wish here to controvert the proposition that coöperative marketing would raise the price level of wheat if the country were on a domestic basis. I cannot find sound reasons for believing that coöperative marketing would materially improve the price so long as we are on the export market; in other words, I regard the withdrawal of Federal-grade wheat from the export field as the condition necessary to price improvement by coöperative marketing.

But it may be interposed, when the wheat growers of the United States form a coöperative pool, this action will be followed by the formation of similar associations in Canada, Argentina and Australia, the conjoint efforts of which would effectively raise the world wheat price. Such a suggestion is sheer fantasy. If Europe were economically strong enough to pay a holdup price for wheat she would be politically strong enough to repel the holdup. If Europe were politically too weak to resist the holdup she would be economically too weak to pay a holdup price.

What influence would cessation of American export of Federal-grade wheat have on the world wheat price level? If wheat production in the United States were to decline to the domestic basis, this would remove one seller from the international market and tend to elevate the world price. Later increase in world price of wheat would tend to increase the acreage in the surplus-producing countries; and the fact that the United States had withdrawn from the

(Continued on Page 72)

It uses the best of everything all the way through. It gets the most out of everything used in running it. The Franklin is outstanding in this combination of fineness with economy.

FRANKLIN

You'll wonder how Topkis can be sold for a dollar

EVEN if you had never heard of Topkis you'd be likely to choose it among any group of athletic union suits.

You'd see, at the first glance, that Topkis has superior quality. And if you didn't know that the price of Topkis is One Dollar, you'd willingly pay twice that much—because even then you'd recognize Topkis as unusual value.

For One Dollar, Topkis gives you everything you could ask for in athletic underwear. No matter how much you might spend, you could never buy more comfort or service.

You can rely on Topkis to fit. There's no skimpiness anywhere. Ample arm-holes. Lots of stride-room in the extra long, extra wide legs. And laundering won't harm—Topkis is pre-shrunk.

And wear—man, Topkis certainly does wear! It ought to—the nainsook and other high-grade fabrics are better than you get in lots of union suits that cost double.

Good dealers charge One Dollar for the Topkis Men's Athletic Union Suit. All admit it's *worth* more.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c per garment. 75c for Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits, and Children's Waist Union Suits. In Canada, Men'sUnionSuits,$1.50

Buy Topkis by the Box—Six Union Suits for $6. You'll get complete satisfaction and cut your underwear bills in half.

Ask for TOPKIS Underwear Look for the Topkis label.

Write today for free booklet "Comfort from Neck to Knee"

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices: 350 Broadway, New York City

TOPKIS Athletic Underwear

(Continued from Page 70

export market would exert on wheat growers in the surplus-producing countries a psychological influence in the same direction. This increase in world price of wheat would be reflected in the American price, if one assumes that the American price, with wheat growing on the domestic basis, would correspond to the world price plus the duty. Thus cessation of export and contraction of wheat growing in the United States to the level of domestic needs would tend to influence the domestic price directly by removing the depressing influence of the world price on the contract market, and indirectly by raising the level of the world price. As between probabilities, it is fair to urge that the farm value of a wheat crop sufficient only to cover domestic needs might be materially larger than the farm value of a larger crop whose surplus must find a market abroad, no matter whether marketed by individual traders, through a coöperative marketing association or through a government export association.

It may be pertinent, and it is certainly not impertinent, to make three general observations. In the first place, the experiences of government pools in handling export surpluses during and since the war have not been satisfactory to the governments concerned or to producers and consumers of those countries. The latest illustration of this is to be found in the experience of the Australian Wheat Pool for the 1923 crop, a portion of which was held back from the market by instructions of the government to assure the local supply in the event of a short crop in 1924, but which was sold at a heavy loss later in the season. Secondly, if the United States were to adopt any export agency whose operations give foreigners even distant grounds for apprehension of a market manipulation, this might provoke reprisals that would lead to disastrous trade wars of unforeseen dimensions. Thirdly, the granting of bounties or subsidies, directly or indirectly, to producers in any country is a game that can be played in many countries, and it is one that a high-cost producing country should be wary of entering on. The latest illustration of such subsidy is to be found in Australia, where an export bounty is now granted on fruit canned and an additional bounty on the canned fruit exported.

Too Much Wheat Acreage

The foregoing discussion has been based on the consideration of wheat growing for export as a business of the farmer, to be judged in the light of remuneration. Is this scope of consideration too narrow—are larger interests involved? Something of this sort is intimated whenever the national importance of wheat export is under discussion. There is no elaboration of the proposition, but in a general way there seems to be a widespread idea that the export of wheat, like a merchant marine, is a matter of national policy and importance. If this be true there must be either domestic or foreign reasons to be adduced in its behalf.

Continuation of wheat growing for export might conceivably be urged as an element in the conduct of agriculture or of general business. In France the planting of approximately so many acres of wheat is a part of the correct rotation system of diversified agriculture. Have we a situation comparable to this? Does the rounded-out American agriculture of the present type and scope require the planting of 60 or 70 million acres of wheat, in order that the returns as a whole shall represent the relative highest efficiency? One will search in vain through the writings of national and state agricultural authorities for support for such a proposition. Quite to the contrary, the trend of expert opinion is to the effect that a lower wheat acreage than that of the past five years comports best with our present agricultural practice as a whole.

The element of safety is sometimes adduced. If our wheat growing were on the domestic basis, we should be forced to import wheat in the event of a short crop. Of course. But we are importing wheat for domestic consumption now. If, on the domestic basis, we were to have a short crop we should import wheat from Canada, just as we do now when we have a short hard-wheat crop. There is little likelihood of an army or an export tax standing between the wheat of the prairie provinces of Canada and the United States so far as the present generation is concerned. While we look vainly toward Europe for an export market for wheat the Canadians are enlarging their acreage in the belief that they will find an export market in the United States.

As an element in general business, however, it is clear that wheat export has a considerable meaning. The wheat flowing from farms to export passes through elevators, is stored in warehouses, is bought and sold by grain merchants, requires the services of banks and insurance companies, provides traffic for railways, material for port services and cargoes for steamships. The handling of Canadian wheat exports through the United States has a similar business importance. The wheat exports, domestic grain alone considered, of the last two calendar years were 265 million bushels. One does not need to make even a rough computation to indicate what a large volume of business has been involved in handling, financing and shipping this volume of grain. Unquestionably these transactions represent important elements in business. But is one to suggest that wheat growers should raise wheat without remuneration, or at a loss, in order to make contribution to the volume of business transactions of the country, valuable though these transactions themselves may be? In the year 1922 we exported some 158 million bushels of corn directly to Europe. Since June, 1923, we have exported scarcely a million bushels. That was a splendid piece of business in 1922; but is export of corn a plank in national policy?

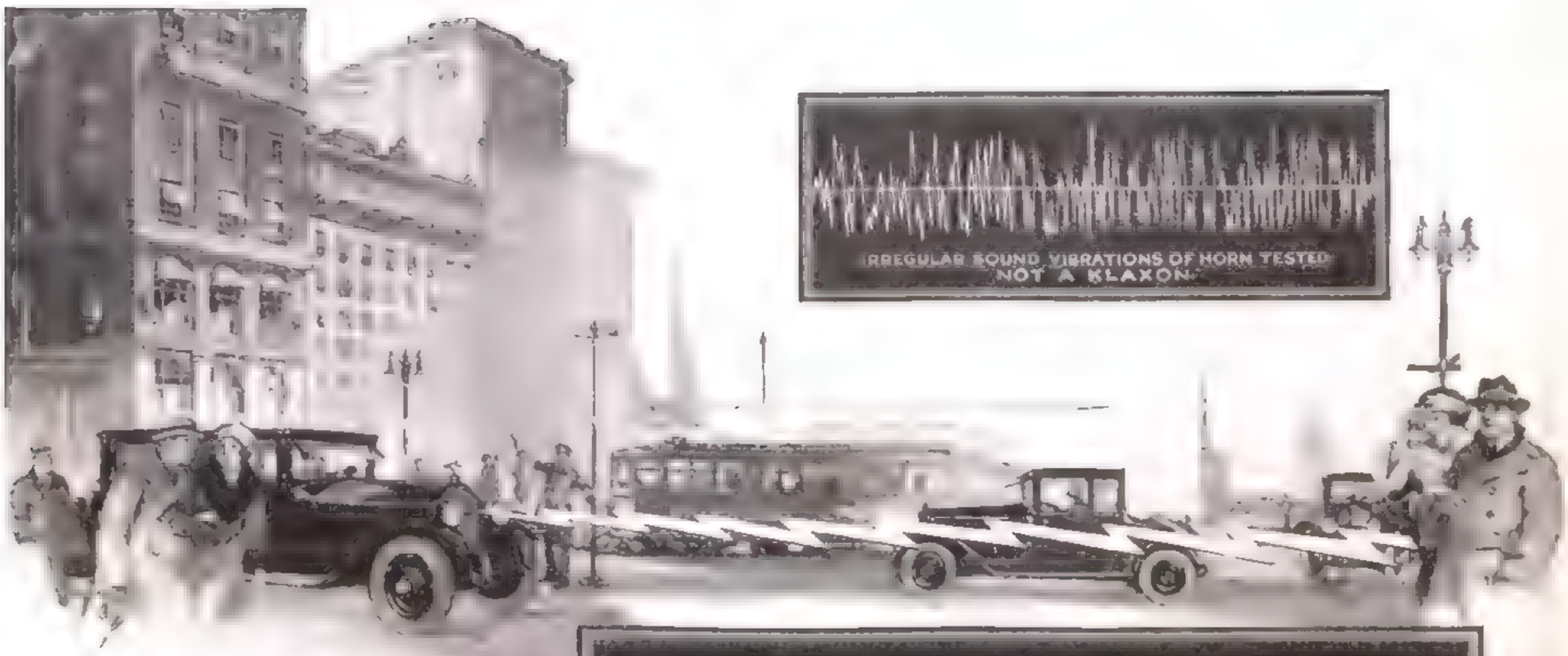
High Production Costs

Foreign reasons for continuation of wheat exports might lie conceivably in our international trade relations. Broadly considered from this point of view we might have two reasons for exporting wheat. The first would be to have the values of the export transaction apply to the international account of the country; in other words, to use the credit items of the export to offset the debits of imports, to use wheat to buy foreign goods. This reason can hardly be held to apply in the present condition of the trade balance of the United States. Our exports of goods are still considerably in excess of our imports. We are a net exporter of capital into foreign fields of investment, our immigrants send money out of the country, our tourists carry money abroad. If these three items did not exist, foreigners would not be able to take the present volume of imports from this country except by increasing exports of goods to this country or by shipping gold. In a certain sense it may be said that it is our foreign investments, tourist expenditures and immigrant remittances that have enabled European countries to buy as much wheat from us as they have done. A contemplation of the international account, as formulated by the Department of Commerce, does not convincingly demonstrate the national importance of continued export of wheat.

That a nation may export an abundant commodity in order to secure a scarce commodity is the second possible foreign reason for exporting wheat. Exporting wheat to Japan in return for silk is an illustration. But it is hardly possible to use that as a sound argument, when the commodity under discussion, like wheat, is possessed in physical abundance at the cost of depletion of the soil and without profit to the producers. Whether one views wheat export from the standpoint of value or commodity, it does not seem possible from a broad consideration of the facts to define continuation of wheat exports as a valuable plank in national foreign policy.

Accepting as the basis for the argument the figures of the United States Department of Agriculture for cost of production of wheat during the past three years, it follows that the sale of the weighted bushel represented a loss to the producer, including the wheat passing into export. For illustration, let us assume each bushel passing into export cost the grower 15 cents. The wheat exported in the form of grain during the calendar years 1922–1923 was 265 million bushels. At 15 cents a bushel, as illustration, this represented a loss to the growers of 40 million dollars. This was largely unrequited labor, providing Europeans with a cheap food, below the cost of production to the extent of the figure stated. It would be difficult for a government to urge that this loss to the farmers was more than counterbalanced by the

(Continued on Page 74)



In the top picture is reproduced an actual photograph of the jagged, rising-and-falling vibrations in the noise of an automobile horn, selected for this test—NOT a Klaxon. This noise merely adds to the confusing din and clatter of the street.

Contrast this with the full, even vibrations of the KLAXON tone, pictured underneath. Every Klaxon model produces this pure and penetrating tone, which effectively cuts through traffic noises. It is a positive and dependable warning signal.

Photographing Sound!

Camera Proves the Quality of the Klaxon Note

Science has made it possible to photograph the vibrations which make up a sound—and this experiment gives visible proof of Klaxon's wonderful quality.

Because of its skillful design, Klaxon produces a tone which rises almost instantly to full, even vibrations—and which may be continued indefinitely.

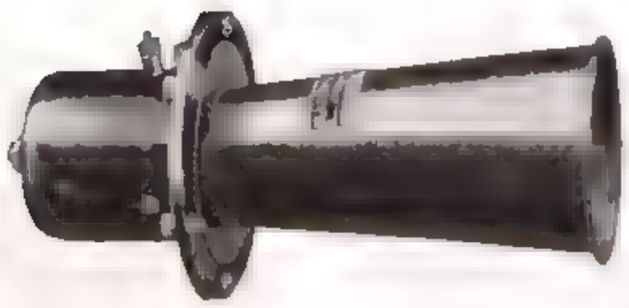
These vibrations are constant and clean. It is therefore a *pure* tone and it *penetrates* the varied noises on the street, which are far from pure tones. The Klaxon tone goes right through these noises.

In Klaxon the impulses from the electric motor *completely synchronize* with the vibrating steel diaphragm. This is one big secret of the even vibrations and the remarkable tone produced.

At the will of the user, the Klaxon note quickly reaches a powerful, penetrating pitch—and sustains that pitch until the finger leaves the button. Then, instead of finishing with a frightful rasp, the Klaxon tone always ends with an agreeable "please." It is always heard and always heeded. In close up traffic, when a slight warning is desired, the gentle "town-roll" is available.

Call on your nearest dealer and inspect Klaxon today. There is a genuine Klaxon horn to meet every taste and purse—one as low as $4.95. Drive safely—get your Klaxon now.

The KLAXON-12A
$10.00



Although selling at a moderate price, the KLAXON-12A is a fine looking horn of perfect quality. It is motor-driven, ball-bearing equipped, produces a full rich tone, and can always be relied upon. Ask your dealer to show you.

Other models:

KLAXON-21, $15.00 **KLAXON-8, $4.95**

In Canada:—KLAXON-8, $6.90; KLAXON-12A $13.75, KLAXON-21, $21.50

KLAXON *quality is safety insurance*

Genuine KLAXON Horns made only by

KLAXON Company Newark, N. J.

WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HORNS

FIRST AMERICAN MANUFACTURE

KNAPP-FELT HATS
for MEN

THE GRACEFUL LINES of the Dot, a popular Knapp-Felt hat for Spring, lend themselves to the whim of the wearer. It may be worn with a nonchalant swing to the brim, or with the natural grace of the original shape. It looks well either creased and dented, or in the English manner without dents at the sides.

KNAPP-FELT HEADWEAR, in its extensive range of shapes, colors and textures, provides an opportunity for the selection of the proper variety of hats and caps that the well dressed man requires.

KNAPP-FELT HATS are properly retailed at from Six Dollars to Forty Dollars each. Knapp-Felt Caps at Three Fifty.

Knapp-Felt headwear is sold by the best dealers everywhere. *Write for* THE HATMAN!

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH – *President*
620 Fifth Avenue – New York City

(Continued from Page 72)

business for elevators, merchants, bankers, railways and steamships incident to the transactions of export. But it would not be difficult for an expert in agriculture to point out that the loss of the wheat growers is much more serious than stated in the figure, because this export has represented an exploitation of the soil, a phosphate, potash and nitrogen impoverishment of the land, relatively comparable to placer mining or timber slashing

We are importers of nitrate and potash, exporters of phosphate. Phosphate depletion can be repaired from domestic resources, though at a considerable cost. The potash, pending adequate domestic development of resources, can be directly repaired only by import. The 265 million bushels of wheat exported as grain during 1922 and 1923 contained, at an assumed 10 per cent of total protein, 130,000 tons of nitrogen. The depletion of nitrogen can be repaired through biological methods, by cultivation of fixation fungi, but otherwise only by import of saltpeter from Chile or by chemical fixation of atmospheric nitrogen. During the two calendar years the import of Chile saltpeter into the United States was some 2 million tons. Comparing the nitrogen in the imported saltpeter—taken as pure—with the nitrogen in the exported wheat, one is surprised to realize that the nitrogen in the exported wheat was practically 40 per cent of the nitrogen in the saltpeter imported for all uses. The present import value of that quantity of saltpeter is about 15 million dollars. If one would convert the nitrogen, phosphate and potash exported in wheat into terms of farm values for those fertilizers in comparable amounts, one would obtain a large figure that must be added to the figure for direct loss, in order to estimate the total loss imposed upon agriculture in the export of wheat during the years mentioned.

It is not necessary in this place to present arguments against exploitative agriculture as contrasted with constructive agriculture. The one-crop system of wheat farming west of the Mississippi has depleted the soil, infected the land with weeds, reduced the yields and lowered the quality and condition of the yield. Canada, Argentina and Australia are doing the same thing, but they have not traveled so far on the road of soil exploitation.

The Wisdom of Hindsight

It was not my intention to conduct an argument on the subject of national policy in wheat export, but merely to sketch the broad lines of the situation. Clearly it is incumbent upon proponents of the view that wheat export represents an essential plank in the platform of national policy, to indicate how this may be carried on without loss to the producers at the very least, in fact with gain to the producers. I respectfully submit that this has not been done. Nowhere does the farmer find technical advice, based on reasons that he can trust, encouraging wheat export as a business. No one is able to explain to the farmer, in terms that he can define, how he is to make money on the export of wheat or make money on raising wheat for the domestic market at the export price. Raising wheat for export is not a public utility, to be maintained by the gratuitous efforts of farmers or by subsidy from the public treasury.

Hindsight is better than foresight. At this time it is clear that from the strictly business position of the wheat grower the following procedure should have been undertaken after the war:

In 1918 the United States Department of Agriculture issued a program of recommended wheat acreage by counties. In 1919, following the signature of the Treaty of Versailles, this program should have been specifically retracted and recalled through the county agents, a program of war expansion unadapted to the circumstances of peace. Wheat growers should have been advised that for a year or two, pending rehabilitation of European agriculture, the world wheat supplies might be short; but that as soon as possible European cultivation of wheat and rye would be revived. Also that revival was to be expected in Russia. Also that wheat acreage in Canada might be expected to continue to expand and that wheat growing in Argentina and Australia might be expected to resume the wheat expansion that had been checked by shortage of shipping during the war. Also that shipping would soon be abundant and cheap again. Also that Europe would try to secure the lowest prices on everything, consistent with terms of payment, and that as soon as world supply should get a little start over demand, our higher cost of production would count against us. Thus growers should have been prepared suddenly and radically to reduce wheat acreage.

Wheat growers should have been told, after this fashion, that if the war acreage of wheat were maintained it would be a speculation on world contingencies and at the risk of the grower.

How to Play It Safe

When world supply passed demand in 1921 and the world wheat market became a buyer's market, it was an error to advise the farmer, or allow him to believe, that European demand was low as a result of unsettlement, and that European settlement would result in immediate and notable enlargement of demand for American wheat. The farmer should have been told that the recovery of Europe would be gradual, not sudden; and that expectation of material enlargement of demand for American wheat, based on sudden restoration of Europe following political settlement, represented speculation by the wheat grower.

Now, in 1923–1924, with the wheat market a buyer's market for the third year, with low-cost producers in the world expanding wheat acreage, with European wheat production expanding, with the gradual and inevitable return of Russia to export status, farmers should be advised to restrict operations to the domestic basis, and should not be told that experiences in coöperative marketing warrant the expectation that such collective organization would raise the price of wheat sold in the export market. Since, broadly stated, the entire crop is sold at the price of the export crop, wheat growers should be advised that the largest measure of safety and the highest promise of price are to be expected through withdrawal from export trade and limitation of the business of wheat growing to the domestic demand. Any other course is speculation.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Professor Taylor

PHOTO BY HERBERT W. GLEASON, COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

Frenchman's Bay, Lafayette National Park, Maine

PIERCE

Fine motor cars are not chosen hastily. Pierce-Arrow undoubtedly is the most carefully purchased automobile in America.

The wide preference which Pierce-Arrow enjoys therefore is of more than ordinary significance; it represents the deliberate judgment of those who *discriminate.*

A study of any one of the twelve beautiful Pierce-Arrow models will reveal abundant reasons for this preference—for instance, the Four-Passenger Touring Car.

In this trim Pierce-Arrow, with its powerful Dual-Valve engine, driving is true sport; one has the feeling of handling a runabout, and yet it seats four companionably. Center armrests give club-chair comfort. The gracefully arched top is lined, making the car cooler in summer and warmer in winter. There are no visible bows. Hand-tailored curtains fit snugly. The leather upholstery feels thick and rich to the touch . . . in short, *Pierce-Arrow* through and through.

Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes—offered optionally at an additional charge—add a new measure of safety and enjoyment. Pierce-Arrow Distributors will gladly demonstrate.

The services of the Pierce-Arrow Finance Corporation, a Pierce-Arrow banking institution, will gladly be placed at the disposal of Pierce-Arrow customers who prefer to purchase their cars out of income rather than capital.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Buffalo, N. Y.

Pride of its makers makes you proud in possession."

When in Buffalo, visit the Pierce-Arrow factory. Courteous guides will show you how Pierce-Arrow cars are built.

ARROW

Carry it home in a

Sealright

Liquid Tight

Paper Container

Sealright *Leak-Proof* Paper Containers are made for packaging ice cream, moist foods and liquids

Where to turn your Ice Cream Fancy!

In the spring the whole world's fancy turns to the blooming outdoors! Picnics for the grown-ups—parties for the children, and ice cream for all!

Wherever *you* go take along delightful, healthful ice cream—take it *safely* along in a Sealright Container, or carry it home with you *regularly* and serve it for dessert So delightfully refreshing!

Sturdy Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers are 100% leak-proof, crush-proof, safe and sanitary Keeps ice cream in better condition, too, until served in *attractive, round slices.* Always ask for your favorite flavor packed in a Sealright. All convenient sizes, ¼ pint to a gallon. Many dealers have it *already packed* for you, firm, fresh and sanitary

SEALRIGHT CO., INC.
Dept. 4-A.K.
Fulton, - N. Y.

Also makers of Sealright Pouring-Pull and Ordinary or Common Milk Bottle Caps and Sealright Paper Milk Bottles

To remove ice cream, hold Container under cold water spigot for a few seconds Then remove cover, press evenly on bottom of Container with thumbs, and cut cream in attractive, round slices

This attractive window transparency identifies the dealer with Sealright Service. Look for it to be sure of getting ice cream and most foods packed in accurate-measure, leak-proof Sealright Containers

eat more ice cream

AS OTHERS SEE US

(Continued from Page 49

this old gentleman who played his difficult rôle with such consummate address during the tempestuous period of France's Revolution, had had before he went to Paris, besides his good home discipline and Quaker training, some fourteen years of diplomatic negotiations in London, with all the advantages of cosmopolitan life. That meant a rare amount of valuable experience during the latter half of the eighteenth century He was probably as fine and canny a diplomat in his day as there was to be found in Europe.

Gallatin, Jay and others who were sent abroad were men of conspicuous ability, and were picked for their positions because of their fine brains and not because they had brought votes or money at elections. The best the young republic had was given to diplomatic work during those early days. I fail to see why, having perfected the American system for the military and the naval professions, and having clothed and housed those experts appropriately to their rank for years, we should treat American diplomats as something so entirely different

I read, recently, in an article by a distinguished ex-senator who was giving his arguments against our going into the World Court or the League, that we did not possess capable enough diplomats. He contended that American negotiators would not be able therefore to hold their own against the trained and capable men put against them by old Europe. He cited the American group in Paris in 1918–1919 as proof of this. Leaving out of the question the right or wrong of his main problem—as to whether America should or should not be in the League or join the Court—one feels offended by his argument itself.

Aren't Americans quite justified in claiming sufficient brains, or even enough successful diplomats during their past, to prove our people's ability for self-defense? From Franklin down to the present generation, honored names stand out, marking the fact of the young republic's frequent success in spite of all handicaps. When one thinks of how little attention has been given the men's preparation, it would seem this nation can claim almost a peculiar genius for negotiation in some of the citizens intrusted with her foreign missions. Granting this, why not give the profession proper care and good surroundings? Why not make American diplomats what they deserve to be? It is for the mass of America's sovereign people to demand it.

Old-style diplomacy everywhere has lately fallen into disrepute and a new school is being born. The ancient fashion's objective was to obtain for one's own nation all advantages, by fair means or by foul. To be called a good diplomat led to the inference that one was, or could be on occasion, a polished liar.

Mr. Hughes' Declaration

The Versailles Treaty and the various conferences since 1918 seem to have proved clearly the unsatisfactory results of ancient methods. One of the few wise and really great statesmen of today by general admission, Mr. Elihu Root, has recently said—I quote from memory and may not be letter-perfect—speaking of reformers and their carefully elaborated plans: "They usually fail to take into account the very things which, if nonexistent, would make their planning quite unnecessary—human nature and its weakness."

This observation seems especially applicable also to political and diplomatic science in modern international intercourse. Most people will agree that the schemes of recent so-called statesmen have left the world in a sorry state. One can't but wonder if it isn't time to change to better methods, and to bring into fashion, perhaps through American influence, proper consideration of a fair balance of advantage among various nations. Suppose practical businesslike common sense should be applied to politics.

This new idea was apparently for the first time brought forward in the Washington Conference of two years ago. Mr. Hughes' declaration of America's intentions has been almost the only thing since the Armistice to bring real harmony to a large group of nations. It obliged the world to take a step at least toward general peace. Why should this not remain the note of all American diplomacy? With health, sanity and this great nation's power behind the innovation, it might possibly succeed. Ambassadors from this great country would continue very busy. They would not only be entertaining their compatriots, and officials of the land to which they were accredited, but they would also have to be prepared to guard all America's business interests. The job would demand knowledge, smoothness of manner, quick and sure judgment and a careful study of any people's peculiar traits with which the United States' citizens must deal.

America should not be willing to let her diplomats be fooled by any other people's It lowers the prestige of a nation, and is a disadvantage to each and every American when his representative shows poor judgment. I have in mind several cases wherein this happened; one of an American ambassador who was in St. Petersburg and who insisted that the psychology of the Russian people was exactly that of the young American colonists in 1776. He affirmed that, given a revolution, we would see the Russian peasants acting as had the ancient American patriots. When I inquired if he had ever studied Russian history, he openly said that he hadn't much, but he had been close to his own—America's—people through his business and his political life, and he felt quite sure that all populations were considerably alike.

Development of Common Interests

Suppose an American applied equally wild theories to business in his home city. In such groups we always see, on the contrary, all problems handled with most excellent practical understanding of exact merits. Men get together and rapidly sift any existing differences, bringing to this task the best of counsel. They are generally persuaded of the advantages of peaceful cooperation over cutthroat competition and are ready to make real sacrifices to keep the peace. Such is the theory on which American corporations and trusts are founded, I believe.

Yet in foreign ministries, all the world over, the spirit of cooperation on a fair basis has been singularly absent. Although public men frequently proclaim a desire to forward good feeling as between peoples, their energies seem to be invariably bent in gaining either political victories or economic advantages, each negotiator for his own nation. Few foreign ministries and few foreign representatives go to any conference equipped with orders to play fair or to help their neighbors. They let international good will take care of itself, and they apply their whole talents to correcting conditions which from the selfish viewpoint of each particular home country may seem objectionable.

Could diplomacy's first effort not be made into the seeking out and development of any common interests between two or more nations? This to be followed by a constructive endeavor to work farther along such lines harmoniously, creating mutual confidence and possible feelings of partnership. Such an atmosphere might be relied on to facilitate the solution of more delicate questions at issue between peoples Each negotiator would then help with his quota of wisdom. Instead of which everyone's attitude is of forceful vindication. Each country's theories or rights struggle for first place; and with armies and navies lurking in the background to give aggressive weight to his arguments, a negotiator generally makes his proposition to others equally armed. Each man looks across the conference tables of Europe at bitter opponents.

America's ideals are recently confessed. This country desires world peace and economic progress, and her ambition is to aid in bringing these results about. There are two roads; one marked "coöperation," which means favoring occasional concessions or honest trading for the attainment of common aims and advantages. The other road is marked "monopoly." Till now, propagandists for the latter course have had success and have led humanity astray, because they have been ever active and also generally quite ruthless in their methods; while exponents of the first and better creed have been content with proclaiming the futility of struggling against such odds, and have merely expressed their pious hope that eventually right might triumph.

(Continued on Page 78)

MARMON *can be depended on . . . . . .*

508

PROUD Marmon owners comment eagerly on the daily faithfulness and unfailing dependability of their cars.

. . . . . *Constant Mountain Use*

I purchased a Marmon for use of the Commission in May, 1922. Upon the recommendation of what this car had done, a second Marmon was purchased by the contractors. These cars are in constant use in drives between the east and west portals of the tunnel. Every trip to the west portal from Denver means crossing the Divide at an elevation of 11,000 feet. I know of no greater test to try the merits of a car.

W. P. ROBINSON, *President*
Moffat Tunnel Commission, Denver, Colo.

. . . . . *165,000 Miles*

My Marmon's history began with the war, and since that time I have driven it upward of 165,000 miles. It was often used for weeks at a time, driven 24 hours a day, by three different engineers. My chauffeur recently said: "Mr. Goebel, this Marmon gets better every six months!" To say that I am satisfied is putting it mildly.

J. GOEBEL, *President, J. Goebel Co.*
Clays, Crucibles, Chalks, New York City

. . . . . *From an Engineer*

I have owned seven other makes of cars in my life. After quite a bit of investigation and deliberation, I made up my mind on a Marmon Being an engineer myself, I feel sure that enables me to appreciate the fine points of mechanical construction of your car. It is in a class by itself as to comfort, and I find it very economical as to the consumption of fuel.

I have just returned from a 550-mile trip, and my average mileage to a gallon of fuel was 16.4 miles. The power is in excess of any demand I have had occasion to make on it. It surely is the monarch of the road. R. W. COMPTON

Member A. S. M. E., Manager Atlanta, Ga., Office, The Hooven, Owens, Rentschler Co.

. . . . . *Has Driven in 27 States*

I have just passed the 100,000-mile mark driving a Marmon car. This is my second Marmon, and I have driven in twenty-seven states and a greater part of Canada. I have driven the present car in seventeen states, three times to the Ball Mts. in Canada, and make a trip from Detroit to Jackson via Lansing and back once a week in the same day. Mrs. Baker has taken most of the long tours with me and says she will not enjoy any other car.

GEORGE N. BAKER, *Manager*
Mid-States Steel Company
Detroit, Mich.

. . . . . *162,000 Miles*

You may add my name to the list of 100,000-mile Marmon owners, because my Marmon has gone over 162,000 of the most pleasurable and trouble-less miles it has ever been my pleasure to experience in a long history of car ownership.

WALTER B. MCELDOWNEY, Canton, Ohio

. . . . . *Owns Twelfth Marmon*

I am now driving my twelfth Marmon, a 1923 four-passenger touring, which has given me exceptionally good service and satisfaction. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and that leaves nothing further for me to say of your cars, in view of the number I have owned.

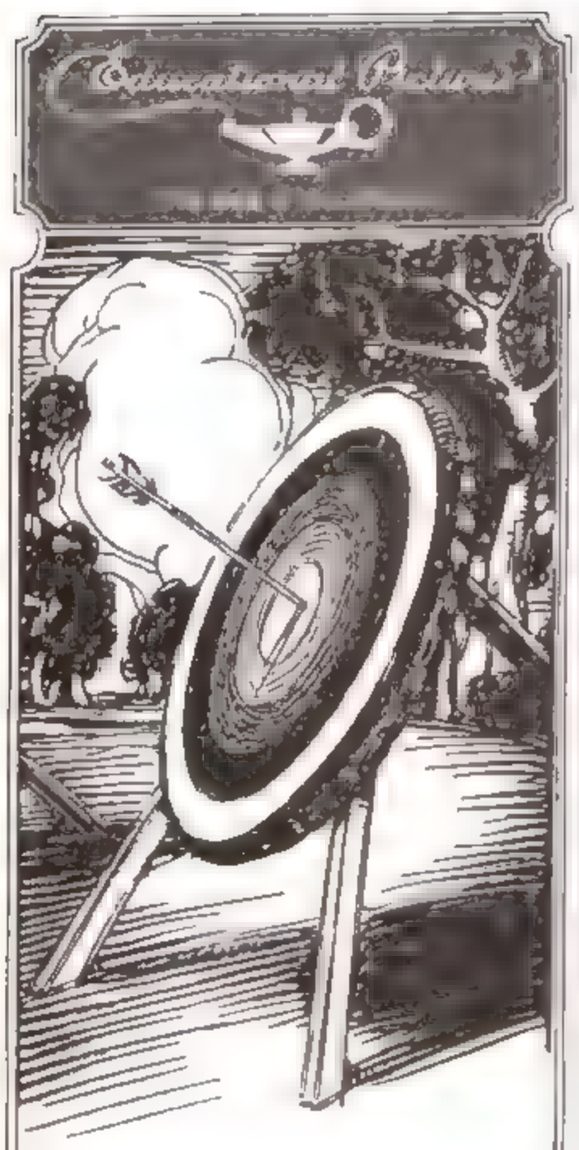
R. E. HENDERSON, *Treasurer*
The Carrollton Pottery Company
Carrollton, Ohio

MARMON

can be depended on . . . . . It can be depended on for safety and comfort. It can be depended on to deliver you at your destination on time and without fatigue. It can be depended on day after day and year after year under stresses and strains. And finally when the time comes for its resale—it can be depended on.

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY · *Established* 1851 · INDIANAPOLIS

MARMON



Hitting *the* Mark

A GOOD hearty laugh is the mark at which every screen comedy aims. When it hits the mark, the comedy is the finest of film entertainment, for what could be a better treat than a real hearty laugh?

Their reputation for consistently hitting this mark explains why comedies bearing the Educational Pictures trade-mark are favorites with all picture goers who enjoy a good laugh—and why the best theatres show Mermaid Comedies, Christie Comedies, Hamilton Comedies, Juvenile Comedies, Tuxedo Comedies and Cameo Comedies.

And the theatre which gives you the best in Short Subjects has many things to offer besides a laugh—thrilling drama, novelty, scenic beauty, an occasional community "sing", the news in pictures, wonderful revelations of the microscope, all the newest marvels of motion picture photography. For all these things are to be found in Wilderness Tales by Robert C. Bruce, Lyman H. Howe's Hodge Podge, "Secrets of Life", the Sing Them Again Series, Kinograms (news-reel) and Specials such as "Plastigrams", the Third-Dimension Movie.

The Educational Pictures trade-mark is your assurance of a good laugh, real entertainment and a liberal education.

(Continued from Page 76

Apparently support is more readily gained for the vindication of rights denied than for the development of justice or even general interests. The latter are made to appear as progressing quite well enough by themselves. Do any government and people maintain a bureau, or even a single official with the special duty of searching out interests which might exist in common between themselves and other governments and peoples? Several American statesmen have expressed this desire; but the struggle to give it practical effect encountered long resistance from traditions, or from organized forces striving to counteract such influences. It was found impossible to obtain from the legislating representatives of the American people adequate power to realize the worthy aim. A woeful lack of funds and the old spoils system, practiced with the approval of organized partisans of destructive competition even at home, have nullified righteous action.

Yet in spite of obstacles, on a few occasions some degree of success has been obtained. The results of the Washington Conference stand out as one glorious example of what can be done by simple application of cooperative principles to international relations, and have shown what the right kind of diplomatic minds, with due strength behind them, can obtain from other countries for the general good. The observation recently in the French Chamber of Deputies that America does not know the meaning of the word "perfidy" is a tribute to make Americans justly proud of the picked men who have directed foreign policy from time to time in the right way. Often also single, expert, wise Americans have been called in to arbitrate between two foreign nations, which so trusted to a man's and his nation's fairness that they were content to accept his decisions totally unchallenged.

Unrewarded Merit

But owing to the political character here of ambassadorial appointments, these highly expert, educated men, who might finally be used to direct American policies and stand up for America's rights, rarely if ever reach positions at their profession's head, or become representatives of the United States. I have known many of them as chargés or counselors of American Embassies in St. Petersburg and elsewhere; and though they often are sent on temporary missions to unscramble the eggs where there is trouble or confusion, and though they generally return with a fine record of success and often they are praised for their work by the Secretary of State, they never seem to go higher or to be sent on to the great posts as ambassadors. I asked one of them why this was so in his case.

He shrugged his shoulders and laughed, as he lightly replied, "Oh, I've been too busy grubbing out here in our people's interests. To get a choice appointment one does best to stay at home and gather votes for each new President. The people don't care, you see, about my fate. We real diplomats have to be content with doing our duty without much recompense or recognition. I'm fifty-three—older than many ambassadors; yet I'm only a chargé d'affaires. My present chief has gone home now, for it is near election time; and besides, things were getting hot and difficult out here. I think the game is very interesting here; but he didn't care to take a hand or fight for the success of our trade and industries. I like it well enough to hang on and do my work, which the State Department says is good. I'm content in the belief that some day our sovereign citizens at home will make a row over the dismal neglect of their best interests and will claim proper care of their business affairs abroad. When that occurs, there will be quick enough recognition and promotion for chaps like me. Now it is too late, and I am too keen, anyhow, to give up this kind of job and turn to other business."

Since our talk six years ago, this particular diplomat has filled three more foreign posts with consummate skill. All of them were difficult positions left unfilled because political ambassadors were afraid to face the difficulties with no special knowledge to bring order out of chaos. Each task finished, there was appointed some vague gentleman from home, who, having never touched diplomacy before, liked the idea of a mission at a foreign capital very much.

Once I asked an expert with a fine career behind him on what lines he would like to see America's diplomacy established. We were talking of some practical fashion in which the United States could hold its own and aid humanity at large besides. We had been discussing the possibilities of good from the Bok prize. We were not completely in sympathy with the League of Nations. Its asserted ideals seemed so visionary and its frequent practical failures seemed so discouraging.

When I asked my direct question the old diplomat answered at once: "I have often thought of that and even have a plan worked out. It is rather simple; too much so to please the mass of noisy reformers who call for universal peace.

"In the Department of State—the legal and only internationally recognized medium for our dealings with foreign governments—there should be a properly trained official, assisted by an adequate staff, whose special task would consist in making practical recommendations on the strength of information received from our own agents abroad, from other departments of our Government and from commercial organizations. There should be governmental encouragement and aid for the development of active cooperation with foreign countries, both political and commercial, on a basis of mutual interests. Agents of foreign governments in the United States should be made acquainted with such recommendations and their collaboration secured in Washington.

"Recommendations for commercial cooperation with foreign interests within the borders of the United States should be transmitted for consideration to the Department of Commerce.

"As to our embassies, legations and consulates, each representative of the United States in foreign countries should be required to make a careful study of local conditions in the country where he resides, with a view to determining wherein the Government and people of the United States have common or parallel interests—whether political or economic, general or specific—with those of that particular government or people. Coöperation along such lines should be obtained, of course.

"Experience has shown that the realization of a community of interest—the sense of partnership aroused—invariably facilitates adjustment of conflicting ambitions. This is neither an untried nor an unproved theory. Its practice has been the underlying reason for the successes of many of our best negotiators; but not only must our agents be imbued with a spirit of helpfulness but they must possess both the knowledge and intuition born of long service. In observing and dealing with foreign peoples they will then know what to do, when and how to do it.

"It is essential to the prosperity of our country that our foreign commerce should be preserved and developed. The policy of the open door, to which the American people are committed, is of the highest importance to various weaker nations also. Their collaboration in opposition to threatened monopoly is readily gained, and a precedent once established can be invoked in other fields."

Practical Suggestions

"The Department of Commerce should, through its own special officials, encourage and aid coöperation in the United States between American and foreign interests, and should transmit for consideration to the Department of State any recommendations which would be helpful abroad or between specific American and specific foreign business interests.

"All other government departments should transmit to the Department of State and to the Department of Commerce, respectively, any pertinent information which may come to their knowledge.

"The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the American Manufacturers' Export Association, the Foreign Trade Council and other private commercial organizations should undertake similar studies and should coördinate their own activities in this regard with those of the Department of State and the Department of Commerce.

"Largely, doubtless, because our forefathers, in the early days of the republic, found themselves obliged to improvise, they chose as the infant nation's agents abroad persons who had had no previous experience in the conduct of diplomatic negotiations. Those early agents were chosen with great care, however, from among the most talented and most experienced citizens available. Benjamin Franklin, Jay, Adams, Gallatin and all their colleagues and early successors were recognized as men of first-rate abilities and as especially fitted for work of the character they undertook. Candor obliges one to admit that, save in connection with two or three of our present-day missions, the standard then set has not been maintained, and our chief diplomats need to be of more appropriate material and of much better training for their labor.

"The early temporary expedient of choosing for such posts men who possess no technical training has become sanctified by custom now. But little account has been taken of the ever-changing world conditions, or of the fact that men of the stamp of Adams, Jay and Gallatin are rare. The supposedly ultra-democratic spoils system, the growth of which has been quite natural and inevitable, in its operation really bears a striking resemblance to the distribution of rewards under Oriental absolutism.

"Most Americans fail to appreciate what an important rôle, in its accumulative results, the conduct of our foreign relations plays in the life of the republic. Its devotees have not always lacked in patriotism, of course; but they have been and still are unaware of the harm its practice has worked to our national interest. As soon as the majority of our citizens come to a realizing sense of the fact that through this practice of the spoils system the United States is being poorly served and has frequently even been made ridiculous in foreign eyes, both the executive and legislative branches of our Government will be allowed and forced to work sorely needed reforms in this regard. The same standard of character, of attainments and of training as that for elevation to the bench of the Supreme Court should be applied to American diplomacy."

A Step Toward General Peace

Then he went on: "War must stay as the international court of last resort, I suppose, as long as man is human. I don't recommend a policy of spineless surrender at all; and as a matter of fact, experience proves that righteousness never goes far in international affairs, nor elsewhere, unless it is well armed and thoroughly equipped to hold its own in every way. So we must keep our country provided with adequate means for the efficient protection of our nationals. The more power we have at our disposal and held in reserve, the more we would find any stiff-necked exponent of destructive competition ready to seek a *modus vivendi* with us."

Since this conversation, I have talked with many other American diplomats, and also numerous business men who represent the practical and varied forces of this country. I have talked also with a number of foreigners who are wise enough to desire a solution of international troubles, which they know are destroying general trade and are sapping the vitality from both political and economic life the whole world over. Their ideas have all fitted into the plan of the very earnest man quoted above.

There is another type of foreigner, however, as is illustrated by a remark repeated to me at first hand as follows. An American diplomatic was telling of it, and he said:

"Some years ago abroad I remarked to a foreign diplomat that it was, of course, in the interest of European nations to keep the United States' foreign service as inefficient as possible. After a moment's reflection, the canny fellow replied, with a meaning smile, 'Yes; but we don't say much about it.' He might have added that, in the interest of destructive competition, care was then being taken by America's foreign competitors to encourage both our incompetent agents and our public as well to believe in their complete sufficiency."

The remedy seems within reach, and it is much less elaborate, and less expensive too, than all the arrangements and instruments which for five years uplifters have been organizing and encouraging with small results.

It requires but one thing to get this new arrangement adopted. That thing is the determined expression of their will on the part of America's own sovereign citizens—surely an easy way to mend one of the worst of civilization's ailments and bring about a better understanding among the family of nations. At least it would be a step forward toward general peace, and seems well worth a trial.

"THE AIR IS FULL OF THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS"

Your "B" Battery is the life of your Radio Set

THE broadcasting stations are transmitting wonderful programs for enjoyment in your home. Here a wonderful aria is being sung by a famous soprano—there a radio drama is being given. Here is a play-by-play report of some important athletic event—there an address of national importance. The successful reproduction of all these is absolutely dependent upon the quality of your "B" Battery, for without its silent, energizing current your set would be lifeless—mute.

The makers of Eveready "B" Batteries have a thirty-year background of experience in battery making. They have expended millions in money and time, in men and methods, in machinery and laboratory research, to bring the dry cell to its highest point of efficiency. They have pioneered and assisted in the march of radio, and out of this broad experience have contributed that marvel of vitality and endurance—the Eveready "B" Battery—that your radio set may pulsate with life and bring forth thrilling speech and rippling music.

Be good to your set. Equip it with Eveready "B" Batteries that will serve and endure. Use Eveready Batteries throughout your set, for there is an Eveready Radio Battery for every radio use—the right battery by test and proof.

Insist on Eveready Batteries—they last longer.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc., New York and San Francisco
Headquarters for Radio Battery Information
CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., Limited. *Factory and Offices:* Toronto, Ontario

[illegible] and money-saving booklets on radio batteries sent free on request. If you have any questions regarding radio batteries [illegible] to Radio Division, National Carbon Company, Inc., Thompson Avenue and Manley Street, Long Island City, N.

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
—they last longer

Fixed-Focus Bulbs for Your Headlamps

INTO the night you drive, depending for safety upon the bulbs in your headlamps. No matter what make of car, or its price, the bulbs become the most important parts of your equipment.

Will you risk life and property on ordinary bulbs, or feel more confident when TUNG-SOL lights the way? The difference in bulbs may mean the difference between trouble and a pleasant drive.

TUNG-SOL Fixed-Focus bulbs have been especially built for use with reflectors having a permanently set focus. It is the accuracy with which the filaments are placed *exactly* in the focal center of the bulb that makes this possible.

They can also be used in reflectors with adjustable sockets. When the correct adjustment has once been obtained, replacements with TUNG-SOL Fixed-Focus are readily made without further adjustment and the light will be in perfect focus.

TUNG-SOL

The Quality Bulb for Motor Cars

All TUNG-SOL Bulbs are of the same high quality and superior craftsmanship. Each TUNG-SOL is identical with the other in long life and efficiency. When you need new bulbs, ask the dealer for "TUNG-SOL".

If your car is equipped with the new Flatlite Reflector, be sure you get TUNG-SOL Fixed-Focus Bulbs. Look for the name stamped on the base.

MINIATURE INCANDESCENT LAMP CORPORATION
Newark, N. J.

Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

HERE COMES THE BRIBE

(Continued from Page 11)

you into this, the leastest I can do is to save you from being bothered. I has even notified the lads we's named."

"That's nice," says I; "but ——"

"'S all right, Dink," cuts in Luke. "They ain't no thanks necessary. It's maybe taken up some of my time and all that; but when I likes a guy, going to trouble for him's a pleasure."

"Yeh," I returns; "but how about them fifty or sixty birds I promised plums to?"

"Albany," answers Cravens, prompt, "is quite a town. They is a coupla good hotels, and I knows a restaurant I'll take you to, where you orders tea and gets what you meant."

Not caring nothing about them jobs at Doughmore, I don't chase the subject no further. Anyways, I don't aim to stay long. My ideas is to stick around the legislature just enough to see what makes the thing tick and maybe pull a stunt or two that'll get me in bad with the jokes at home, after which me and politics'll call it a day.

Luke makes me acquainted with a bunch of bobos that is supposed to run the works and winds up by taking me to the mansion to meet the governor. He turns out to be a decent feller.

"I has heard a lot about you," says he to me.

"I've seen your name mentioned, too," I comes back, not to be undone in courtesies.

"I wanna talk to you some day about taxes," he goes on. "I understands you has studied 'em deep."

"Governor," I replies, "I don't wanna brag, but if they is anything about taxes I don't know it musta been sprung the day after tomorrow."

"That's fine," smiles the big chief. "They is causing us a lotta trouble."

"Unwrinkle your brow, gov," I cuts in. "My golf bill will solve everything."

"I must look into it," says he, and me and Cravens beats it.

"I thought," remarks Luke, "that you canned that tax idea of yourn when the Doughmorons started being for it."

"No," I tells him, "I'm going through with it just to prove to them coupon barbers that they give me the wrong rap."

"Well," says Cravens, looking at me kinda narrow, "the play might work out good for you at that."

"You mean," I asks, "the bill might pass?"

"It's got as much chance of doing that," he answers, "as one of them ducks of yourn would have in a scrap with three wildcats, four hyenas and a pair of Australian gluffaws."

"I don't get you," I returns, puzzled.

"No?" smiles Luke. "All right, Rollo, roll your own hoop. If you should want me to cut in later on, you knows where to find me."

I'm still all up in the air trying to figure out what Cravens's been driving at when I gets to the hotel by myselfs and runs into Shem Conover, a baby from up in the state that was knocked down to me earlier in the day as a real slicker in jamming stuff through the House.

"I been waiting to see you," says he. "I wanna little chin-chin."

"About which?" I inquires.

"That golf-tax bill you're touting," he answers. "Need any help?"

"I ain't so sure I'm going through with it," I tells him, not liking the bimbo's looks.

"Who's been talking to you?" he asks, slipping me the narrow eye like Cravens done.

"What you getting at?" I yelps getting kinda peeved at the mystery stuff.

"Listen, bo," says Conover, "and don't try and gruff me off the lay. If you wanna get any action with that bill of yourn you gotta be sweet to me. I'm chairman of the committee that's gonna get it, and if you don't put me in the line-up ——"

"What'll you do?" I barks.

"I'll fix it," he comes back, slow, "so that the chloroform won't work when you want it to, and when you gets ready to deliver the body you'll find the livest corpse you ever seen."

"I'll sue the Central for this," says I. "When a lad buys a ducat for Albany they ain't got no right to dump him off at Matteawan."

"You're in Albany, little one," remarks Conover, cold; "and when you is in Albany you gotta do like the Albanians does. Do I get a hand dealt me?"

"I ain't gonna introduce the bill," I growls, "and besides ——"

"Too late," interrupts Shem. "If you run out on it I'll have it introduced as a committee measure. The idea's too cushy to drop. They worked it with patent medicine down in Arkansas and with baking powder out in Missouri, but the golf act's a new one on the sandbag circuit. Give it a coupla thinks," he finishes up, and drifts away casual.

I looks around expecting a guy in blue with a bunch of keys to grab him, but nothing like that don't happen. Dizzy and woozy, I drifts across the street to the restaurant Luke told me about and squats me down.

"What'll you have?" asks the waiter.

"A cup of tea, God forbid," says I.

It's wonderful what a little oolong will do for a lad that gets the kind he means instead of the sort he asks for, and right away I begins to perk up some. But it don't last long. I'm about to yell for an encore when I looks up to see a feller standing besides me, a stout, surtaxy appearing citizen with a wide grin.

"Know who I am?" he inquires.

"Considering the luck I been in all day," I answers, "you couldn't be nothing excepting a revenue agent."

"My card, Mr. O'Day," says he, and slips it.

"'August P. Stevens,'" I reads aloud, and then to myselfs, "'representing the Universal Outdoor Co.'"

"You cover all that territory by yourselfs?" I asks.

"No," he comes back; "I'm mostly in Albany and Washington."

"What do you sell," I wants to know, "scenery or air?"

"I don't sell," he returns, looking me straight in the eyes. "I buy."

"What?" I asks.

"Different things," he answers, evasive. "I suppose you know we is one of the largest sporting-goods houses in the world. Naturally, we is interested in your bill to tax golf balls and sticks. Shall I sit down?"

"If your lumbago'll let you," I replies; "but you might as well know later than sooner that I've heard enough of that bill this afternoon to last me until three weeks after my funeral. I ain't even sure I'm gonna flip it into the hopper."

"The boys around here," says Stevens, "'ll tell you that I'm a square shooter and don't mince up no words. With me a spade's a spade and I know how to dig. What do you need to help you make up your mind about that bill?"

"Which way?" I mumbles, fanning for time.

What a zero brain I'd been not to get jerry to that talk of Luke and Conover about sandbags and chloroform and the such!

"Our way, of course," answers the sporting-goods man. "You forget the golf tax and we'll not forget you."

"I see," says I; "you wanna bribe me not to put the bill in."

"Oh," returns Stevens, "you can put it in; but it'll get sick in the committee room, be operated on and die under the ether. All you gotta do is to let the dead stay dead and get all wound up in something else. You ain't got a thing to lose. They ain't no chance of jamming the tax over and ——"

"What do you wanna buy me off for then?" I cuts in.

"Well," says Stevens, "they is always a outside possibility of anything going through in the last-minute rush. Besides, we don't wanna have taxes on balls and clubs even discussed."

"You can't stop that," I retorts. "I'm full of it now."

"Full of what?" he inquires.

"Disgust," I snaps, and ducks outta the place.

At a Prominent Winter Resort, Mr. E. Z Mark Has Been Told to Tip Whenever He Sees an Extended Palm

IV

THEY ain't no meeting of the legislature the next day, and I runs down to Doughmore, first having wired Cravens that I was coming and for him to meet me. I ain't one of them holier than thous, but raw work always did get me sore, even in them times when I didn't ask a dollar bill for references. Luke sees right off that I'm riled.

"Do I look like a grafter?" I asks.

"The light ain't so good here," he comes back, calm. "What makes you doubtful?"

I cuts loose and tells him everything that happened to me in Albany after he left. He listens with about as much excitement as if I was retailing a bright crack pulled by my third cousin's infant progeny.

"You don't seem surprised none," I remarks at the finish. "Is they all dips up in Albany?"

"No," replies Luke, "they is about 95 per cent honest; but at every session in every legislature they is always a few sandbaggers—guys that push in stick-up bills, not with any hopes of passing 'em, but on a gamble that somebody will get all scared up and buy 'em off. The railroads used to be the prize marks, but ——"

"Say," I shoots out a yelp, "you ain't got no ideas that I'm a sandbagger, is you?"

"Well," returns Cravens, "at first I thought that blah of yours about golf and ducks was just some pretty fun you was having with the Doughmorons; but when it flopped with them and you kept right on yelling tax, even in front of the governor, I begun to get a little suspicious."

"Honey sweets the Malay's pants!" I hollers.

"Huh?" inquires Luke.

"That's Latin," I explains, "for lads with evil minds that thinks everybody else is got 'em."

"Evil mind, eh?" says Cravens, kinda peevish. "Any bird that'll go to the front for a new nuisance tax, when everybody in the country is nearly bent over double carrying the load of 'em they is got now, is either a stupe or a grafter. And you ain't so stupish."

"Damn it," I barks, "I'll ——"

"Listen to me," interrupts Luke. "I ain't calling you a crook, but what do you expect people'll think of a bobo in these times that'll talk up another gouge, and picks out a nice juicy game like golf for the victim?"

"I was only kidding," I mumbles, feeble.

"I suppose," admits the chairman; "but like the feller remarked after lugging a careless baby six blocks, they is such a thing as carrying a kid too far."

"It seems to me," says I, suddenly remembering his stuff in Albany, "you was willing to take your bit."

"I was," he answers, cool. "I don't never throw no spoons away when it's raining soup."

"Gosh," I groans, "I'm in a swell fix. If I don't introduce that bill now they'll say I been bought off. If I does, I'll have to go to the mat for it and keep fighting all the time. I'm gonna resign," I announces, blunt.

"That'll be the worst yet," says Cravens. "Then they'll figure you was bought off good and was afraid of a investigation."

"What shall I do?" I asks.

"Just forget all about it," advises Luke. "I'll fix things with Stevens and Conover so nothing'll ever be mentioned about the golf bill."

"Sure you can?" I wants to know.

"Certain sure," says Cravens. "Wasn't I the guy that sent 'em to see you?"

On the way to the house I meets up with Lizzie.

"I just been to the Monday Club," she tells me. "You still wanna hire a hall?"

"No," I answers, "not a hall—a hole."

"A hole?" repeats Lizzie. "What you gonna do with a hole?"

"Crawl in," says I.

The Name Behind a Thousand Glorious Hours

—hours charged with fascinating experience of dream-happiness come true and the foot of the rainbow found at last!

Monotony is nobody's fate today if they've sight and sense!

Go where a Paramount Picture's showing. Go there where the world's on show!

"If it's a Paramount Picture
it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

At the Metropolitan in Los Angeles

The Metropolitan Theatre, Los Angeles, [illegible] in America [illegible] most [illegible] in the world. Paramount [illegible] magnificence presented [illegible] the [illegible]

Paramount Pictures

PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR - PRESIDENT
[illegible]

NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

[illegible] and Jesse L. Lasky present
GLORIA SWANSON in
"THE HUMMING BIRD"
A [illegible] from the play [illegible] Made[illegible] [illegible] Screen[illegible] [illegible]

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
ZANE GREY'S
"THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"
An IRVIN WILLAT Production with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes. [illegible] by Albert Shelby Le Vino

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"PIED PIPER MALONE"
By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
POLA NEGRI in "SHADOWS OF PARIS"
A HERBERT BRENON Production. Supported by [illegible] Adapted by [illegible] Written for the screen by [illegible]

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"THE CONFIDENCE MAN"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. By [illegible]. Adapted by Paul Sloane. Directed by Victor Heerman.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
KATE JORDAN'S
"THE NEXT CORNER"
A SAM WOOD Production with [illegible] Lon Chaney, Dorothy Mackaill, Ricardo Cortez and Louise Dresser. From the novel and play by Kate Jordan. Written for the screen by Monte Katterjohn.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"ICE BOUND"
A WILLIAM de MILLE Production of the Pulitzer [illegible] play by Owen Davis. With Richard Dix and [illegible] Screen [illegible] Clare Bezanger.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"A SOCIETY SCANDAL"
Starring GLORIA SWANSON. An ALLAN DWAN Production. From the play by Alfred Sutro. Adapted by Forrest Halsey.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"THE FIGHTING COWARD"
A JAMES CRUZE Production with Ernest Torrence, Mary Astor, Cullen Landis, Phyllis Haver, Noah Beery. By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Walter Woods.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW"
A GEORGE MELFORD Production. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. With Jacqueline Logan. Adapted by Harvey Thew.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"THE STRANGER"
A JOSEPH HENABERY Production with Richard Dix, Betty Compson, Lewis Stone and Tully Marshall. From the story, "The First and the Last" by John Galsworthy. Written for the screen by Edfrid Bingham.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
CECIL B. De MILLE'S Production
"TRIUMPH"
With Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Victor Varconi, Charles Ogle, Julia Faye, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson, Zasu Pitts, George Fawcett and Raymond Hatton. Screen play by Jeanie Macpherson. Founded on story by May Edginton.

Why drive a shabby car?

There's an automobile painter in your town—

Give the finish on your automobile a square deal! Let the professional painter revarnish it with Valentine's Varnish before it has begun to perish.

He has the equipment, the skill and the experience to apply a finish such as no amateur can possibly turn out—and with Valentine's Varnish he will give you a 100% job.

"A stitch in time saves nine," and a coat of Valentine's Varnish applied in time will save the nine or more coats of paint on your automobile from complete destruction. And it will save your pocketbook 80% of the cost of a complete repaint job.

Valentine's Varnishes are the first choice for high grade work the world over. The most famous automobile and body builders and the finest paint shops use them as a matter of course. Your automobile painter is probably no exception to the rule.

The photograph above was taken in the paint shop of Brewster & Co.—internationally famous as the builders of fine coach work. They have used Valentine's Varnishes exclusively for over half a century.

There is no need to drive a shabby car. Have it refinished with Valentine's Varnish before the summer season is in full swing and have a car you can again be proud to drive.

See the automobile painter in your town today.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. Fuller & Co., Pacific Coast

VALENTINE'S Automobile VARNISHES

Postscript

If there is no professional automobile painter near you—or if you wish to finish your [illegible] Valspar-[illegible], of course. They are [illegible]-proof, [illegible] proof and [illegible] to apply.

MONEY MUD

Continued from Page 31

was young and the hour for peremptory command was not yet come. "Show busy an' shine dese shoes I got on, an' den I shines yours, an' folks stops an' steps in."

Demmy shined the Wildcat's shoes, and then the dummy customer shined his pardner's shoes, and it was the second hour of the afternoon of the first business day.

Demmy shined the Wildcat's shoes again, grumbling this time, but impotent in the clutch of superior authority. "Go on an' shine dem shoes, Demmy, whilst I reads into dis papeh."

The second in command began work with a sullen languor that was poor advertising for the Cyclone establishment. "You kaint read no papeh bottom side up," he complained, wrapping his real sentiments in a neutral covering of mere words.

"Who is a-readin' in dis papeh—me o' you? Read yo' own papeh up an' down, sideways, antigodlin' o' roun' an' roun' does you crave to. All Ise readin' is a view of a man loopin' de loop in a flyin' machine, an' I turns him bottom side up to make it mo' dangerous an' excitin', so I don't fall to sleep. Does he fall de way I reads him he falls up an' gits to be a angel widout havin' to change his clothes."

"Ain't nuthin' but de soul goes on high." Lacking other weapons Demmy persisted in fencing with the exasperating blade of superior knowledge. "All humans 'rives nekked at de pearly gates when Gabr'el blows de bugle on judgment day."

"Like dem cold mawnin' meals in de A. E. F. Fo'get dat perdictin' an' hit dat lef' shoe a lick. Ise gwine to leave you in soopreem command of dis place whilst I brings dat mascot goat to whah us kin reg'late her conduck. Lily been sassy eveh since she et all dat sawdust up at de sawmill. Take in all de money you kin whilst Ise gone. All I got lef' is six dollahs."

"Dat's five mo' dan whut I is. Ol' Perdue strained me down to de las' dollar. Neveh seed such a deprivin' man."

"Nemmine 'bout bein' deprived financial. Us rolls high when de rush begins. Whilst Ise gone see kin you seleck de bes' kind of a autobeel fo' us to buy when de fall rains covehs de land wid mud an' money, like ol' Perdue figgered."

Here was the faith that closed the Wildcat's ears to the "no" of his Lady Luck, and provided dim rose-tinted lenses for his eyes against the thin smile of her scorn.

Borrowing something of reliance from this creed of courage, Demmy greeted his first customer, during his pardner's absence, with a professional confidence born of a new belief in his personal luck. The customer carried a mysterious black box and acted mighty pleasant. Demmy reflected that here was a white man he could get along real good with. The conversation veered from weather to business, thence to business aids, trade lures, and the shoe-shining industry synchronized to jazz music.

The mysterious black box opened to disclose a phonograph, and a dollar down seemed almost an insult to its manifest worth.

"Let me put on a record until you can hear how perfectly it reproduces every shade of the human voice."

"Mighty pleasant man," Demmy reflected. "Sho is real frien'ly."

The prevailing color note of the human voice turned out to be the promissory variety. "A dollar now and a dollar a week for thirty weeks—you'll never notice it; and in addition you get twelve records absolutely free."

"Which twelve does I git?"

"Your own selection; or you can take this machine and these records if you prefer."

"I puf-fers dis machine. Heah's de dollah."

"All right. Just sign the firm name and your name here on this lower line. And there you are."

Now that the pleasant man had left, Demmy busied himself with the new labor lightener, working at it steadily until the Wildcat returned at four o'clock, leading the mascot goat.

"Whah you git dat groan box?"

"Ain't no groan box. Sings real plain."

"I means, whah you git it?"

"'Stallment man left it. Mighty pleasant man."

"Dey always is. It's de collectors whut has de sour disposition. Whut it cost?"

"Thutty dollahs; dollah down an' usual."

"I seed one jus' like it in de secon'han' sto' down de street fo' half dat."

"Look again. Dis is got twelve free records, an' besides dat us only puts up a dollah down."

"Keep sowin' yo' money reckless, dat's all I sez. Bimeby you git so fur behine, you is alone 'ceptin' fo' bill collectors. How much you got lef'?"

The obligation imposed by their mutual interests led Demmy into a concise statement of his financial status. "Nuthin'. Don't ax me no mo' questions."

"Ain't gwine ax you no mo' questions, Demmy. All Ise aimin' to do is tell you somethin'." The Wildcat's voice was less aggressive now, and tempered with a gentle forbearance which had been absent during the hours when golden visions had mantled his shoulders with the purple gossamer of temporal power. "Gwine to tell you some news an' ax yo' advice."

Demmy made a quick estimate of the quality of the news. "How bad is it?"

"Ain't as bad as all dat. Put a soothin' blues on dat groan box, o' else some good revival piece. You knows when I leaves you to git dis mascot Lily I has me six dollahs. Ain't got it now. I meets ol' Perdue at de Cloveh Club an' he gives me a howdy-do to five o' six new niggers I ain't met befo', an' sets up de see-gars. I tells de boys to join me in de sass-prilla ruckus, an' dat takes a even dollah. Den ol' Perdue took my dollah an' done some histronics wid it to 'muse us all. Den he tells me to call it heads o' tails fo' five dollahs. I spoke befo' I figgered, an' tol' him tails—an' she come heads. Dat's all; 'ceptin' den I thought whut you tol' me 'bout his double-headed trick dollah an' de rent on dat room due tommorr'."

When the Wildcat had spoken his confession Demmy reached over and shut off the phonograph. He was silent thereafter for a retrospective minute, and then, singing softly, he voiced his reply with a quotation:

"When de sun is high an' de sky is blue
Neveh trade yo' money fo' an I O U.
Neveh bet nuthin' wid a gam'lin' man;
If he kaint win, no-body can.

"Naw suh, Wilecat; act reckless wid yo' money jus' so often an' —— Ten-shun! Man a-comin'! Black shoes!" Demmy's exclamation heralded a prospect who hatched into a customer in the sunlight of two smiles. "Start poetizin', Wilecat!" Demmy whispered. "Time wid yo' feet whilst I talks back!"

"Climb to de chair, mistuh, set yo'self down,
Bes' shine heah whut you gits in de town.
Tuck in dem laces, Demmy, brush off de dust,
Ramble, boy, ramble, else I gits done fust."

"Soapsuds haw, an' soapsuds gee,
Slow down, Wilecat; speedy fo' me."

"Drag wid de rag, Demmy, drag him dry,
Kaint rule you off fo' beginnin' to try."

"Pass me de grary whut is midnight black,
Ise a ten-mile stepper on a one-mile track!"

"Heah you is, Demmy, wid de dauber loose,
Yo' engine is a-waitin'; hurry up, caboose.
Burn 'em wid de rag till dey starts to shine,
Double time, Demmy, I is finished wid mine."

"Reach oveh, Wilecat, han' me de paste;
Whilst I is busy you has time to waste.
Rub 'm in de back wid de bristle brush,
Smooth 'em in a hurry 'cause de cap'n sez rush.
Clean rag now, an' steady yo' hand,
Till dey shines like de sun in de promis' land.
F'm away down South in de land of cotton
Us is traveled up to Fulmo' Street.
De sun shines bright on yo' ol' Kaintucky home,
But us shines you brighter on de feet!"

"Dat's all, suh; you is shone."

The Wildcat bowed and removed one of the foot rests to afford the customer clearance for his descent from the throne, glancing thereafter at the white man's face to approximate the degree of appreciation which might reward the casual entertainment furnished with the shine, but instead of a kindly word of approval the stranger asked a question.

"Where's the other boy that runs this place?"

The Wildcat set the foot rest back into its socket. "Cap'n, suh, you means dis Perdue Grandy whut used to run it'"

"Whateveh his name is"

"Us bought him out—'quipment, goodwill, financial allegations an' ev'ythin'."

"How were the allegations?"

"Prime, suh; major an' widout blemish."

"Well, mark this shine down on yo' books. I had a charge account with Perdue or whateveh his name is." The stranger raised his voice and spoke fast in the hard accents of command. "Mark it down quick befo' you forget it! What you standin' still fo'?"

"Cunnel, yes suh! Whah's dat pencil, Demmy? Git a piece of papeh quick like de gin'ral sez. Start a-markin' down when I tells you! Keep ev'ybody waitin'!"

One of the trio was not kept waiting. By the time paper and pencil were found the stranger was lost in the late afternoon traffic half a block up the street. "Or mebbe down de street," Demmy amended. "I ain't seed which way he went wid you a-foamin' at de mouth 'bout dis papeh an' pencil. Heah you is, Wilecat. Whut does you crave to have me mark down? Whut's de man's name?"

"Ain't said his name. Write down, 'One Southe'n man, ten cents.' Prolly f'm Miss-'sippi, Demmy."

"Sounded some Louis'ana to me."

"Talks too hard fo' dat fur south. When de words pop like a ol' bull whip you is safe in sayin' Vicksburg. Is you got de ten cents marked down?"

"I writ ten dollahs; makes me feel mo' prosp'rous. Whut's a ol' papeh anyway?"

"Sho is. Mark anotheh ten dollahs down fo' me. It cheers me up some. In de brain, dat is. Kaint agitate my pussonal stummick wid no lead-pencil money. Whut dat you writin' now?"

"I writ de word pork chops."

"You writ two words."

"Dey's two pork chops; an' dat ain't half plenty, de way I feels."

"Write me down de word ham, an' den write down two dozen eggs an' ham gravy to sop a loaf of bread in an' to dribble oveh some yams, an' a big dish o' hominy an' some side meat wid greens, an' den —— Dog-gone, Demmy! Tear up dat papeh befo' I drowns myself waterin' at de mouth! Kaint even see fish money fo' suppeh, let alone a reg'lar meal. Lady Luck, whar at is you!"

"Wilecat, us stan's high roun' heah. Easy git credick fo' suppeh at de lunch stand nex' do' to de Clover Club."

"Stan's high wid ev'body 'ceptin' de folks you craves to git credick from. Big money an' big credick is twins. Go bust an' de only place you kin git anythin' charged is de police station, whah dey charges you wid vagrumcy."

"Dat pleasant white man charged me dis foamograph dis afternoon."

"Dat's diffunt. Dat's 'stallments. Anybody kin git 'stallments on anythin' 'ceptin' room an' board. Try payin' ten cents a week on a two-dollah meal of vittles an' see how fur you travels on de credick hoss. Naw suh, Demmy, when you rides de credick hoss you gits a gran' ride, goin', but you neveh realizes how fur you is went till you starts walkin' back, barefoot, on de cold-cash road."

Fillmore Street was shadowed now with evening's pledge of night. The Wildcat looked suddenly at the phonograph that Demmy had bought. "Demmy, is I got a intrus' in dat foamograph?"

Thinking of the serious things of life Demmy was reminded of the impending installments on the music machine. "Sho yo' is, Wilecat. You is got a full half intrus'. Us is podners in dis place, an' de pleasant man tol' me dat foamograph music wuz part of de new-style shoe-shine bizness."

"Demmy, some day Ise gwine to make you a present. Gwine give you a reg'lar foamograph wid a gold handle an' a high stand wid de bigges' hawn you eveh seed. When you sees de foamograph Ise gwine to present you wid, you sees a foamograph whut kin play an' sing ennything, an' repeat! What I means!"

"Den whut?"

"Nuthin'—'ceptin' right now I wants you to donate yo' half intrus' in dis measly li'l' ol' groan box to me."

"Den whut?"

Wilson Bro's Number 414

An outstanding value in men's fine hose

50¢

Young fellows who are thinking most about good looks, and older ones who are thinking most about good service both find what they are looking for in Wilson Bro's fibre and lisle, chain-knit hose Number 414. Snug, sheer, lustrous and wear-resisting to a surprising degree, yet they cost only a few cents more than ordinary lisle hose!

Step into a men's store today and try a pair····you'll discover what hose-satisfaction and economy really mean

Wilson Bro's

MAKERS AND IMPORTERS OF MEN'S FINE FURNISHINGS FOR 60 YEARS

Hose, Belts, Garters, Cravats, Suspenders, Mufflers, Shirts, Pajamas, Nightshirts, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Knit Gloves

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

New York *Paris*

BOSCH

ELECTRIC
Windshield Wiper
PRICE $9.50

The Bosch Electric Windshield Wiper is silent, automatic, powerful and absolutely effective.

There is none of that irritating click or rattle in its operation. There is no faltering or stopping in its action. It moves continuously and steadily, entirely independent of the engine speeds. There is no blur or distortion in its path. It leaves a clean, clear glass always, whether it is in rain, mist, snow or sleet.

The Bosch Electric Windshield Wiper is powerful, sturdy and dependable. It costs nothing to operate, it is simple to install and it is backed by the famous Bosch quality reputation and by the Bosch guarantee.

The Bosch Electric Windshield Wiper is sold and installed by more than 2000 Bosch Representatives and thousands of good dealers everywhere. Insist on Bosch and you'll get it.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Office and Works: Springfield, Mass.

Branches: New York Chicago Detroit San Francisco

DEALERS—Write to the nearest Branch and qualify as an Official Bosch Dealer and sell the Bosch line

"Don't whut me so steady; mind whut de Book sez 'bout 'Ye of li'l' faith.'"

"All you 'minds me of whut de Book sez is 'Ax an' ye shall receive.' I donates you my half intrus'—pervidin' you he'ps me wid de secon' 'stallment nex' week."

"Us he'ps you—me an' Lady Luck." The Wildcat got up and put the phonograph under his arm. "I gits back befo' half a hour, an' when I comes I has you a s'prise."

"Whah you gwine?"

"Dat's my bizness. Yo' bizness is shinin' shoes whilst Ise gone, an' a-seein' dat Lily don't eat up mo' dan half dem shine rags. Git dat goat outen dat 'quipment!"

Demmy hazed the mascot away from her new menu and by the time she had been anchored to a gas pipe which ran along the inside wall of the establishment the Wildcat was half a block up Fillmore Street on his way toward a secondhand store. He paused at a bakery window long enough to permit his vision to caress a row of apple pies.

When fact had triumphed over imagination he resumed his march, continuing until a display in a restaurant window again arrested him, and here the victory of mind over matter was not accomplished until General Reality's shock troops had engaged the phantom enemy whose bayonets threatened the vitals of the weakened Will Morals.

"Hot dam! Money, Ise a-comin' to git you! When you is got, I trades you fo' dat two-foot bull steak. Meat, I means! Come 'long, foamograph, till you learns to play de mess call. I likes music wid my meals, but when I kaint have both I gits along widout de music. Mebbe jazz kin agitate de human stummick, tem'rary, but fo' steady bulgin' give me rations."

At the secondhand store the Wildcat asked one question. Thereafter for slightly less than a lifetime according to the chronometry of his stomach he listened to a statement of rotten business conditions and to repeated references to the recent acute slump in phonograph sales.

"The most such a phonograph is worth is four dollars."

"Cost thutty. Ought to fetch ten."

"Five dollars in gold is the last cent I could give."

"Gimme de money!"

The clink of a gold piece had ended the deal. The Wildcat clutched the little gold coin in his fist and started back to the Cyclone establishment, where Demmy awaited him. This time, passing the restaurant window, he paused for but a moment.

"Bull steak, us is comin' back! Breathe heavy whilst you kin. When us gits back, you gwine to git smothered wid onions an' drowned in gravy! Thutty-two teeth workin' fo' one stummick—an' dats de odds agin' you. I craves rain an' mud, but de weather you gits is rare an' warmer. Prophesizes me!"

The weather prophet paused in his predictions long enough to drag the backs of both hands across the moist corners of his mouth, and then, with arms swinging, he resumed his march to the cadence of a song inspired by the favor of the siren Lady Luck:

"I kin ride de grub train, down de bill of fare,
I kin ride de ration wagon enny-where
Dat's de reason Ise happy as a bee—
'Cause I don't bother work when work don't bother me."

The lift of the careless wave of song carried him to within a hundred feet of his port of call. "Come 'long, Demmy! Come runnin'!" he hailed, entering the Cyclone harbor, where his pardner swung on the grating anchor chains of duty. "Leave dat goat run de bizness whilst us eats."

Demmy stepped down from his throne and pulled his cap down over his eyes. "Wilecat, I took in twenty cents f'm two cash customers whilst you wuz gone. Mebbe somebody betteh stay heah an' mind de trade."

"Leave 'em shine dey feet on Lily. Come 'long, I tells you Said I'd bring you a s'prise. Us is got money!"

The Wildcat reached into his pocket to the accompaniment of Demmy's "How much us got?" and then, "Whah at's dat gol' piece!"

He dragged the lining of his pocket into view—and discovered a forgotten hole. "Dat's de hole! Dat's it! Same hole I lost dem dice out of. Wore out dat hole carryin' dat lucky stone ol' Perdue give me!"

"Don't 'splain nuthin' to me. You claimed you'd bring me a s'prise; I might of knowed which kind."

"Thinkin' 'bout eatin' so much, how could I 'member a triflin' thing like a hole in my pocket? Ise so hungry I kain't 'member a suit o' clothes, leave alone a pocket."

"How hungry is you?" Relenting contours softened the hard lines around Demmy's mouth.

"Demmy, dis time I busts all de starvin' records whut is! Thought I wuz hungry in de A. E. F., but 'longside de way I feels now I waz fed up to de bustin' point widout realizin' my danger."

"Wilecat, I gives you ten cents f'm de twenty I took in. Heah it is; but I be dogged kin I see whut makes you so hungry. Us et noble at noon."

"Gimme dat dime an' keep a-tryin' to see till I gits back. I got a Thanksgivin' date wid a loaf o' bread two blocks f'm heah, an' my stummick tells me its Chris'mus! Boy, don't delay me!"

At the first corner on his way to the rendezvous with the impatient loaf of bread the Wildcat hesitated at the door of a soft-drink emporium. He entered, to reappear licking his lips, four minutes later. "Sho noble sass-prilla water. Sho gratifyin' to de throat. Don't crave me no vittles nohow; had me a big meal at noon. Dat ain't so fur back. Got to take it easy goin' back, so Demmy thinks Ise eatin' dat bread. Dassent tell him Ise scattered my substance on sass-prilla like de pardigal son, ese he might welcome me by killin' de fatted Lily—o' else me. Po' li'l' Demmy; wish dat damn Lady Luck knowed my address so I could buy Demmy a fine meal an' a good see gar an' a suit o' clothes wid yaller shoes an' a brindle vest. I betteh git back an' tals wid dat boy; like as not he's lonesome by dis time, settin' dere by hisself figgerin' whah at is I went."

When the Wildcat got back to the Cyclone stand it was living up to its name, and Demmy was not idle. The ten-cent Vicksburg man who popped his words like a bull whip was standing beside three of his companions, while two more of the visiting party were seated in the throne chairs. Faced by big business the Wildcat went into action with an energy that blinded him with sweat before he could slow to the cadence of the shoeshine moan that Demmy had started while he labored alone.

Demmy conveyed the patrons' desires in a hoarse whisper: "Dey craves words an' music wid every shine, Wilecat."

"Lead out, Demmy, say whut you will;
Shuffle wid yo' feet, an' I follows you still."

"Kaint lead, Wilecat, plumb out o' breath,
Whilst you wuz eatin' I was worsin' to death."

"You ain't dead, Laz'rus! Rise an' shine,
Befo' I anoints you wid de turkentine."

Laz'rus hit the collar like a bogged-down mule disrobing himself from hay-wire harness; and within five minutes thereafter the Vicksburg man craved to state that Cyclone was right, promising, the while, to tell the cock-eyed world where it could get a ten-dollar shoe with a ten-cent shine.

"My account with that Perdue nigger was six or eight dollars," he explained to the Wildcat when the party was leaving. "Here's a ten-spot, son, and we'll call it square, 'ceptin' I've a mind to kill you for makin' me so homesick."

"Cap'n, yes suh! Whateveh time you sets fo' de killin', me an' Demmy waits yo' pleasure."

Now it was the ninth hour of evening of the first business day, and the world was good.

At twenty minutes after the hour the two-foot bull steak in the restaurant down the street was rare and warmer, and equally divided between the weather prophet and his companion.

"Whut I tell you, Demmy! Heah us is took in ten dollahs in a half hour. Figger me how much us takes in durin' a full day at dat rate."

"Wilecat, don't pester me wid no triflin' thoughts. Ise tryin' to figger me how much vittles a full stummick kin take in, an' I ain't seed de answer yit. Pass dat ketchup sauce an' see kin you figger how us kin eat a apple pie afteh us is choked to de neck on good ol' meat an' gravy. Dat's my main problem!"

The mantle of night lay upon the land, and peace encompassed about them, and presently in the paid-off landlady's rooming house, after Lily had been booned with a double ration of lettuce and gumdrops, Lady Luck whispered her benediction above

Continued on Page 86

DECAY AND THE MASTERPIECE

GLORIOUS FRAGMENTS—these ruins that dot the shores of the Mediterranean. Bearing mute evidence, in plan and execution, of a civilization that still colors the thought and action of modern life.

They bear the inescapable marks of time. But time alone is not responsible for their destruction. Neglect, carelessness and a long-continued disregard wrecked them forever. They might have been saved. Had a man, a nation, or an age fought for their preservation, they would exalt and inspire us to-day with their fine lines and subtle contours, as they exalted and inspired the great peoples who built them.

To-day there are men who fight with the ardor of idealists for the preservation of beauty, not only in bronze and marble, but in the perfect body whose beauty is based on health. And among the foremost of these men are the dentists.

The importance of their work in preserving health and preventing disease can scarcely be overestimated. Fully 50 per cent of human illness can be prevented by a clean and healthy mouth. Nearly 70 per cent of all human disease enters through the mouth. Figures taken from the examinations of the Life Extension Institute show that 69 per cent of the people examined had infected teeth or gums. Furthermore, this group suffered from organic impairment to the extent of 22 per cent in excess of those without dental infection.

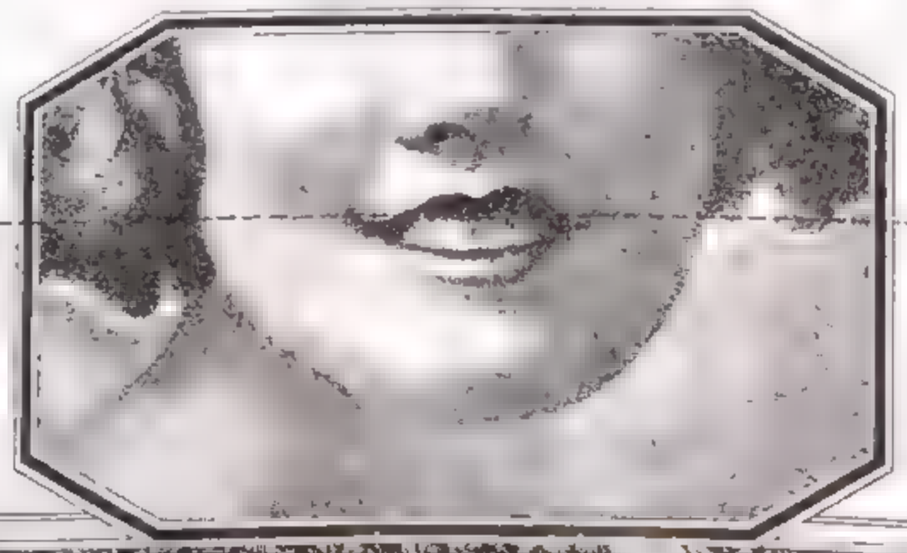
Give your dentist the opportunity to save you from these active dangers of ill-health. Put your faith in his instructions. Give yourself the benefit of his thorough training and wide experience. Allow him to employ the advanced methods of science to safeguard your most precious possession and to preserve your most valuable asset—health.

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical and Dental Professions since 1858

Your dentist must have co-operation in your home, in your office, in the every-day round of life. One of his greatest allies in his unceasing effort to protect your health is Squibb's Dental Cream made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. This scientific preparation prevents Acid Decay and resists infection at the vital point where teeth meet gums—The Danger Line.

THE DANGER LINE



Copyright 1924, E. R. Squibb & Sons

Clear the way *with an* AERMORE

THADE MARK REG U.S PAT OFF.

Exhaust Horn

The Signal With a Smile!

A LOADED truck in the way! You sound the Aermore—the way is quickly cleared. No loud, startling honk. Just a beautiful, melodious warning signal that gains instant attention—that brings smiles instead of scowls—that maintains your own rights, proves your regard for others.

The Aermore Exhaust Horn is setting a new standard of safety and efficiency. Blown by the exhaust and controlled from the instrument board, its volume can always be measured by the emergency. No other signal can be heard over greater distance. It is the quality horn favored by discriminating motorists everywhere. And it is always dependable.

Four Sizes: Price complete with Valve and Dash Control

No. 00	22 inch length, for large cars	$14
No. 0	17 inch length, for medium cars	12
No. 1	15 inch length, for small cars	10
Ford Special:	13 inch length	7

Sold and guaranteed by leading dealers. If your dealer is unable to supply you, order direct, giving his name and also outside diameter of your exhaust pipe.

Send for circular. Describes Aermore and other improved motor equipment manufactured by Fulton.

FULTON
Foot Accelerator for Fords

Price complete $1.50

Dealers: Write us for proposition, giving name of your jobber.

THE FULTON CO.

732-75th Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Automotive Equipment

Pace Setters of Quality

(Continued from Page 84)

her neglected favorites, and gave unto them her gift of quiet sleep.

IV

THE Cyclone shine business steadied to what appeared to be a fixed income of a dollar a day.

"Sick money, Demmy. Dat's all it 'mounts to. Kaint live an' kaint die on whut comes in. Foamograph dollar ev'ry week, an' three dollars fo' dat room off of de seven us takes in, don't leave 'nuff to keep a minny swimmin' downstream. Good mind to let go right now an' git me a eatin' job workin' on some of dese buildings whut's goin' up round heah."

"You gits a steady job workin' in de jail does you let go. Dat lease-rent man been easy an' pleasant two times now. I figger he stays pleasant till de rain comes. Kaint rake in mud money when dey ain't no mud. Kaint put out money whut ain't been took in."

The lease man failed to stay pleasant during pleasant weather. He spoke harshly of the law and terminations and evictions and contract executions. The Wildcat shivered under the impact of the volley of syllables, and shuddered at the mention of the threatened execution.

"Dey's got us, Demmy," the apprehensive one predicted, when speech returned. "Gwine to be Merry Chris'mus fo' most folks, but it's nuthin but a week f'm de grave fo' us. Heah whut he sez 'bout de ex'cutions? Stay local does you crave to, but dey mighty soon got to locate me wid bloodhoun's whut kin track a freight train. Aims to sing my ramblin' rag, an' sing it runnin'.

"When de firin' squab gits ready to shoot dey taps at me,
Ise gwine to be at some place else dan whah I used to be.
An' when de smoke has blew away f'm whah dey seen me stand,
Dey finds my footprints leadin' to de elsewhere promised land.

"Dat's me, Demmy, an' you better join de ko-russ!"

"Gittin' away don't bother me as much as comin' back —— Ten'shun! Ready wid de words an' music! Shine craver!"

The shine-craving man got his shine without local trimmings, for now the minstrel's heart was lead, and mute the lips whence song had flown.

"Kaint sing no mo', Demmy," the Wildcat pleaded, when their patron had gone. "Kaint drag my feet, somehow, 'ceptin' to funeral time. Dey's so much sunshine in de weather dat dey ain't none in my soul. Wish dat Vicksburg gem'mun come an' cuss me some. Seems like he's de only next-of-kin whut us is got."

"Chances is he clean fo'gets us by dis time."

"Demmy, you talks like Chicago. Dem Vicksburg white folks neveh fo'gits nuthin'. I bets a hund'ed dollahs—mouth money, dat is—dat he stops heah Chris'mus evenin' wid a howdy-do whut makes you homesick."

The Wildcat lost his bet, and the chill of Christmas Eve brought no cheer to the Cyclone twain. "Lady Luck has run off wid ol' Sandy Claws an' left us, fo'got an' alone. You wins dat hund'ed-dollah mouth money, Demmy."

"Don't use dat word hund'ed to me no mo', Wilecat. 'Minds me too much of whut dis lease-rent man talks about. See kin you speak some pleasant numbers, like sixty days in jail, whah you eats reg'lar. Jail don't look so bad to me right now. Ain't so much whut you sees as how you looks at it."

"Yo' mouth bulges wid de truth! My slogum is Jail fo' joy, an' save me f'm sunburn till June. Lady Luck, jail me, den fo'git my name! Wonder how kin us git into jail, Demmy, widout gittin' dere too perm'nent."

"Kaint see just how at dis minnit. Mebbe yo' damn Lady Luck throws us in befo' she finds out us craves to go."

Lady Luck favored the doleful pair with a threat of jail on New Year's Eve, speaking in the hard accents of the Vicksburg gentleman, who was acting, that evening, as her agent.

"You boys ready with that hundred dollars lease money?"

How come this Vicksburg man knew about this hund'ed dollars rent money?

"Captain, naw, suh. Me an' Demmy ain't even got a dollah."

"Are you going to have it by Wednesday?"

"Ain't neveh gwine have it whilst Ol' Man Trouble is a-runnin' me an' Demmy ragged."

"There's a wreckin' crew coming over here Wednesday to get you. Forty wreckers. They're going to tear this house down over your head. You needn't worry, though; there'll be two or three good coffin carpenters in the outfit. The steam shovels begin rootin' in the week after that. They'll dig your graves deep enough to please you."

"Captain, yas suh! Den whut does they do?"

The Vicksburg man smiled for the first time. "Then they move out and give the concrete men room to start the foundation for the new building that's going up on this property. I got the contract today. The owner told me to handle you the best way I knew how. Free coffins and free graves is a fair enough deal, isn't it?"

"Captain, suh, seems like you gwine to misplace two mighty good niggers in dem free graves."

"Well, I compromised your estimated profits for next year with the owner. We figured that your lease was worth five hundred dollars. You owe him a hundred. That leaves you four hundred dollars. Maybe you can get away with a flyin' start before the wreckers get here Wednesday. Of course if you're not here those coffin carpenters won't bother you and the steam-shovel crew won't have to dig any free graves."

"You means rightly dat me an' Demmy is got fo' hund'ed dollahs an' is free from dis Cyclone place?"

"That's what I mean."

The Wildcat turned to the pop-eyed Demmy. "Boy, whut I tells you 'bout dis Cyclone bizness? Ain't I said us makes fo' hund'ed dollahs a day, some days? Look at dat street whah it's startin' to rain. Whilst de luck rain keeps a-fallin' us wades neck deep in money mud."

PHOTO FROM P. & O. S.S. VANCOUVER, B. C.

Sunset at English Bay, Vancouver, B. C.

at the "SIGN *of the* SILVER KETTLE"

THE early Connecticut silversmith plied his craft in a story-and-half shop beside the village street. The people who were his market often passed his door. The glow of his fires and the tapping of his hammers accompanied their daily round of affairs.

His great sign with its silver kettle was among the landmarks of the village. Small boys and girls first noticed it as they toddled along the street beside their elders. It took on greater significance when they grew to know the worker, to appreciate his art, and needed silverware for their own homes. Always the sign was a simple reminder to the townsmen that here silverware was sold. For the craftsman it was sufficient advertising; because his wares were known, his market near-by and his output limited.

But there came a day when machines supplanted much of the hand-toiling of the craftsman. By guiding these machines a manufacturer could now produce more silverware than the people in his own town or even in his own state could use. He was obliged to seek a wider market among strangers in distant places.

The "Sign of the Silver Kettle" was no longer adequate advertising. Nor could the manufacturer wait for information of his merchandise to be spread slowly and haphazardly by word of mouth. He wished to sell to a whole country, and he must find a way to talk to a whole country.

Advertising on the printed page was the method that met his needs. Into the homes of all the people it took information of his product as detailed as that which patrons at the "Sign of the Silver Kettle" had gained for themselves. In far cities it instilled confidence in the manufacturer such as these neighbors had had in the craftsman. It cut down distances and annihilated time. It was as logically the right kind of advertising for the manufacturer who would sell to a nation as was the sign on the street for the craftsman who sold to a village!

N. W. AYER & SON

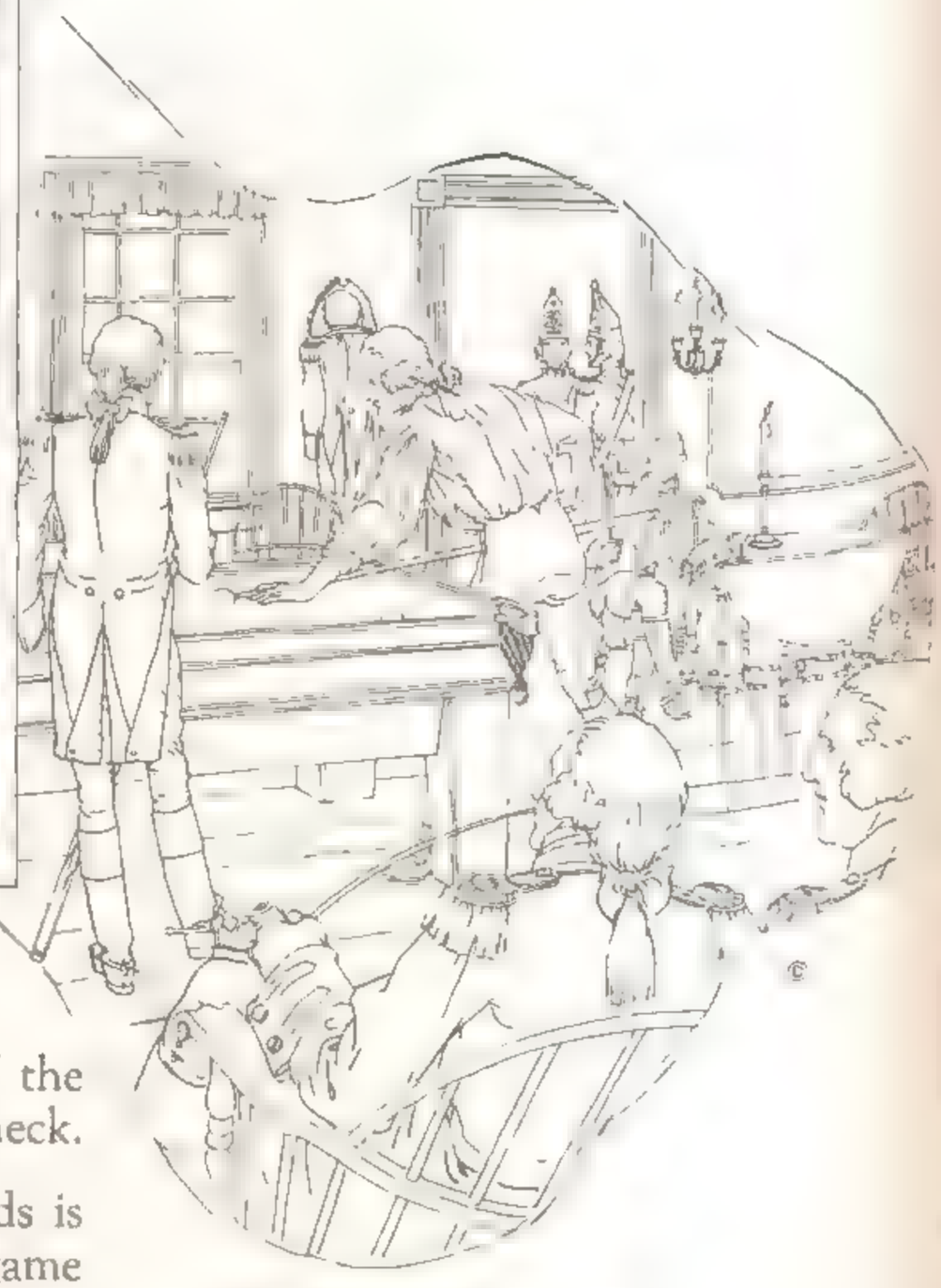
ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

"Your shot, Dad"

billiards

a gentleman's game



"The game of billiards is said to have been introduced first in New York City in the eighteenth century by English officers in garrison."
Modern Billiards

THERE are thousands of high-class billiard rooms in this country where fathers and sons meet regularly for an hour's healthy recreation.

As a form of mental relaxation, billiards is the most fascinating game ever devised. It steadies the nerves and trains the eye, while as an exercise it brings into action all the muscles of the arms, legs, back and neck.

More than that, billiards is a character builder—a game that makes better citizens. It develops self-control, patience and perseverance. It requires keen concentration, inspires quick thinking, improves the judgment and makes one accurate, even-tempered and self-reliant.

The BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER Company

Branch houses in the principal cities in the United States and Canada

623-633 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

KINDRED BRITAIN

(Continued from Page 19

way to better Anglo-American relations is to know each other better, thereby gaining that broader vision and deeper insight that can sense the relative importance of things and act accordingly.

Who and what, then, are these British kin of ours?

Racially speaking, the British people are at once a blend and a mixture. That fact gives the key to their national character, and explains both their past history and their present tendencies. An English writer once called his country Teutonic with a Celtic fringe. Translating this into modern racial terms, we can say that the population of Britain is predominantly Nordic, with a Mediterranean element that varies widely in strength in different parts of the island.

Britain's racial destiny was fixed about 1500 years ago, after the fall of the Roman Empire. Down to that time the British Isles had been inhabited almost entirely by the slender, dark-complexioned race called Mediterranean, which still inhabits most of the lands about the Mediterranean Sea and which settled the British Isles long before the dawn of history. After the fall of Rome swarms of tall blond Nordics, coming from Germany and Scandinavia, invaded Britain and ultimately transformed the island's racial character.

This Nordic influx was, however, of a peculiar nature and had peculiar results. If the Nordics had come all at once in vast numbers they would have quickly overrun the whole island, would have subdued the Mediterraneans at a stroke, and would ultimately have intermarried and formed a generally mixed population. But just the reverse of this took place. The Nordics came in relatively small numbers, settling first on the eastern coasts and gradually working inland. Also, the Mediterraneans put up a stiff fight and gave ground slowly. In other words, a situation arose very much like that which occurred during the settlement of America—an invading frontier pushing slowly westward, with fierce hatred between invaders and natives, little intermarriage, and therefore a thorough racial replacement. For this reason Eastern England is today almost purely Nordic in race.

Yet Britain was not destined to become a purely Nordic land. The western fringe of the island is rugged and relatively infertile. In these wild lands the Mediterraneans found refuge, while the pursuing Nordics had no special temptation to conquer them. For a long while Britain was divided between two sharply contrasted races, the Nordics occupying most of the island, while the western fringes, especially Wales, Cornwall and the Scotch Highlands, were solidly Mediterranean. In time these race lines became somewhat blurred by intermarriage; yet even today England and Scotland are four-fifths Nordic, while Wales is mainly Mediterranean in blood.

The Dominant Nordics

Meanwhile the Nordics were undergoing an important development among themselves. Instead of coming all at once, the Nordic invaders came at different times and from different places. The first invaders, who were Angles, Saxons and Jutes, came from Northwestern Germany. Later came Danes and Norwegians, and finally the Normans, who were also Scandinavians settled for a short time on French soil and with just a dash of French blood. These different sorts of Nordics ultimately intermarried and fused into a new English type.

They fused. That is the important thing to remember. When different varieties of the same race intermarry there is a real blend, from which springs a new stock, harmonious and stable in character. On the other hand, when different races intermarry, there is no blend, but a mixture, the children tending to belong mainly to one or other of the parent stocks. In England, therefore, we get a new Nordic type. In Scotland we also get a new type, differing slightly from the English owing to a somewhat different blend of Nordic elements. Lastly, both these new Nordic types mix slightly but continuously with the old Mediterranean stock.

In other words, we have that combination of racial blend and mixture which is the key to English history and English character. Predominantly Nordic as it is, the English stock shows those traits of creative intelligence, political ability and great energy steadied by common sense that are displayed by all branches of the Nordic race. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the English stock has received slight but continuous infusions of Mediterranean blood that have tinctured many Englishmen with Mediterranean qualities like heightened temperament, quick imagination and artistic feeling. This Mediterranean dash has been too slight to upset English stability and poise, but it has been enough to give England many brilliant individuals and partially to correct the tendency to heavy seriousness common among pure-blooded Nordics, whether in England or elsewhere.

Despite the valuable contributions that the Mediterranean element has made, it is unquestionably the Nordic stock that is mainly responsible for Britain's greatness. To Nordic energy, intelligence and common sense are due both England's political development at home and that extraordinary achievement, the British Empire, which today covers nearly one-fourth of the entire land surface of the globe and contains fully one-fourth of the world's total population. Nordic, likewise, is the combination of inventive genius and business ability which made Britain the industrial and financial center of the world. It is often said that Britain's present wealth is due to the fortunate accident of rich coal and iron deposits beneath her soil. That is true, in a sense. But it is also true that these deposits would not have been developed without a remarkable combination of English and Scotch inventors, manufacturers, financiers and workers, who first realized the possibilities of coal and iron, got the jump on the rest of the world, and thereby gave Britain the economic position which she has ever since retained.

England Transformed

Because Britain's progress has been so consistently successful, some observers have been tempted to think that it just happened—in other words, that it was due to good fortune or fatality. Nothing, however, could be more untrue. The closer we study English history, the more we realize what immense problems Britain has had to face, and what intelligence, determination, hard work and common sense the British people have shown in their solution.

During the past century Britain has gone through one of the most tremendous transformations that the world has ever seen. A hundred years ago Britain was still mainly an agricultural country, capable of feeding its relatively small population, which then numbered only about 14,000,000. Today the same area — England, Scotland and Wales has a population of 43,000,000, four-fifths of whom live in cities or towns. Instead of being self-feeding, Britain grows only enough foodstuffs to nourish its people ninety days in the year. The rest of its food has to be imported, together with all sorts of other raw materials and manufactured products. This, in turn, means that the only way the British people can pay for these things is by exporting to foreign countries a corresponding amount of goods or services. Accordingly Britain's very life today depends upon a complex and delicately adjusted system of manufacturing, commerce, shipping and banking, which she has slowly built up and which at all costs she must maintain.

And yet, as already remarked, the very building up of this system has involved a transformation of Britain's economic, social and political life so profound that most other countries would probably have fallen into civil war or revolution. The British have, however, succeeded in avoiding these evils and adjusting themselves peacefully to new conditions.

How? Primarily because of their national character—in other words, because of their racial make-up.

No one can be long in England without being struck with the basic unity of the English people. Of course, there are extremes of wealth and poverty, of education and ignorance; and these produce a wide variety of manners, ideas and opinions. Yet beneath all such differences we somehow sense the fact that these people are fundamentally of the same stuff. Englishmen who have lived abroad get this impression as sharply as observant foreigners.

Not long ago an English friend of mine who lives in New York City was telling me his impressions of a trip home—the first in several years.

My friend goes to his New York office daily in the Subway and is thus accustomed to rub elbows with about every racial and national type on earth.

"Do you know," he said, "the first time I rode in a London tube I had the queerest feeling. I couldn't place it at first, but I soon found that I was looking at the people in the car and comparing them with the people in the New York Subway. And then I realized that all the people in that tube car were very much alike—and very much like me! I can't tell you how queerly it hit me; I just can't forget it."

In that simple anecdote lies the secret of Britain's stability. In other words, even when Englishmen talk and think differently they feel alike. That is why foreign students of English politics are always going wrong in their prophecies. How many times have we heard the statement from some foreign observer that England was standing on the verge of revolution? Our observer may have made a careful study of the facts, have read all the speeches, analyzed all the arguments, and proved quite logically that such irreconcilable standpoints could not be compromised.

And yet the revolution just didn't come off! After everybody had had his say and had blown off steam, those angry Englishmen instinctively realized that every one of them was "very much alike—and very much like me." Whereupon a compromise adjustment was somehow evolved, the crisis was ended and the country went on its way.

The stable, evolutionary character of English political life is well illustrated by the present situation. The advent of a Labor government to power -the first in British history—is certainly a momentous event. But there is nothing revolutionary about it. When I was last in England I made a careful study of British political conditions, and I was interested to observe the quiet, temperate way in which political possibilities were discussed and discounted.

Talking informally with representative spokesmen of all the political parties, I found that, when not talking for publication, they differed singularly little in their estimates and judgments.

Moderate Laborites

Although the election which swept the Conservatives from power and resulted in a Labor cabinet was not yet on the political horizon, most persons with whom I talked considered a Labor government a distinct possibility within a relatively short period. Yet neither Conservatives nor Liberals were really alarmed at the prospect. A few die-hard Tories and one or two Liberals did express frank pessimism, but the more general view was that the Laborites weren't such a bad lot after all; that they might make some foolish mistakes at the start, but would quickly learn by experience; and that they would be held in check by all sorts of moderating forces like the Liberal elements within their own ranks, the permanent officials of the government services and the criticism of an alert and intelligent public opinion.

Equally instructive was the attitude of the Laborites themselves. In the first place, it must be remembered that a large proportion of the leaders of the British Labor Party are not workingmen in the ordinary sense of the word, many of them being highly educated intellectuals drawn from the upper and middle social classes. But whether intellectuals or hand workers, and however sharp their criticisms of existing institutions, very few of them had even a theoretical leaning toward violent revolutionary methods.

I well remember a talk I had with one of the so-called wild men of the Glasgow group—the most radical wing of the Labor Party in the last Parliament. This radical M. P. was a picturesque person—a live wire, with keen gray eyes, a great shock of hair, hat cocked aggressively to one side of his head, and a Glasgow burr that you could cut with a knife. He was seathing in his criticism of the existing economic order and eloquent concerning the "intolerable" condition of the British working classes. I broached the possibility of revolutionary action. He shook his head emphatically.

THE Hanover Shoe
FIVE DOLLARS
This price is possible because we are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores, in 62 cities

Tan Russia Calfskin Blucher Oxford

If there is no Hanover Store near you—
we will fit you from Hanover. Look for the nearest store or write for catalog.

AKRON OHIO	59 S. Main Street
ALBANY N Y	46½ Broadway
ALLENTOWN PA	724 Hamilton Street
ALTOONA PA	28 11th Avenue
ATLANTA GA	4 Whitehall Street
ATLANTA GA	12 Marietta Street
ATLANTIC CITY N J	1126 Atlantic Avenue
AUGUSTA GA	826 Broad Street
BALTIMORE MD	25 E Baltimore Street
BALTIMORE MD	16 E Baltimore Street
BALTIMORE MD	608 W Baltimore Street
BALTIMORE MD	122 W Baltimore Street
BIRMINGHAM ALA	9 S Third Avenue
BRIDGEPORT CONN	98 Main Street
BROOKLYN N Y	51 Fulton Street
BROOKLYN N Y	508 Fifth Avenue
BROOKLYN N Y	1427 Broadway
CAMDEN N J	1131 Broadway
CANTON OHIO	214 N. Market Avenue
CHAMBERSBURG PA	103 S Main Street
CHARLESTON S C	349 King Street
CHESTER PA	574 Market Street
CHICAGO ILL	48 S Dearborn Street
CINCINNATI OHIO	33 W Fifth Avenue
CLEVELAND OHIO	530 Superior Avenue
CLEVELAND OHIO	Cor Pub. Sq & Ont. Street
DAYTON OHIO	19 E. Fifth Street
DETROIT MICH	1141 Farmer Street
DETROIT MICH	49 Monroe Street
DETROIT MICH	812 Woodward Ave.
EASTON PA	245 Northampton Street
ELIZABETH N J	138 Broad Street
ERIE PA	1029 State Street
HANOVER PA	16 Carlisle Street
HARRISBURG PA	333 Market Street
HARTFORD CONN	100 Asylum Street
INDIANAPOLIS IND	33 S. Illinois Street
JACKSON MICH	109 E. Main Street
JOHNSTOWN PA	414 Main Street
LANCASTER PA	112 N Queen Street
LEBANON PA	5 South Eighth Street
LORAIN OHIO	646 Broadway
LOUISVILLE KY	407 S Fourth Avenue
MCKEESPORT PA	338 Fifth Avenue
MACON GA	362 Second Street
NASHVILLE TENN	224 Fifth Avenue
NEW BRUNSWICK N J	377 George Street
NEW CASTLE PA	228 E. Washington Street
NEW ORLEANS LA	615 Canal Street
NEW ORLEANS LA	37 St Charles Street
NEW ORLEANS LA	164 S Rampart Street
NEW YORK N Y	1538 Broadway
NEW YORK N Y	179 Broadway
NEW YORK N Y	595 Broadway
NEW YORK N Y	78 W 125th Street
NEWARK N J	210 Market Street
NEWARK N J	117 Market Street
NEWPORT NEWS VA	Washington Ave at 29th Street
NORFOLK VA	128 Granby Street
PASSAIC N J	58 Lexington Avenue
PATERSON N J	204 Market Street
PHILADELPHIA PA	1503 Market Street
PHILADELPHIA PA	1336 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA PA	439 N Eighth Street
PHILADELPHIA PA	911 N Eighth Street
PHILADELPHIA PA	44 Kensington Avenue
PHILADELPHIA PA	1 E Lancaster Avenue
PHILADELPHIA PA	2132 Germantown Avenue
PITTSBURGH PA	43 Smithfield Street
PITTSBURGH PA	511 Smithfield Street
PITTSBURGH PA	647 Smithfield Street
PITTSBURGH PA	203 Sixth Street
PLAINFIELD N J	109 E Front Street
READING PA	523 Penn Street
RICHMOND VA	609 E Broad Street
ST LOUIS MO	304 N Sixth Street
ST LOUIS MO	715 Olive Street
SCRANTON PA	411 Spruce Street
SPRINGFIELD OHIO	24 E High Street
STAMFORD CONN	281 Atlantic Street
TOLEDO OHIO	315 St Clair Street
TRENTON N J	8 E State Street
WASHINGTON D C	939 Pa Ave N W
WILKES BARRE PA	46 E Market Street
WILLIAMSPORT PA	25 W Fourth Street
WILMINGTON DEL	602 Market Street
YORK PA	5 E Market Street

THE HANOVER SHOE, Hanover, Pa.
Exclusively for Men and Boys

For Busy Men

The World's Fastest Shave—78 Seconds from Lather to Towel

WE offer you the world's fastest shave. And the smoothest. It's a new delight that millions of men are now enjoying.

We do it in a better way—with a barber's edge, the keenest cutting edge known on a safety razor blade.

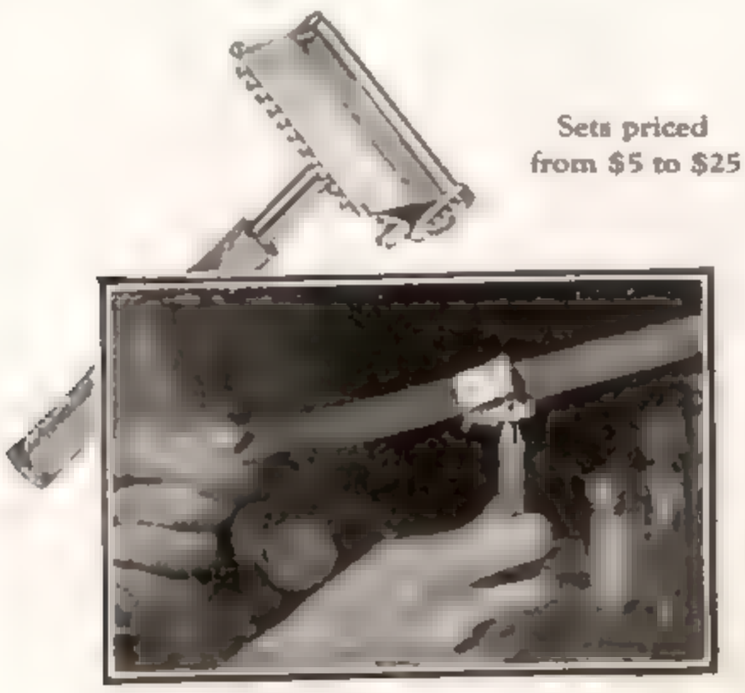
No scraping. No after-smart. No shaving lotions or ointments needed to protect the face. Once over—that is all.

Thus you reduce shaving time one-half. And save your face, for dull-edged blades play havoc with the skin. Our new and highly perfected blade—now a part of every Valet AutoStrop Razor—saves the face, saves time.

This wonder razor strops itself—a patented Valet AutoStrop feature. And we recommend the stropping for the same reason a barber strops. A keen, fresh edge for every shave. But that's up to you. You can strop or insert new blades, as you choose.

Seventy-eight seconds for a velvet shave—that's our proposition.

Pick up a Valet AutoStrop Razor at your dealer's today. Make the test. It will delight you.



Sets priced from $5 to $25

Sharpens itself

Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, 656 First Avenue, New York City

"No, no," he answered gravely; "I'm fundamentally opposed to revolutionary methods; they defeat their own ends. Violence, once employed wholesale, can't be stopped. Ye need ever more and more of it, and ruin is the final result. Of course," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm not saying I object to a bit o' rough stuff now and then to throw a scare into the opposition. But—no real violence; no revolution."

Perhaps even more significant was a talk I had with one of the few Labor intellectuals, who sympathizes with the Bolshevik doctrine of the revolutionary dictatorship of a militant minority imposing its proletarian will on a nation. Despite his intellectual leanings, however, he was as convinced as everyone else that a revolution in England was impossible. Not only were the upper and middle classes too powerful, but the working classes were not inclined to such action. Leaders and masses alike, he said regretfully, were too much imbued with what he rather scornfully termed liberal maxims like the will of the majority and the rights of minorities to make a revolution even a remote possibility.

This I believe to be an accurate statement of the case. The British workingman is about the poorest material for a red revolution that can be imagined. Generally speaking, he is a slow, steady fellow, content with moderate comforts and averse to getting excited, especially over matters like abstract theories and principles. He might raise a riot if you suddenly clapped an extra penny on his beer, but he isn't a bit interested in fighting for a phrase like the "dictatorship of the proletariat." Of course there are occasional exceptions to the rule, but I doubt if there are more than a few thousand genuine revolutionists in the whole of Great Britain.

Among both Conservatives and Liberals the chief anxiety over what a Labor government may do lies, not in the sphere of domestic politics but concerning the nonwhite portions of the empire. The importance of this matter can be appreciated when we remember that the entire white population of the empire, including the British Isles and all the self-governing dominions, is only about 60,000,000, whereas the nonwhite population of the empire is over 400,000,000. Some of the nonwhite portions of the empire and its dependencies, like India and Egypt, today are restless and difficult to govern. Furthermore, the relations between the nonwhite colonies and the white self-governing dominions present a problem of increasing seriousness. The demand of the Indians to migrate freely throughout the empire—a demand absolutely rejected by the white dominions—is an especially ticklish matter. It is most emphatically loaded with dynamite and if roughly handled might cause an explosion that would literally blow the British Empire to bits.

Relations With India

On these thorny problems Conservatives and Liberals hold opinions which, however they may differ in details, are basically the same. The Labor Party, however, has in the past taken quite another attitude, and has favored much wider concessions to Indian and other demands for self-government than the older British parties have thought wise or possible. Accordingly in both Conservative and Liberal circles there exists a widespread apprehension that a Labor government may make mistakes in imperial policy that can never be rectified. As a prominent Conservative said to me, "My chief fear is that Labor in power may light a fire in India that neither they nor we can afterwards put out." Whether this pessimism is justified remains to be seen. It shows, however, the gravity of Britain's imperial problems and the necessity for continuous statesmanship in their handling if irreparable damage is to be averted.

More pressing even than imperial questions are the problems arising from Britain's industrial situation. We have already seen how during the past century England made herself the industrial heart of the world, thereby gaining great wealth and increasing her population nearly 300 per cent. But we also saw that this vast population was dependent for its very life upon precisely that same complex and nicely adjusted system of manufacturing, commerce, shipping and banking which had brought it into being.

We Americans can hardly realize what such a situation means. Our country is so large, our natural resources are so vast and our climates are so varied that we could get along fairly well if all the rest of the world were to sink beneath the ocean. For Britain, however, such an event would be the most frightful catastrophe. Left to herself, more than half her present population would literally have to starve. Britain's economic situation is thus fundamentally artificial. It is not a natural but a man-made creation, which can be maintained only by tireless foresight, energy and skill.

Furthermore, for many years past it has been getting harder for Britain to keep up the pace. There are two main reasons for this: the increasing severity of foreign competition and the steady growth of her own population. When Britain became an industrial nation about a century ago she had the field almost to herself, and for a long time she made something like monopoly profits. But little by little other nations began to take a hand in the game, so that to keep her foreign trade against competition Britain had to work harder, produce more efficiently and sell more cheaply. That was the only way that she could support her population. Also, that population was rapidly growing. In other words, it was getting harder to feed British mouths and there were ever more British mouths to feed.

Britain's present economic difficulties are no recent development. They are of long standing. As far back as the year 1872 the balance of trade began to run against her; that is, her exports fell below her imports. And the balance of trade has continued to run pretty steadily against her ever since. Of course Britain has covered the balance by invisible exports like shipping services, banking profits and returns of capital invested abroad. Nevertheless, the fact remains that it became increasingly difficult to support her population.

The Specter of Unemployment

As a matter of fact, not all her population was properly supported. The widespread poverty in England's great cities and industrial centers has long been proverbial, and England's poor consisted not merely of her degenerate pauper elements who were practically unemployable, but also of many persons able and willing to work yet unable to find work, or able to find it only part of the time. The result was a vast mass of people underfed, living from hand to mouth, and dependent upon public or private charity. Their numbers were disclosed during the war, when Britain's man power was systematically examined by draft boards to determine their physical fitness for military service. The amount of physical unfitness due, not to inborn degeneracy but to poor living conditions, which those examinations disclosed was far greater than had been previously imagined.

Of course during the war living conditions among the poor were much improved. Millions of men went off to fight, while every able-bodied man and woman left at home was sure of a job to keep Britain's war machine supplied. The problem of unemployment virtually disappeared. But this was an artificial, unhealthy situation which could not last and which was bound to be followed by an acute reaction. Britain was mortgaging her future by huge taxes and loans which would have to be repaid. The war once over, back came the millions of soldiers demanding jobs, while at the same time the war boom collapsed in that great industrial depression which hit not only England but the whole world as well. With markets everywhere disorganized, and with some of her best customers, like Germany and Russia, more or less out of business, Britain's foreign trade was hit a body blow and her whole industrial life slowed down. Once more the specter of unemployment raised its ugly head. To avert wholesale semistarvation, the British Government supplemented existing measures of poor relief by a great system of unemployment insurance. The need for such action is shown by the numbers of persons applying for assistance. Since the year 1920, when the system went into effect, averages of from 1,000,000 to 1,800,000 persons have been assisted as totally unemployed, while the number of persons assisted as being only partially employed has averaged about 500,000. These people, be it remembered, are genuine employables, able to work if work can be found. In

(Continued on Page 93)

Barrett ROOFINGS

Barrett Shingles used on this house are a pleasing dark red

Don't let your investment leak through the roof!

How many house-owners really watch their investments—study them carefully?

Your house, for instance—are you letting it slump into the "run-down" class? An antiquated roof will pull down the value of your property many hundreds of dollars. But with a small expenditure for a Barrett Shingle Roof you can prevent this steady loss—better still, you can add hundreds to your price.

For old houses or new—there's nothing better than Barrett Shingles. They're moderate in cost—easy to lay, durable and handsome. Barrett Shingles are heavily coated with an everlasting mineral, which renders them highly fire-resistant. They may be had in red, green and blue-black and never require painting or staining. Just nail them down over the old roofing, and make a substantial saving in the cost of laying.

For Flat or Nearly Flat Roofed Buildings—the experience of architects, engineers and contractors has clearly proved the superiority of built-up roofs constructed of alternate layers of pitch and felt.

Experience has also shown that it pays to see that the felt and pitch used are both labelled Barrett. There is a wide line of Barrett built-up roofs with the famous Barrett Specification Roof (bonded for 20 and 10 years) as a leader. We can name many roofs of this type in good condition after 40 or more years of service.

There is a Barrett Roofing for every type of building, whether dwelling, garage, office or industrial plant. Be sure the roofing you buy bears the Barrett label.

The Barrett Company

40 RECTOR STREET, NEW YORK CITY

IN CANADA

The Barrett Company, Limited

2021 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Que., Canada

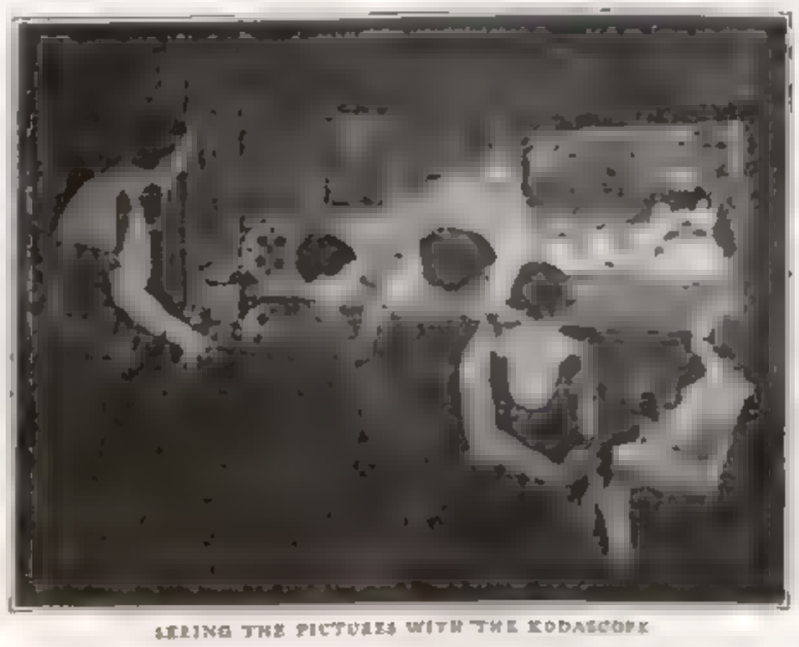
MAKING MOTION PICTURES WITH A CINÉ-KODAK (THE MOTOR CRANKS THE CAMERA)

You press the button; we do the rest

CINÉ-KODAK, the new Eastman invention, and its projector, the Kodascope, enable you to show in *motion* on your screen the sort of pictures that you always turn to first in your album.

And this is accomplished with characteristic Kodak ease. Perhaps your front lawn is "location" and your family and friends are the stars. Perhaps your favorite sport is the subject—or a motor trip. In any event, train the camera, press the button and the result is a reel of personal motion pictures that for you and yours will be priceless.

And the fascination of personal photoplays isn't all. Through Kodascope Libraries, Inc., professional dramas, comedies, educational features and animated cartoons may be rented for Kodascope projection in your own home.



SEEING THE PICTURES WITH THE KODASCOPE

Price of complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak with either motor drive or tripod and crank, Kodascope, Screen, etc., $335. Cost of operating is less than 1/5 of the operating expense of equipment using standard width film, and your finishing by Eastman experts in Eastman laboratories is paid for when you buy the film. *You press the button; we do the rest.*

Descriptive booklet at your dealer's or from us

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

(Continued from Page 90)

addition to them is the host of unemployables—the physically unfit, mentally defective and degenerate elements, who are supported by public or private charity.

Such is Britain's unemployment problem, and it is difficult to see how any political action can really solve it. Wise measures can better it somewhat, while unwise measures can make it much worse. But the cure—if cure there be—lies outside Britain, in the general world situation. The hard fact is that, as things now are, Britain's industry and trade cannot support her population, which continues to grow and thus makes the problem more and more difficult.

Britain's population is increasing between 300,000 and 400,000 a year. How are these new mouths to be fed? Many Englishmen advocate wholesale emigration to the dominions. Great efforts have been made and much money spent to this end. And yet the annual quota of British emigrants to all parts of the world averages less than 200,000. Thus not even the annual increase of population is taken care of. But under present world conditions Britain probably has at least 5,000,000 more people than can be supported in reasonable comfort. Here, truly, is a problem that will test British statesmanship to the full.

It is assuredly one of the great motives in British foreign policy. Determined as she is to build up her foreign trade, Britain feels it absolutely necessary to restore stability and prosperity to the Continent of Europe. This explains British policy toward Germany and Russia. It likewise explains in great measure her policy toward France, which most Englishmen regard as blocking the road to Europe's economic recovery.

It is useless for Frenchmen to talk to Englishmen about the possible future political dangers that British policy may involve. The present economic motive is so pressing that most Englishmen are willing to take the political risks that may be involved. A prominent French politician hit it off very well when he told me about a conversation he had had with a British cabinet minister not long after the war. The Frenchman asked the minister if he did not think England was playing a dangerous game in trying to build up Germany and Russia—the two powers which she had most feared in the past—and pointed out several unpleasant political possibilities.

"Well," replied the Englishman, "all you say may be true, and if it turns out that way we may have to fight 'em ten years hence. But now we must trade and make money."

British Grit

It is very easy to label this sort of thing as shortsighted and to call the English a nation of shopkeepers and similar unpleasant things. That, in fact, was the way my French acquaintance felt, and he told the anecdote I have just narrated to prove his point. To me, however, it proved something quite different—namely, British coolness and common sense. Englishmen rarely waste time spinning elaborate, logical theories of what may happen in the future. They wait and see, they look at what is happening in the present, see what is amiss, get after it and keep their eye on the ball. That is why, in the long run, they usually come out on top.

It is just these qualities of practical common sense and dislike of theorizing that cause the English to be so persistently misjudged by their more logical and argumentative Continental neighbors. Except when deeply stirred, the Englishman is apt to withdraw into his shell and to become aloof and reticent. Not realizing how English-minded are thinking and working beneath the unusual exterior of British life, Continentals frequently underrate them and may even come to think England decadent. That is what happened with the Germans before the war, and when I was recently in Europe I found a distinct tendency of the same sort among Frenchmen and Italians. I discussed this point at length with one of the most thoughtful of England's publicists, who was specially in mind the growing misunderstanding between French and British public opinion. My friend considered that the way many Frenchmen were belittling England was perhaps the most serious feature of the whole situation.

"The British people," said he, "are wrestling with their problems and are bearing their burdens with unflinching grit and determination. This indomitable spirit is the basic trait of the English people. It also shows what great reserves of energy and poise are latent within them, though this is never visible except in crises, because the English are ordinarily so inarticulate and so self-repressed. That is why Continentals are continually coming to believe England decadent. Germany made that mistake a short time ago. Well, perhaps that is not surprising, because England had not been put to the test for 100 years. But here is the extraordinary fact: People on the Continent are beginning to say just the same things today, despite the lesson of the late war. And therein lies a real danger, because it may lead such people—notably in France—to despise England and challenge her in what she regards as life-and-death matters. And then Britain will give the Continent another surprise."

Grit and determination are, indeed, the underlying traits of the British people. Those traits do not reveal themselves fully to the passing traveler, for the Englishman is at once reserved and casual before strangers. But after you have been in England a while and have got a bit below the surface, you will be impressed by the calm resolution with which the English are facing their problems and bearing their burdens. The problems are many; the burdens are heavy. England was hard hit by the war. Her people are frightfully taxed and her industrial life is still somewhat out of gear. The working classes are haunted by the specter of unemployment, while the upper and middle classes have lost much of their old prosperity. Britain is in fact going through a period of profound readjustment—never a pleasant experience—and Englishmen admit frankly that the process will be hard and long. Yet practically all Englishmen are firmly convinced that Britain will win through.

Anglo-American Good Feeling

One of the points on which British public opinion is unusually solid is the necessity of good relations with America. That does not mean that the English all cordially like us. Of course many Englishmen do, but others cordially dislike us, while still others know almost nothing about us, their chief acquaintance with things American being derived from the omnipresent American moving picture, which usually presents either a distortion or a caricature of American life.

And yet, in the larger sense, all this matters very little. To judge Anglo-American relations on a basis of individual likes and dislikes—as is too often done—is a shortsighted and rather silly attitude that quite overlooks the basic realities of the case. The really important thing is that, though some Englishmen may like and others may dislike Americans, practically all Englishmen are convinced that Britain must be on good terms with America. That is one of the corner stones of British foreign policy.

Anglo-American relations are, indeed, inspired by a happy blend of sentiment and self-interest, which is the best guaranty for their stability. As peoples, we may sometimes rub each other the wrong way; but we both feel instinctively that we are kindred in blood and basic ideals. As nations, we may develop differences in policy; yet we both know that such differences are vastly outweighed by the interests we have in common. We both realize profoundly that real enmity between us would be a hideous disaster which might well spell our common undoing. This feeling is particularly keen in the dominions of the British Empire—Australia, Canada, New Zealand and the rest. The dominions know that conflict in the English-speaking world would be for them the worst of disasters. They are thus added links in the chain of friendship between Britain and America.

All signs therefore point to lasting concord and growing coöperation between the English-speaking peoples. Disagreements may arise, but they will be settled by the good sense and temperate reasonableness which characterize both stocks. Not for nothing are we both mainly Nordic in blood! The intelligence and self-control inborn in the Nordic race can be trusted to give us sober second thoughts and to guard us against being swept off our feet by gusts of passion which might blind us to our larger interests. America and Britain will never again be foes; and so far as anything can be predicted, they seem destined to become steadily better friends.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Stoddard. The next will appear in an early issue.

Mark Today's Teeth

Note how many of them glisten

This is how the change came

COMPARE the teeth you see today with the teeth of long ago. Note how many teeth now glisten. Mark how clean they seem.

A change has come to millions in their methods of teeth cleaning. It is a change which you'll adopt when you once find it out. Accept this test now, for your own sake, if you have not made it.

You must fight film

The one way to whiter, cleaner teeth is to daily fight the film. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth. Unless removed, it soon discolors, forming dingy coats. That is why teeth grow cloudy.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Most dingy teeth and most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Dental science finds two ways

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Today careful people of some 50 nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

To homes all around you—to people you know—it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Other new factors

Pepsodent does other things which research proved essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva, which is there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Every use of Pepsodent gives them multiplied effect.

Prove it now

These results, when you know them, will mean much to you and yours. Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will be amazed and delighted. We believe that this test will bring to your home an entirely new dental era. Cut out the coupon so you don't forget.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste, based on modern research. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St. Toronto, Canada

1420

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 771, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

Use PLATE GLASS *for closed car comfort*

It is freedom of vision that makes motoring in a closed car a rare pleasure for those who like the little refinements of comfort. Plate Glass is perfectly flat, clear and free from waves and swirls. With Plate Glass in the windshield and windows, road and landscape appear clear, distinct and undistorted. There is no waving and dancing of objects to annoy the eye. Looking through Plate Glass is like looking through the open air.

Observe the glass in your car. It should be genuine Plate Glass. When you have occasion to have broken panes replaced, tell the repair man to use Plate Glass.

Nothing Else is Like it ©

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS *of* AMERICA

Genuine PLATE GLASS MADE IN U.S.A.

HOW TO LIVE ON $36,000 A YEAR

(Continued from Page 22)

security for our old age. We were going to do better at last.

Now as everyone knows, when you want to do better you first buy a book and print your name in the front of it in capital letters. So my wife bought a book, and every bill that came to the house was carefully entered in it, so that we could watch living expenses and cut them away to almost nothing—or at least to $1500 a month.

We had, however, reckoned without our town. It is one of those little towns springing up on all sides of New York which are built especially for those who have made money suddenly but have never had money before.

My wife and I are, of course, members of this newly rich class. That is to say, five years ago we had no money at all, and what we now do away with would have seemed like inestimable riches to us then. I have at times suspected that we are the only newly rich people in America, that in fact we are the very couple at whom all the articles about the newly rich were aimed.

Now when you say "newly rich" you picture a middle-aged and corpulent man who has a tendency to remove his collar at formal dinners and is in perpetual hot water with his ambitious wife and her titled friends. As a member of the newly rich class, I assure you that this picture is entirely libelous. I myself, for example, am a mild, slightly used young man of twenty-seven, and what corpulence I may have developed is for the present a strictly confidential matter between my tailor and me. We once dined with a bona fide nobleman, but we were both far too frightened to take off our collars or even to demand corned beef and cabbage. Nevertheless we live in a town especially prepared for keeping money in circulation.

When we came here, a year ago, there were, all together, seven merchants engaged in the purveyance of food—three grocers, three butchers and a fishman. But when the word went around in food-purveying circles that the town was filling up with the recently enriched as fast as houses could be built for them, the rush of butchers, grocers, fishmen and delicatessen men became enormous. Trainloads of them arrived daily with signs and scales in hand to stake out a claim and sprinkle sawdust upon it. It was like the gold rush of '49, or a big bonanza of the 70's. Older and larger cities were denuded of their stores. Inside of a year eighteen food dealers had set up shop in our main street and might be seen any day waiting in their doorways with alluring and deceitful smiles.

Having long been somewhat overcharged by the seven previous food purveyors we all naturally rushed to the new men, who made it known by large numerical signs in their windows that they intended practically to give food away. But once we were snared, the prices began to rise alarmingly, until all of us scurried like frightened mice from one new man to another, seeking only justice, and seeking it in vain.

Great Expectations

What had happened, of course, was that there were too many food purveyors for the population. It was absolutely impossible for eighteen of them to subsist on the town and at the same time charge moderate prices. So each was waiting for some of the others to give up and move away; meanwhile the only way the rest of them could carry their loans from the bank was by selling things at two or three times the prices in the city fifteen miles away. And that is how our town became the most expensive one in the world.

Now in magazine articles people always get together and found community stores, but none of us would consider such a step. It would absolutely ruin us with our neighbors, who would suspect that we actually cared about our money. When I suggested one day to a local lady of wealth—whose husband, by the way, is reputed to have made his money by vending illicit liquids—that I start a community store known as "F. Scott Fitzgerald—Fresh Meats," she was horrified. So the idea was abandoned.

But in spite of the groceries, we began the year in high hopes. My first play was to be presented in the autumn, and even if living in the East forced our expenses a little over $1600 a month, the play would easily make up for the difference. We knew what colossal sums were earned on play royalties, and just to be sure, we asked several playwrights what was the maximum that could be earned on a year's run. I never allowed myself to be rash. I took a sum halfway between the maximum and the minimum, and put that down as what we could fairly count on its earning. I think my figures came to about $100,000.

It was a pleasant year; we always had this delightful event of the play to look forward to. When the play succeeded we could buy a house, and saving money would be so easy that we could do it blindfolded with both hands tied behind our backs.

As if in happy anticipation we had a small windfall in March from an unexpected source—a moving picture—and for almost the first time in our lives we had enough surplus to buy some bonds. Of course we had "my" bond, and every six months I clipped the little coupon and cashed it, but we were so used to it that we never counted it as money. It was simply a warning never to tie up cash where we couldn't get at it in time of need.

No, the thing to buy was Liberty Bonds, and we bought four of them. It was a very exciting business. I descended to a shining and impressive room downstairs, and under the chaperonage of a guard deposited my $4000 in Liberty Bonds, together with "my" bond, in a little tin box to which I alone had the key.

Less Cash Than Company

I left the bank, feeling decidedly solid. I had at last accumulated a capital. I hadn't exactly accumulated it, but there it was anyhow, and if I had died next day it would have yielded my wife $212 a year for life—or for just as long as she cared to live on that amount.

"That," I said to myself with some satisfaction, "is what is called providing for the wife and children. Now all I have to do is to deposit the $100,000 from my play and then we're through with worry forever."

I found that from this time on I had less tendency to worry about current expenses. What if we did spend a few hundred too much now and then? What if our grocery bills did vary mysteriously from $85 to $165 a month, according as to how closely we watched the kitchen? Didn't I have bonds in the bank? Trying to keep under $1500 a month the way things were going was merely niggardly. We were going to save on a scale that would make such petty economies seem like counting pennies.

The coupons on "my" bond are always sent to an office on lower Broadway. Where Liberty Bond coupons are sent I never had a chance to find out, as I didn't have the pleasure of clipping any. Two of them I was unfortunately compelled to dispose of just one month after I first locked them up. I had begun a new novel, you see, and it occurred to me it would be much better business in the end to keep at the novel and live on the Liberty Bonds while I was writing it. Unfortunately the novel progressed slowly, while the Liberty Bonds went at an alarming rate of speed. The novel was interrupted whenever there was any sound above a whisper in the house, while the Liberty Bonds were never interrupted at all.

And the summer drifted too. It was an exquisite summer and it became a habit with many world-weary New Yorkers to pass their week-ends at the Fitzgerald house in the country. Along near the end of a balmy and insidious August I realized with a shock that only three chapters of my novel were done—and in the little tin safety-deposit vault, only "my" bond remained. There it lay—paying storage on itself and a few dollars more. But never mind; in a little while the box would be bursting with savings. I'd have to hire a twin box next door.

But the play was going into rehearsal in two months. To tide over the interval there were two courses open to me. I could sit down and write some short stories or I could continue to work on the novel and borrow the money to live on. Lulled into a sense of security by our sanguine anticipations I decided on the latter course, and my publishers lent me enough to pay our bills until the opening night.

So I went back to my novel, and the months and money melted away; but one

(Continued on Page 97)

Steward Bumpers

(Double-Bar & All Steel)

De Luxe Model

The reason for equipping a car with bumpers is to protect the car. That is why we designed the *double-bars* of the Stewart Bumper to extend *all the way across the car.* You get double bar protection *for the fenders,* as well as the center of the car.

Protection also depends on the ability of a bumper to withstand shocks without breaking. It must have a certain amount of resiliency. The Stewart Bumper is constructed entirely of high quality resilient steel. No cast-iron parts to snap under a blow.

100 per cent protection and beauty.

STEWART BUMPER PRICES

DELUXE MODEL 175
Nickel finish ... $25.00
Black finish ... 21.00
Western prices $3.00 additional

STANDARD MODEL 194
Medium Weight
Nickel finish ... $20.00
Black finish ... 18.00
Western prices $3.00 additional

LIGHT WEIGHT MODEL 202
Nickel finish ... $16.00
Black finish ... 15.00
Western prices $2.50 additional

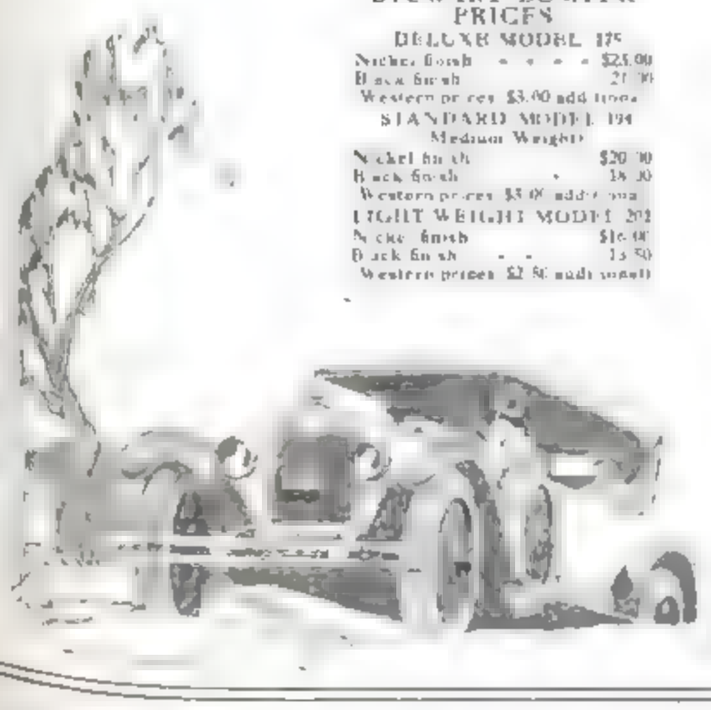
STEWART BUMPER PRICES

Special Overland 4 Models
Priced from $13.25 to $16.25
$2.50 increase in Western prices

Special Ford Models
Priced from $12.75 to $16.25
$2.50 increase in Western prices

Special Chevrolet Models
Priced from $12.25 to $16.50
$2.50 increase in Western prices

Look for the Stewart Nameplate and avoid imitations



Stewart Speedometer *for* Ford Cars

$15.00 (Western price $15.50)

"Watch your speed" to avoid arrest and fines

Would you reduce your motor repair expense 80 per cent? Would you keep your car out of the repair shop and always in good running order? The secret lies in proper lubrication. Lack of oil or grease when needed is responsible for nearly all motor troubles.

Proper lubrication is made interesting and easy with the Stewart Speedometer. At various mileage intervals you will see a colored numeral turn up on the season mileage dials. Then you pull down the chart, hinged below the speedometer, and read just where lubrication is needed.

For instance, a red numeral turns up every 1,000 miles and the color chart tells you to "drain oil from crankcase" and grease "differential."

Nothing to remember. Nothing to write down. It's absolutely automatic. An exclusive Stewart feature.

When a colored dial appears, the hinged chart can be pulled down to serve as a constant reminder, until the needed lubrication has been attended to. Then the chart may be snapped up out of sight.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Stewart

CUSTOMBILT ACCESSORIES

USED ON 9 MILLION CARS

SAVE this guide for reference with your family, your painter and the Sherwin-Williams dealer

CONDENSED

HOUSEHOLD GUIDE

For Painting, Varnishing, Staining and Enameling

IMPORTANT: Each of the products specified below bears our name and trade mark

TRADE MARK

	TO PAINT *Use product named below*	TO VARNISH *Use product named below*	TO STAIN *Use product named below*	TO ENAMEL *Use product named below*
AUTOMOBILES	*S-W Auto Enamel:* for the man who paints his own car	*S-W Auto Enamel Clear:* a colorless varnish		*S-W Auto Enamel:* assorted colors
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	*S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing*			
BRICK	*SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss *S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* dull finish			*Old Dutch Enamel:* full gloss for outside exposure
CEILINGS, Interior	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* for woodwork only; such as beamed ceilings, etc.	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* Penetrating spirit stain for new hard wood *Floorlac:* varnish and stain combined, new or old wood	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting, for porch ceilings, etc.	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE	*S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* a paint, resists weather			
DOORS, Interior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Scar-Not Varnish*, gloss *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries to a dull finish without rubbing	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined *S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new wood only	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting spar varnish	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory For interior and exterior use
FENCES	*SWP House Paint:* *Metalastic* (iron or wire only) *S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* for rough work		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain*	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* water resisting, heel proof	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish
Concrete	*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* wears well, washes well			*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* high-gloss, durable
Porch	*S-W Porch and Deck Paint:*			
FURNITURE, Indoors	*Enameloid:* the decorative enamel	*Scar-Not Varnish.* stands hard usage	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
Porch	*Enameloid:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish* weather resisting	*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	*Old Dutch Enamel:* enduring gloss
LINOLEUM	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* protects the pattern		*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish
RADIATORS	*Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint *S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint*			*Enameloid:* assorted colors
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	*S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* *Metalastic:* *Ebonol:* black coal tar paint		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	
SCREENS	*S-W Screen Enamel:*			*S-W Screen Enamel*
TOYS	*S-W Family Paint:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:*	*Floorlac:* (inside use) a varnish and stain combined	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint *SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss			*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory; gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
WICKER	*Enameloid:* high gloss assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* durable, elastic	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
WOODWORK, Interior	*SWP House Paint:* gloss *Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries dull without rubbing	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new hardwood *S-W Oil Stain:* for new soft wood *Floorlac:* for new or old wood, a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory; dull or gloss; aristocrat of enamels, specified by leading architects *Enameloid:* assorted colors

NOTE: *Best results can be had by following the carefully prepared directions on labels.*

Copyright, 1923, by The Sherwin-Williams Co.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES

COVER THE EARTH

Latest Help in Painting

Save this "Household Guide." You may want to use it any day. It shows the correct *type* and *quality* of paint, varnish, stain or enamel, whatever the job. It prevents exasperating mistakes.

Read the left-hand column on the "Guide." Find the surface you want to finish. Then use the paint, varnish, stain or enamel recommended opposite that surface. A "Guide" giving more surfaces will be found at the store carrying Sherwin-Williams goods—well worth looking up. If special information is wanted ask that dealer or write us. *"The right finish for each surface."*

Write for free booklet B 450 with complete Household Guide and helpful information on all painting, varnishing, staining and enameling. Valuable whether you do the work yourself or employ a master painter.

Send 50c (65c in Canada) for Home Painting Manual, 177 pages, handsome full color plate. Most complete book on the subject ever published. Address Dept. B-435.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
601 Canal Rd. Cleveland, O.

To protect concrete surfaces

To protect its beauty

For lasting attractiveness

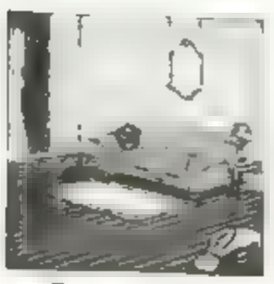
To make toys "new"

To "renew" your car

To resist wear

For stucco

To keep linoleum like new


To enrich hard wood

To "insure" your roof

For cheerful satisfactory walls

To keep attractive

To properly finish woodwork

For better-looking radiators

To renew furniture

To withstand the weather

(Continued from Page 94)

morning in October I sat in the cold interior of a New York theater and heard the cast read through the first act of my play. It was magnificent; my estimate had been too low. I could almost hear the people scrambling for seats, hear the ghostly voices of the movie magnates as they bid against one another for the picture rights. The novel was now laid aside; my days were spent at the theater and my nights in revising and improving the two or three little weak spots in what was to be the success of the year.

The time approached and life became a breathless affair. The November bills came in, were glanced at, and punched onto a bill file on the bookcase. More important questions were in the air. A disgusted letter arrived from an editor telling me I had written only two short stories during the entire year. But what did that matter? The main thing was that our second comedian got the wrong intonation in his first-act exit line.

The play opened in Atlantic City in November. It was a colossal frost. People left their seats and walked out, people rustled their programs and talked audibly in bored impatient whispers. After the second act I wanted to stop the show and say it was all a mistake but the actors struggled heroically on.

There was a fruitless week of patching and revising, and then we gave up and came home. To my profound astonishment the year, the great year, was almost over. I was $5000 in debt, and my one idea was to get in touch with a reliable poorhouse where we could hire a room and bath for nothing a week. But one satisfaction nobody could take from us. We had spent $36,000, and purchased for one year the right to be members of the newly rich class. What more can money buy?

Taking Account of Stock

The first move, of course, was to get out "my" bond, take it to the bank and offer it for sale. A very nice old man at a shining table was firm as to its value as security, but he promised that if I became overdrawn he would call me up on the phone and give me a chance to make good. No, he never went to lunch with depositors. He considered writers a shiftless class, he said, and assured me that the whole bank was absolutely burglarproof from cellar to roof.

Too discouraged even to put the bond back in the now yawning deposit box, I tucked it gloomily into my pocket and went home. There was no help for it. I must go to work. I had exhausted my resources and there was nothing else to do. In the train I listed all our possessions on which, if it came to that, we could possibly raise money. Here is the list:

1 Oil stove, damaged.
9 Electric lamps, all varieties.
2 Bookcases with books to match.
1 Cigarette humidor, made by a convict.
2 Framed crayon portraits of my wife and me.
1 Medium-priced automobile, 1921 model.
1 Bond, par value $1000; actual value unknown.

"Let's cut down expenses right away," began my wife when I reached home. "There's a new grocery in town where you pay cash and everything costs only half what it does anywhere else. I can take the car every morning and ——"

"Cash!" "Cash!" I began to laugh at this.

The one thing it was impossible for us to do now was to pay cash. It was too late to pay cash. We had no cash to pay. We should rather have gone down on our knees and thanked the butcher and grocer for letting us charge. An enormous economic fact became clear to me at that moment—the rarity of cash, the latitude of choice that cash allows.

"Well," she remarked thoughtfully, "that's too bad. But at least we don't need three servants. We'll get a Japanese to do general housework, and I'll be nurse for a while until you get us out of danger."

"Let them go?" I demanded incredulously. "But we can't let them go! We'd have to pay them an extra two weeks each. Why, to get them out of the house would cost us $125—in cash! Besides, it's nice to have the butler; if we have an awful smash we can send him up to New York to hold us a place in the bread line."

"Well, then, how can we economize?"

"We can't. We're too poor to economize. Economy is a luxury. We could have economized last summer—but now our only salvation is in extravagance."

"How about a smaller house?"

"Impossible! Moving is the most expensive thing in the world; and besides, I couldn't work during the confusion. No," I went on, "I'll just have to get out of this mess the only way I know how, by making more money. Then when we've got something in the bank we can decide what we'd better do."

Over our garage is a large bare room whither I now retired with pencil, paper and the oil stove, emerging the next afternoon at five o'clock with a 7000-word story. That was something; it would pay the rent and last month's overdue bills. It took twelve hours a day for five weeks to rise from abject poverty back into the middle class, but within that time we had paid our debts, and the cause for immediate worry was over.

But I was far from satisfied with the whole affair. A young man can work at excessive speed with no ill effects, but youth is unfortunately not a permanent condition of life.

I wanted to find out where the $36,000 had gone. Thirty-six thousand is not very wealthy—not yacht-and-Palm-Beach wealthy—but it sounds to me as though it should buy a roomy house full of furniture, a trip to Europe once a year, and a bond or two besides. But our $36,000 had bought nothing at all.

So I dug up my miscellaneous account books, and my wife dug up her complete household record for the year 1923, and we made out the monthly average. Here it is:

HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES

Income tax	$ [illegible]
Food	[illegible]
Rent	[illegible]
Coal, wood, ice, gas, light, phone and water	[illegible]
Servants	[illegible]
Golf clubs	[illegible]
Clothes—three people	[illegible]
Doctor and dentist	[illegible]
Drugs and cigarettes	[illegible]
Automobile	[illegible]
Books	[illegible]
All other household expenses	[illegible]
Total	$[illegible]

"Well, that's not bad," we thought when we had got thus far. "Some of the items are pretty high, especially food and servants. But there's about everything accounted for, and it's only a little more than half our income."

Then we worked out the average monthly expenditures that could be included under pleasure.

Hotel bills—this meant spending the night or charging meals in New York	$ [illegible]
Trips—only two, but apportioned per month	[illegible]
Theater tickets	[illegible]
Barber and hairdresser	[illegible]
Charity and loans	[illegible]
Taxis	[illegible]
Gambling—this dark heading covers bridge, craps and football bets	[illegible]
Restaurant parties	[illegible]
Entertaining	[illegible]
Miscellaneous	[illegible]
Total	$[illegible]

Some of these items were pretty high. They will seem higher to a Westerner than to a New Yorker. Fifty-five dollars for theater tickets means between three and five shows a month, depending on the type of show and how long it's been running. Football games are also included in this, as well as ringside seats to the Dempsey-Firpo fight. As for the amount marked "restaurant parties"—$70 would perhaps take three couples to a popular after-theater cabaret—but it would be a close shave.

We added the items marked "pleasure" to the items marked "household expenses," and obtained a monthly total.

"Fine," I said. "Just $3000. Now at least we'll know where to cut down, because we know where it goes."

She frowned; then a puzzled, awed expression passed over her face.

"What's the matter?" I demanded. "Isn't it all right? Are some of the items wrong?"

"It isn't the items," she said staggeringly; "it's the total. This only adds up to $2000 a month."

I was incredulous, but she nodded.

"But listen," I protested; "my bank statements show that we've spent $3000 a month. You don't mean to say that every month we lose $1000 dollars?"

"This only adds up to $2000," she protested, "so we must have."

"Give me the pencil."

For an hour I worked over the accounts in silence, but to no avail.

"Why, this is impossible!" I insisted. "People don't lose $12,000 in a year. It's just—it's just missing."

There was a ring at the doorbell and I walked over to answer it, still dazed by these figures. It was the Banklands, our neighbors from over the way.

"Good heavens!" I announced. "We've just lost $12,000!"

Bankland stepped back alertly.

"Burglars?" he inquired.

"Ghosts," answered my wife.

Mrs. Bankland looked nervously around.

"Really?"

We explained the situation, the mysterious third of our income that had vanished into thin air.

"Well, what we do," said Mrs. Bankland, "is, we have a budget."

"We have a budget," agreed Bankland, "and we stick absolutely to it. If the skies fall we don't go over any item of that budget. That's the only way to live sensibly and save money."

"That's what we ought to do," I agreed.

Mrs. Bankland nodded enthusiastically.

"It's a wonderful scheme," she went on. "We make a certain deposit every month, and all I save on it I can have for myself to do anything I want with."

I could see that my own wife was visibly excited.

"That's what I want to do," she broke out suddenly. "Have a budget. Everybody does it that has any sense."

"I pity anyone that doesn't use that system," said Bankland solemnly. "Think of the inducement to economy—the extra money my wife'll have for clothes."

"How much have you saved so far?" my wife inquired eagerly of Mrs. Bankland.

"So far?" repeated Mrs. Bankland. "Oh, I haven't had a chance so far. You see we only began the system yesterday."

"Yesterday!" we cried.

"Just yesterday," agreed Bankland darkly. "But I wish to heaven I'd started it a year ago. I've been working over our accounts all week, and do you know, Fitzgerald, every month there's $2000 I can't account for to save my soul."

Headed Toward Easy Street

Our financial troubles are now over. We have permanently left the newly rich class and installed the budget system. It is simple and sensible, and I can explain it to you in a few words. You consider your income as an enormous pie all cut up into slices, each slice representing one class of expenses. Somebody has worked it all out; so you know just what proportion of your income you can spend on each slice. There is even a slice for founding universities, if you go in for that.

For instance, the amount you spend on the theater should be half your drug-store bill. This will enable us to see one play every five and a half months, or two and a half plays a year. We have already picked out the first one, but if it isn't running five and a half months from now we shall be that much ahead. Our allowance for newspapers should be only a quarter of what we spend on self-improvement, so we are considering whether to get the Sunday paper once a month or to subscribe for an almanac.

According to the budget we will be allowed only three-quarters of a servant, so we are on the lookout for a one-legged cook who can come six days a week. And apparently the author of the budget book lives in a town where you can still go to the movies for a nickel and get a shave for a dime. But we are going to give up the expenditure called "Foreign missions, etc." and apply it to the life of crime instead. Altogether, outside of the fact that there is no slice allowed for "missing" it seems to be a very complete book, and according to the testimonials in the back, if we make $36,000 again this year, the chances are that we'll save at least $35,000.

"But we can't get any of that first $36,000 back," I complained around the house. "If we just had something to show for it I wouldn't feel so absurd."

My wife thought a long while.

"The only thing you can do," she said finally, "is to write a magazine article and call it How to Live on $36,000 a Year."

"What a silly suggestion!" I replied coldly.

EVER WHITE SANI-SEAT
fits any standard size bowl, measuring 5 1/4" from center to center of post holes—16 1/2" center of post line to outside rim of bowl. All-white Pyralin processed even to solid brass hinges. Guaranteed 5 years
Choose a lasting all-white seat
WHEN YOU remodel your bathroom make it all-white and choose a stainless, lasting seat to lend distinction to the room.
EVERWHITE SANI-SEAT
You know it's clean
bears the scrutiny of the most critical guest. Pyralin processed throughout, even to the hinges, it offers the utmost in beauty, sanitation and durability. Smooth as satin, white as marble, strong and lasting, the EVER WHITE SANI-SEAT is most economical as well as beautiful. Guaranteed for five years.
Saves you $3 to $5 at Master Plumbers'
Your plumber sells the EVER WHITE SANI-SEAT for only $12. This low price is possible because of the enormous facilities of the Woodward-Wanger Co., makers of the famous Mushroom Parabal. Ask your plumber. Or send us his name and we will see that you are supplied. Illustrated booklet of toilet seats for all purposes, at all prices, free on request.
MUSHROOM Parabal
Stops the leak

PARIS
PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
Time for a fresh pair?
Although they wear ever so long, Paris Garters were never meant to be heirlooms. Fresh clothes and hose deserve clean garters. And snappy new elastic insures trimly held socks. Get the down-right comfort and worthy wear of a new pair of Paris today. As low as 35¢
There are enough men wearing Paris Garters to elect the next President—easily!
A. STEIN & COMPANY
Also Makers of Hickory Products
Chicago New York

THE CITY COMPLETE

(Continued from Page 28)

guide them they did not even realize the danger of volcanoes. The city of Pompeii is an excellent example of that fact. It was founded along about 600 B. C. and later walled, but was taken by the Romans during the Samnite Wars, probably about 290 B. C. It was highly favored by the Emperor Sulla, who established a Roman colony there; and still later by the Emperor Claudius, who chose the place as suitable for his villa. Cicero also had a villa there. In the very shadow of ever-threatening disaster it flourished under imperial favor. But after it was destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 A. D. it was never rebuilt, and eventually was so utterly forgotten that it became almost a myth. It was not until the year 1748 that excavations by the Neapolitan Government proved definitely that there really had been a city of Pompeii.

Something of the same sort happened in the case of Babylon, which was a myth for many years until excavations proved that it had once existed. Babylon, however, was a victim of military defeat and bad climate. Troy is another city which was supposed to have been a poetic dream, a fiction of imagination, until its walls were uncovered and their dimensions measured. These cities are mentioned in order to bring out the contrast with Chicago, which, when destroyed by fire, was in course of reconstruction before the embers had ceased smoking. But Chicago was not constructed by royal decree or dependent upon a king's prowess in war for its existence. Chicago was built upon a foundation of transportation. Destroyed, it had to be rebuilt. If it were destroyed again it would rise in the same manner, only much more quickly.

When an ancient city was doomed to destruction by a tide in the fortunes of war there was very little reason why the inhabitants—if they escaped massacre—should ever return. Their property holdings of every sort disappeared. War was the business of those ages and it had to be made profitable. To the extent possible it was made profitable. But destruction of a city today leaves property in the hands of the same owners. Even war does not affect it, so definitely is the right of private landholding established. A high-water mark in this regard was set by the United States when, following the war with Mexico in 1848, the treaty of peace provided that not only would all private citizens be secure in their lands but that the laws under which they acquired those lands would also be respected. Thus it is that, in tracing the title of lands in California and other states acquired as a result of that war, one follows the laws of Mexico if the tracing goes farther back than the date of the Treaty of Guadalupe. And if it goes back farther than Mexican independence one probably finishes the examination with an original grant of land by the King of Spain.

Cities, Ancient and Modern

So two tremendous changes in basic conditions had been effected before the building of American cities began. The doctrine of private property was thoroughly established and the city rested upon a new foundation of service to its surrounding territory. If that territory developed riches the city would grow in proportion as it served. No man would obstruct. Neither could any notable help be given by the government, though protection remained an important element in the foundation of many American municipalities. It was incidental however. If there happened to be a rich trading territory available and a fort to give protection, that was a fortunate circumstance. The fort alone was not sufficient.

The earlier American cities along the Atlantic Coast were built strictly upon trade. So were the great cities along the Mississippi River. Those cities had to be. They were situated usually at the mouths of rivers, so that they had a waterway to the products of the interior and a waterway to the markets of the world. The best ground was selected—not from the viewpoint of a monarch who might have half a dozen personal, national and international ends in view, but from the viewpoint of the men who were going to build their warehouses, docks, homes and shrines upon that ground. All that they held dear would find security upon it, and to the selection they gave an entirely different kind of thought from that previously bestowed by monarchs. They thought about floods and storms, about volcanoes, earthquakes, pure water, climate, solid foundations for their buildings and safe moorings for their ships. The accumulated common sense and experience of the human race went into their selections. And where they found that there were certain difficulties and obstacles they began attacking them with science and invention. They could see the need for conquering the yellow-fever mosquito, malaria and periodical overflows.

To the king the rabble was the rabble. But now the common people were building for their own profit and protection. Instead of one man or ten selecting a site, millions gave thought to it. Their opinions determined the directions in which a city would have its growth—or whether it would enjoy any at all. But more important even than this, they gave thought to the improvement of that site for all the uses to which it was being put. So far as the United States is concerned, this era of city building for service was contemporary with the growth of modern science. Not only did the citizens desire protection but they were able to obtain advice from competent men on the means for obtaining it.

Galveston's Comeback

A striking example of what this new condition meant with reference to the stability of a city is furnished by the experience of Galveston, Texas. If that gulf port had been the seat of monarchy when it was destroyed by a hurricane and flood on September 8, 1900, it would probably never have been rebuilt. The military power could not have resisted such a disaster. Instead of disappearing, however, Galveston immediately began the work of reconstruction. Within four years of the date of a disaster which wiped out about 5000 lives and destroyed approximately $17,000,000 worth of property a great reenforced concrete sea wall had been constructed. And back of this wall the island was raised fifteen feet by the simple process of using giant pumps to suck up sand from the bottom of the ocean and deposit it on the island. Since the flood of 1900, Galveston has had several storms probably as severe as the one which resulted in such terrible disaster, but its position as a port shows annual gain.

The imagination is staggered by the tremendous meaning of such facts, but they must be digested in order that the modern city can realize its possibilities. It exists because it must exist.

After Pompeii was destroyed people from the surrounding country came to the site and gathered such building material as appeared above the level of the ashes. Having done this, they felt they had salvaged about all they could get from the ruins. Mark that fact and consider how different the case would be if New York, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago or any one of half a hundred other modern cities were buried under volcanic ash! They would be veritable bonanza mines. Millions could be profitably expended to burrow into those ashes. I am not speaking of the gold in banks or jewelry, for the best evidence indicates that such property was for the most part carried away by its owners when Pompeii was destroyed. The loss of life was comparatively small. I am thinking of the immovable property which constitutes a modern city as compared with the immovable property of Pompeii or any other ancient center of population. The lead in plumbing fixtures and underground cables alone in New York City would make a vast fortune.

So tremendous is the permanent investment in a modern municipality that it withstands even the ravages of war. Unless a city lies in the direct path of an army so that it becomes a necessary strategic position, there is little tendency to destroy it. And when destroyed it will rise again as the cities of Northern France and Belgium have risen. They are necessary to the surrounding territory or perhaps to the world. How different from Carthage and Troy, which, when destroyed, remained ruins!

Though there are many points common to all the great cities of this day, the American metropolis has certain characteristics

(Continued on Page 101

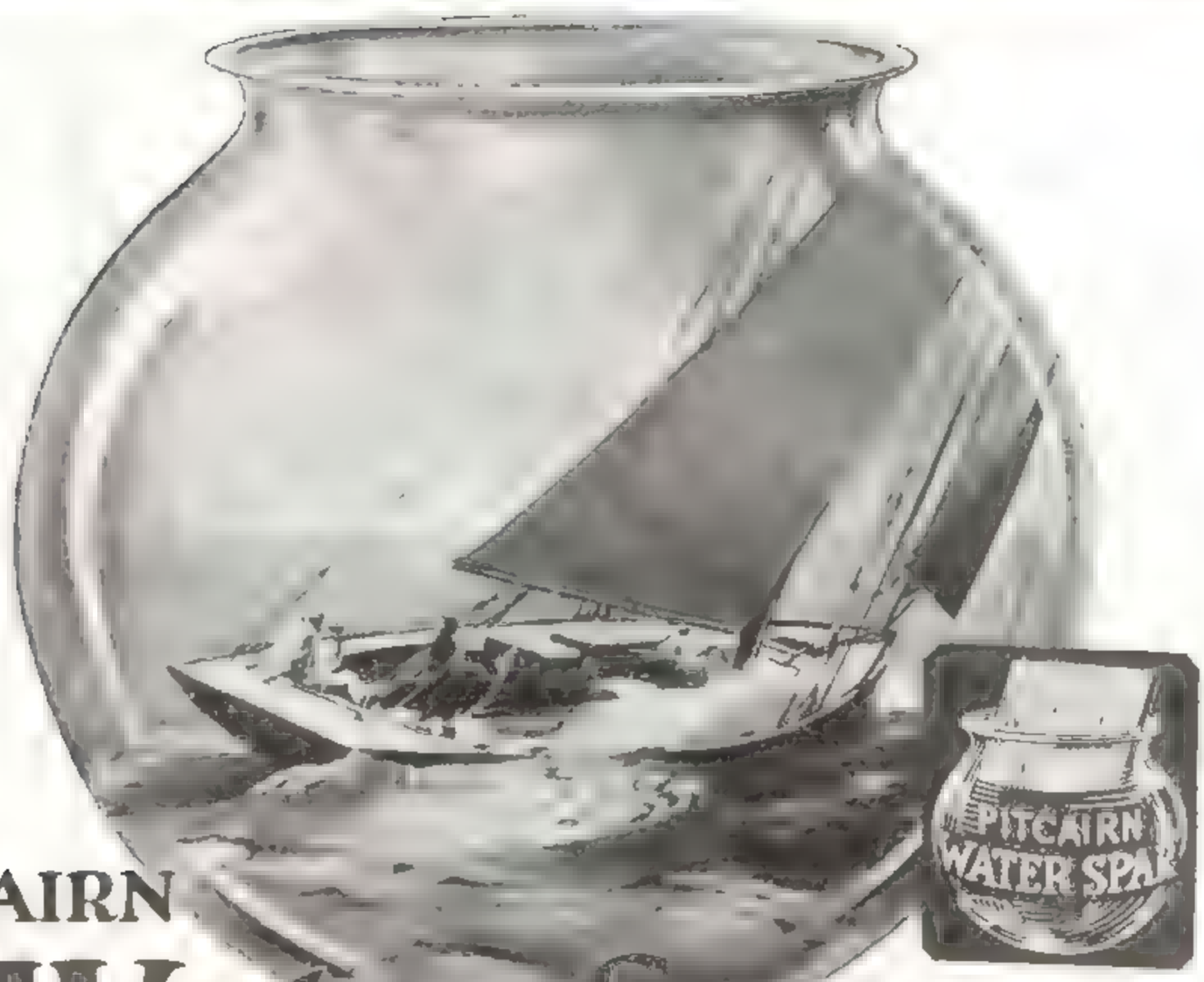
Today in a motor car with

Wilson built Body

. . . every mile of every journey is a mile of pleasure and luxury. From the very birth of the motor car, the Wilson coachbuilders have kept pace with the onrushing strides of the industry. From the first, Wilson has been privileged to create innumerable new ideas and ideals of elegance in automobile coachwork. In two generations Wilson craftsmen have given the world infinitely more luxury and comfort than were ever achieved in three thousand years of transportation history!

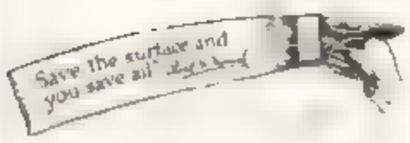
C. R. WILSON BODY COMPANY, Detroit *and* Bay City, Michigan

Paint



PITCAIRN
Water Spar Varnish
WATERPROOF and SOLEPROOF

A sea-going varnish
for your floors and furniture



What color shall the new living-room rug be? What will best harmonize with the rest of the decorations? Let us help you in making the many decisions on home decoration and arrangement that crop up every day. Send for the book "What to do and How to do it." A guide to better homes. It contains many helpful hints and helpful advice. Send ten cents for your copy to Dept. A, Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

AMONG yachtsmen Waterspar is an old shipmate. They like its spruce-looking lustre. They know that for sea-service it will keep the woodwork, spars and decks of their boats in perfect condition. Even after continued drenchings it will not crack, peel nor discolor. They know how wonderfully wear-resisting Waterspar is.

Waterspar is really water-proof. In dealers' stores you will see the aquarium test—a Waterspar red panel in water month after month unharmed in any way. Think what this means for your floors and furniture.

There is also Waterspar colored varnish and enamel, made in eighteen attractive colors. This, too, is water-proof—gives perfect surface protection.

There is some place in your home that needs Waterspar protection. Get a good brush and a can of Waterspar—you need not be an experienced painter—and notice the difference.

Pitcairn Waterspar Varnish is a "Pittsburgh Proof Product." You will find the same high standard quality in the other "Proof Products," among them Patton's Velumina Flat Oil Wall Paint, Banzai Enamel, Sun-Proof and many other "Proof Products." Whatever you need in the way of glass, paint, varnish and brushes the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company has a product that will exactly fill your requirements. For sale by quality dealers everywhere. *Get a good brush. It is as important as good varnish.*

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.
GLASS · Manufacturers · PAINT
Paint and Varnish Factories
Milwaukee, Wis. - Newark, N.J.

Varnish

(Continued from Page 98)

which are strictly national. It leads all others in public utilities, but it also has the skyscraper. Probably many of our people think the other countries would like to have skyscrapers, but don't know how to build them, or haven't the money or the uses that would make them profitable. That isn't true, however. They do not want skyscrapers. It requires only a moment's thought to see that very tall buildings are the principal cause of our civic-congestion problem.

This has now become so severe that it will have to be dealt with. In its incipient stages traffic policemen furnished a remedy, but they have already proved to be only a temporary expedient, alleviating conditions for a time, until congestion could grow much worse. The skyscraper is fundamentally an imposition upon the public welfare. It is profitable to the owner at the expense of public thoroughfares. These buildings have gone on multiplying in number as they reached greater and greater heights, until literally scores of miles of American streets are choked with traffic and even the most efficient rapid-transit systems can no longer carry away quickly the hordes of men and women who must congregate in those buildings daily during business hours.

Our Inadequate Streets

Along with this development has come the automobile, making additional demands upon highways which are but slightly wider than during the age of the horse. We laugh at the thought of ancient streets only eight, ten, twelve or fifteen feet wide and sloping toward an open sewer in the middle, but they are not one iota more ridiculous than a street twenty to thirty feet wide with buildings rising twenty to forty stories on both sides. Since these streets cannot now be widened, about the most practicable plan is to furnish additional paths to and from them underground. This is especially important in the case of buildings where much freight is received and discharged. One of the largest department stores in New York City has already recognized the inevitable by arranging for the enormous delivery trucks to come right into the building. There they are taken on elevators to the loading department. The system of moving freight across the sidewalk is simply a survival of the Middle Ages or, for that matter, probably the most ancient cities the earth has had. It will doubtless soon be necessary for owners of establishments in front of which automobiles are parked to provide space for that purpose in the basement. The public can no longer spare the space which these standing automobiles occupy. Every foot of the ground is needed for moving traffic. In other words, I think the height of buildings in this country has reached such proportions that they constitute an encroachment or imposition upon the public highways and that the public will have to retaliate by forcing the owners to provide at their own expense space which the municipality no longer has to give without causing endless inconvenience.

Therefore I am against the skyscraper. The reason that man from Thriving Center had to stand on the corner is the skyscraper. The reason for our tremendous congestion is the skyscraper, and in many instances the reason of the high rents for business property is the skyscraper. Eliminate the skyscraper, elbowroom your structures, spread out your meeting and bartering places, and you will see how quickly your congestion will disappear. It is too late in many instances; but at least it is possible not to aggravate present conditions.

An Underground Roadway

Here is a very simple expedient to relieve the vehicular congestion. What I am about to suggest would have been done had automobiles been in existence at the time our cities were created. Build a roadway under the pavement space, taking in some portion of the basements of the abutting property. Have an entrance into each basement from this roadway and compel every establishment to house its own vehicular traffic.

If I want to go to Wanalitif, I go directly to its basement. If I am to deliver or receive merchandise—the same thing. Keep this obstructing traffic off the streets unless it is moving, and see how quickly congestion will disappear.

This plan has also another merit. Shipping keeps many streets open for vehicular traffic; you can compel people to walk to an establishment, but merchandise cannot do so. Provide underground facilities for its disposition and the necessity for other than pedal travel is gone. Nassau Street, in New York, is an example. Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, is another, and there are almost innumerable instances of the plan's beneficial influences.

It can be done, it will be done, it is the only vehicular-traffic solution. Ramps, or inclined means of entrance and exit, every half mile, could easily be arranged for.

The imagination is staggered by the amount of money invested to furnish the services now referred to as public utilities. It represents billions of dollars. Uncountable tons of copper, spun into networks or fine wire, are laid in cables underground. Telephones, electric juice, gas, subways, elevated railways, water mains, sewers, electric power, steam pipes, and all this vast organization of service rest upon the fact that the modern city is secure. And every time some change is made the street is torn up. Why? The patchwork system. In this pavement street all provision can be made for all possible house connections, and only upon very rare occasions will open work become necessary.

There is already, in New York City, a definite movement away from certain districts which have choked themselves through tall buildings. But it is amusing to note that the trades or industries which move out of Lower Manhattan are for the most part going to uptown districts already well on the way to similar congestion. In other words, by moving they tend to create in a new place precisely the condition they are running away from in the old place. It has not yet occurred to them that they ought to go a considerable distance away from probable congestion and spread out the city. This would help to solve the whole problem instead of dragging it around with them.

Lincoln Memorial Photographed From a Marine Photographic Airplane at an Altitude of About 500 Feet, Showing the Setting of the Memorial in Potomac Park, Wash., D. C.

Where They Need The Best Switch, You'll Find Square D

You could not be given a better reason for using Square D Safety Switches than their growing numbers in the rigorous and exacting service of the steel mills.

Their superior quality and ingenious features must have been decisively demonstrated—and *valued*—in order to have earned a foremost place in America's foremost manufacturing industry.

Surely there is no more sensible way of judging a product than by the degree of satisfaction which is found in its use. On exactly that basis, we invite you to form your estimate of the Square D Safety Switch.

SQUARE D COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.

Factories at:
DETROIT, MICH., PERU, IND., WALKERVILLE, ONT
BRANCH OFFICES: Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, St Louis, Toronto, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Montreal, Atlanta, Cleveland, San Francisco, Winnipeg, Vancouver

(56)

SQUARE D
Safety Switch

ATWATER KENT

Philadelphia

Efficient in any Weather

ATWATER KENT Ignition, Type LA, for Ford Cars is sturdily built;— it is positive in its performance and thoroughly dependable in any weather, under all working conditions. It greatly increases the power, flexibility and smooth running of the engine and offers to Ford owners every ignition advantage enjoyed on the more expensive cars.

Easily and quickly installed without removing the radiator.

Price $10.80

Including Cables and Fittings

ATWATER KENT MFG. CO.
4939 STENTON AVE., PHILA., PA.

When an industry which is localized within five or six blocks of a certain part of Manhattan discovers that congestion is causing serious delays and losses, it will select a part of the city where high buildings are less numerous and proceed to erect a number of tall structures, usually close together, and of about the same type as those just abandoned. It is astonishing that men who have seen the necessity of abandoning a certain street because two long rows of skyscrapers have caused congestion will go to another part of the city but a comparatively few blocks distant and reconstruct the identical condition under the impression that they are solving a problem. Often the industries are of such a nature that they could just as easily go clear on out beyond all congestion.

There is an interesting history attaching to the skyscraper as an American institution. Buildings of this type were made possible in this country and approximately impossible in England by two legal opinions which cross each other at right angles, one might say, because they are so opposite. British courts have upheld for many years what is termed the doctrine of ancient light, while American courts have not, except in a few rare instances.

Why England Lacks Skyscrapers

The doctrine of ancient light is, briefly, that twenty years of uninterrupted enjoyment of light and air through windows overlooking an adjoining property constitute an easement or legal privilege or right to the continued enjoyment of such light and air. British courts first began to uphold this principle when large urban estates were broken up; the landlord would often sell a corner business lot and then later cripple its value by constructing upon the adjoining property a building which cut off the light and air from the building he had previously sold. After many cases of this kind had been tried the doctrine was well established that twenty years of enjoyment of light and air constituted a legal claim to them. Other decisions fixed the principle that it was not illegal to cut off the view, because that was merely a pleasure and not a necessity. Other decisions fixed the principle that it was not unlawful to open windows which tended to diminish a neighbor's privacy. But the doctrine of ancient light was more and more firmly fixed, until finally it was written into the law in an Act of Parliament known as the Prescription Act

At first the American courts were inclined to uphold the British doctrine because it had come to them in the body of the law, but the different conditions on this side of the ocean made them hesitate, and for a period there were conflicting opinions from different courts. Eventually, however, it was abandoned in nearly all states. The American decision which is usually quoted in authoritative encyclopedias of law was rendered in the case of Keats vs. Hugo in Massachusetts. The decision follows:

> By nature, light and air do not flow in definite channels but are universally diffused. The supposed necessity for their passage in a particular line or direction to any lot of land is created not by the relative situation of that lot to the surrounding lands but by the manner in which that lot has been built upon. The actual enjoyment of the air and light by the owner of the house is upon his own land only. He makes no tangible or visible use of the adjoining lands nor indeed any use of them which can be made the subject of an action by their owner or which in any way interferes with the latter's enjoyment of the light and air upon his own lands in their existing condition. In short the owner of the adjoining lands had submitted to nothing which actually had encroached upon his rights and cannot therefore be presumed to have assented to any such encroachment

In those few words you have the foundation upon which every American skyscraper largely rests. And there also you have an explanation of the difference between the sky line of London and that of New York There also you have a qualification of my statement that London and other large cities do not want skyscrapers; for though it is true that they do not desire them it is also true that the English have long had in operation this legal principle which makes them well-nigh impossible for the British Isles. The skyscraper necessarily cuts off light and air from surrounding buildings. The British doctrine of ancient light is also upheld in many of the colonies, including New Brunswick, New Zealand and parts of Australia. It has had an indirect effect upon the legal decisions and laws of other countries as well.

So here we are confronted with these skyscrapers—not only the fact of their existence but a national and more especially a civic pride in them. Also they are profitable—do not forget that part of it. And they are excellent advertising. A company with surplus funds to invest can advertise itself nationally with a structure many times larger than it needs for its central offices and then rent the remainder, but the building will have the name of the company which owns it.

Either we must plan entirely different widths of streets and additional levels underground for ingress and egress to all structures or we must adopt the plan of spreading out the city so that the skyscraper will not exist. But either course calls for a plan. Probably both courses are necessary where the skyscraper already exists—the one to meet present conditions and the other to prevent them from making new demands upon the public purse.

I believe the time is here beyond question when cities can be planned to provide for certain future needs. The subway, which is a comparatively recent contrivance, introduced an entirely new factor at the time it was opened, but now we are familiar with underground traffic, and no matter how much it may be improved we shall have the same principles at work.

An entirely new factor has recently come into being in the form of travel through the air, but the solution of prospective problems along that line seems apparent in the fact that the roof remains the unused part of modern structures. Evidently roofs can be arranged to provide suitable landing places by the time the aëroplane is in common use. With underground, overground, surface and air travel already in existence we know by process of elimination that there will be nothing new. Therefore it is time to plan. We ought not to continue indefinitely along the planless way of letting cow trails grow into highways and then wondering what we are going to do to take care of the traffic. Not only with reference to width of streets but to the dimensions of a block there are known facts. The city ought to determine in advance what sort of streets and blocks will be best suited to the requirements. And its reservations of space for parks, little squares and circles, and possible public buildings, could just as well be made in advance.

Planning for the Future

The ordinary course of development in an American city is that ground for a school building is purchased after it is urgently needed and the price is high. If a reservation had been made well in advance the cost would be much less. Eventually that school site will be no longer needed because of shifting residence districts. If it had been purchased at a low price there would frequently be an enormous profit accruing at the time of its sale. I do not think it is shooting beyond the mark to say that it is possible—where a city is planned for the growth of decades—to make such a profit from sale of school sites that the cost of new buildings could usually come out of these profits.

But this is never done, and the cost of school buildings adds heavily to the tax and bond burdens of the citizens. It is really a tax upon shortsightedness.

The time has come to plan the city complete—they are practically all going to grow; they won't disappear. They were based upon necessity in the first place, and that foundation remains. Kings, czars and emperors pass away, but cities will not. Armies may be defeated and enemies march through proud municipalities, but they will live through it all. The day of the death-defying city is here. It is time for its citizens to rear their heads with a pride based upon knowledge and accept the responsibility with the glory. Humanity being what it is, we may never have the city complete, but we can come much closer to it than we have thus far—because up to the present time we haven't really tried. Just one notable experiment was made—the city of Washington—and if that doesn't inspire us to try again then I misjudge the temper and genius of our people. Just as the spirit of democracy dictated that the city should have basic safety aside from military protection, so it will guide the planning of the future and decree that the streets shall be safe and at all times passable for all the people.

Capitol Boilers

When you install a Capitol Boiler in your home you can depend upon positive, unfailing heating service.

Behind that trade mark is thirty years of manufacturing experience. And behind each boiler is the broadest written guarantee in the field.

These are elements of fixed responsibility. They assure you that each Capitol *must* live up to an established reputation.

They are final and convincing proofs that you can buy no better boiler than a Capitol. Your Heating Contractor will be glad to confirm this fact.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

General Offices, Detroit, Michigan

Branch and Sales Offices

*Boston
*Springfield, Mass.
*Portland, Me.
New York
*Brooklyn
*Harrison, N. J.
*Philadelphia
*Baltimore
Buffalo
Pittsburgh
*Cleveland
*Columbus
*Cincinnati
*Detroit
*Chicago
*Milwaukee
*Indianapolis
*Louisville
*St. Paul
*St. Louis
*Kansas City
*Des Moines
*Omaha
*Denver
*Seattle
*Portland, Ore.

*Warehouse stocks carried at points indicated by star

THE GULF STREAM

Continued from Page 17

gloomy man, but he felt back of that a compelling touch, as if something, some charm or power, had got underneath him and was lifting him bodily where he sagged

"Well, of course, if you feel that way about it there's no help for it," he said.

Hiram Traill's dory was not the staunchest thing afloat, they found; but it would do for that season of the year. Mabel made a contract with a friend of hers, Allen Winter, to look in and take the fish off their hands, in his lobster smack, since it would be a long row round to the inner harbor in the dory. Then, when the situation was explained to him, he suggested that as the market for fish would not pick up for a week or two, it might be best for Gayley to go mackereling in the interval

"That's easy labor," he said, with the contempt of an old banks fisherman for the seiners.

Gayley followed his advice and shipped out for a week on a seiner. Perhaps that was the best solution of the difficulty, he told Mabel Upham. It was bound to make talk, their living away off in that neck of the woods, like members of one family, with only a paralyzed old woman for a chaperon.

She had tossed her head scornfully. Let it make talk. Gossip was a good thing for people who had just so much talk they had to get out of their systems, first or last.

The man recognized, not for the first time, that flare of wild generosity in her nature. She thought nothing of herself, nothing, apparently, as to what she might or might not get out of this world in her mixed course of dealings with it. She made him ashamed of those days when weights, like clock weights, hung in his chest. He would look at her, and feel the heat coming back into his blood, bringing a queer buoyancy with it, as if he were idling in the middle of a warm current that streamed across the harsh face of the world and made its own pleasant atmosphere. That would be the Gulf Stream, no doubt; that river of a dream which holds its own against the bitter ocean of what passes for real.

He was still cruising in that river when Mabel Upham picked him up in the dory homeward bound and took him off the seiner. The frowzy old schooner, velvet-black against a sudden strong white show of light from the moon sliding out of that purple storm head in the east, flapped along like an old reprobate in a dirty dressing gown. Phosphorescent waters swarmed in her wake in silver sparks and coils; away to starboard was a chalk-white lighthouse, burning periodically, like a red coal waxing and waning on that riven granite ledge; and there, broad on the beam, was Mabel Upham standing up to the oars, hailing the ship in that deep voice of hers.

When he dropped into the dory with his bag she said "Welcome home" and let him take the oars because he could row faster and she had left the old lady alone too long already.

"Does she keep about the same, or does she seem to fail?" he asked.

"She keeps about the same," Mabel answered, trailing her hands in the water.

In the early days of his going to sea he had had nightmares, terrible dreams of dangling by his eyelids from ships' yards, or more often dreams of being crushed by falling masts or smothered in wet sail; and he had schooled himself to ridicule his own deluded sleeping self, and successfully accuse the nightmare of its true nature, even while he could not shake off its grip definitely enough to come awake. He had said to himself "This is another nightmare" and gone on dreaming it. He thought now that such a method might well enough be applicable to a pleasant dream, such as this, and he did so apply it. It was the easier to take it as a dream because of the unearthly quiet which Mabel enjoined upon him as soon as they had got near the house again.

Neither of them must speak above a whisper, she reminded him, because sound went through these old walls just the same as if they hadn't been there. Mabel was inclined to think the nitroglycerin pills accounted for the sensibility of Aunt Hitty's eardrums.

Whenever Gayley crossed the kitchen floor he went on tiptoe. If he so much as cracked a joint he looked at Mabel with a panic-stricken eye. It was decidedly a dreamlike. Mabel's domestic ardors were tinged, as usual, with her audacious impulses. She had found sweet fern in his absence, and made cigarettes over a lead pencil. He took one, grinning. Mabel, after lighting hers, came round to his side of the table, and blew a puff of hot sweet smoke roguishly in his ear. To his intense surprise he found himself retaliating in kind.

"What luck?" she inquired lightly in her most secret whisper.

He reached into his pocket and laid forty dollars on the table in crumpled bills with fish scales clinging to them.

"It's a young fortune, Brother Neptune," she cried, sweeping the money into her apron pocket gayly. "I've got hot biscuits and honey for you, as reward of merit Well, what's the matter now, old Thunder Ugly? You look as if you had been drawn through seven knot holes, now I can look at you in the light. Don't you like the treatment at this hotel?"

"It's this coming and going on tiptoe I can't stomach," he grumbled. "Anybody would think I was a ghost. I feel like reaching out my arms to the walls all the time. What of it if she does know I'm in the house? Let her see me and get it over with. Anybody to hear us whispering together would think something criminal was up."

"No, I don't dare risk it," said Mabel shortly, stepping away from him. "She's had a heart attack in your absence, and all that keeps her going really is the nitroglycerin."

"I know these cases. She may outlive both of us."

Mabel Upham breathed on a silver teapot slowly, dimmed her image there, brought it back lustrous with a sweep of her arm, and suddenly put the thing down with a complete absence of sound.

"If she does," she whispered, "then we haven't much, either of us, in the way of a life line. Let me see your hand."

She snatched it up and spread the fingers. Chin on breast, she explored the rough tracts of that strong hand minutely.

"That life line doesn't look specially diminutive to me," she said. "Another thing, the line of love is marked clear as anything," she declared, looking at him full. "For all your stand-offishness there's more in you than meets the eye in the way of heart interest, I know. Who is she, Charl?"

"I guess that is something that was left out of my composition when I came into this world."

"Ah, Mister Cocksure."

"Well, I came into the world by that line, don't forget," he added in a lower voice and with a painful flush.

"I'm not likely to," Mabel Upham replied with a sudden fixity of gaze. "Well, children there must be."

"Must? Where's the necessity?" he said, fixing his eyes on hers with fierce intentness.

"So that's where the shoe pinches, Mister Fastidious," she said thoughtfully.

"I tell you flat," Gayley resumed, "if I had my own life to live or not, and the choice was there for me to make, I wouldn't have it. If it was at arm's length, and for me to take as a gift, I wouldn't lift a finger to it. Well, I wasn't consulted."

With her hands at her back, Mabel, backed against the door to the right of the stove which opened on the backstairs, muttered, "That's perfectly maudlin."

Suddenly the old lady's bell jangled on the upper landing. Mabel put a finger to her lips and fled upstairs.

Gayley retired at once to his barn chamber. In the morning it was raining, and he went hand lining in the rain. The fish were not biting; and after getting only two fair-sized specimens he rowed ashore and went back to the house. He put the two fish on the fish board, and split and cleaned them. Then he cleaned and dried his knives, and stuck them into the board with a deft twist of the wrist. Suddenly this act so neat, so unerring, sent a cold chill through him.

He sank into a chair without making a motion to take off his wet things. In his absorption he pulled at his almost extinct pipe, and produced such clouds of smoke that nothing short of Mabel's choking gasp could rouse him. She was tugging at his coat, he found, after having lifted his cap and laid it on the window sill. She withdrew the pipe from his mouth, and deliberately ran her cool fingers through his hair and under his chin. They were damp with that fragrant mixture of glycerin and rose water she used to soften them.

"Where are you now?" she asked faintly.

It was like a question addressed pathetically to some vanished soul.

"I was chasing an idea," he replied. He found himself patting her arm. Or perhaps another man inside his body did so.

"You were a thousand miles away," the girl laughed a little fearfully. "Half the time you just get my conversation as a kind of echo from the other world, I verily believe. I was wondering whether anything in this world could rouse you out of it. Look here, you're it."

She brought the flat of her hand down hard on his shoulder, and dodged through the open doorway.

It had stopped raining, but water still dripped from the eaves, ticked from leaf to leaf, gurgled in some hidden cistern. The man, feeling as if a crazy enchantment had been cast about him, ran after her through a patch of shining wet witch grass, which slashed at her knees and impeded her. She ran tittering under her breath into one of those wild old wind-driven trees with a scaly low crotch. Gayley took the tip of her shoe in his fingers. She kicked spasmodically.

"I will. I'll let you have it full chisel," she cried, blazing.

"Maybe your bark is louder than your bite," he whispered.

With a smothered cry Mabel all at once yielded her whole weight and came tumbling anyhow into his arms, her loosened hair, full of lichen scrubbed off the tree's bark, dragging in all its warm scented tangle across his face.

"Well, who began it?" she stormed breathlessly, twisting in his arms. "I don't care. Any man that tells me one day is like another has got to have it put to proof. Look at that length of ear you've got. That's a sign of long life, if you did but know it. Look at that life line too. Long life again. Long life all along the line. My sorrows, what are you going to do with it all? Moon about and smoke that corncob? It's upside down half the time and you're chewing on the stem. Lord, if you just got a haircut it might help some. Bushed out the way it is over your ears, it looks like wilderness creeping in again. It looks as if all the combing it gets is just what you give it running through the bushes."

Mabel's rapid voice died away to nothing, her eyelids fluttered, she turned her head and laid her cheek to his breast hard.

He said nothing. Like a man who has tossed off a deep draught recklessly, he had as yet hardly begun to feel the glow within, and yet he recognized that it must follow. He was preoccupied with an odd belief—it amounted to conviction—that this scene was, to all intents and purposes, a repeated one. Life had returned to the attack, minting new bodies, putting on strange disguises, but striking the same note.

Surely he, Charles Gayley, or another in his shoes, had lived this thing before. Time was nothing. It had only come round again, that dark deception, painted up gorgeously, as ever, with that same pale glitter of rain drops in the apple trees, the same shining turf, that identical crooked little house, black with rain and heavy with portent, leaning there like a conspirator. The gusty blowing of the Forges, forging liquid chains for consciousness, was like a sharp reminder of the hoary antiquity of his fate, since they at least could not have changed their note at all, and even these ugly whispers in the wet corn seemed to have been resurrected to torment him with hinting at that unfathomable secret.

He found himself whispering tenderly, "What's this? What's this?"

Her thin sleeve had ripped in their struggle, and the bare arm beneath quivered with one of those impulses which palpitated through that round shaft of a body like the flame impulses in a glowing ember. Bending her arm to thrust away from him, she brought it out of the torn sleeve, and he noted a series of cruel scars running from shoulder to elbow. They looked recent.

"How came you to get that?" he said, frowning at it. She had seemed without a blemish physically.

"That?" She made a wry face twisting her head sharply and withdrawing her chin, following the line of his gaze. "Oh, that! Vaccination maybe."

"Vaccination, nothing."

"Well, if you know so much ——"

"I know better than that," he said severely. "Tell me the truth," he whispered.

"Well, if you must know, it was knifed off," she said briefly, after a second's hesitation.

"Knifed off?"

"Just the way you would go to work to peel an apple, yes. The doctor happened to want skin, and want it bad, and nobody else was handy. The man's relatives, if he had any, weren't near enough to supply it from their own carcasses, even if they had been a mind to, so don't you see?"

"I see. He was burned."

"Worse than you were. Much worse! Yes, it was a wicked burn, all right. It came of a horse kicking over a lantern in a barn out Back Narrows way. Well, he's got the skin of my arm now, marching it around to suit himself, I guess," she added with her soaring laugh, "that fellow and I have got something in common now. What do you think, Charl?"

Gayley had a strange prickling in his throat. What a woman! She would let them tear the living heart from her breast probably, if some poor devil needed it in his extremity. And she tossed off this intelligence without the faintest accent of regret, as if the ruin to her beauty had never given her a second thought.

Gayley passed his hand gently over the scars, and closed his fingers on the round of the disfigured arm.

"Take ether?" he inquired forlornly.

"Ether, no," the girl retorted. "What do you think I am—a baby? I stood up there with my arm stripped to the shoulder, and he sloughed off the skin with his knife and the blood just ran down off my ——finger ends into a basin."

"By Godfrey," muttered Gayley worshipfully, with a strange stinging flash at his heart, "you couldn't do that without being —— You must have been dead in love with that fellow."

Mabel Upham twisting up her hair and standing clear of him laughed shortly.

"Hold your horses, now," she said coolly. "It just so happens that he was as good as an en-tire stranger to me. There may be more than love back of operations in a hospital, Mister Cocksure. Still and all," she went on, as if inspired to be altogether candid, "it did have that effect on him, it seems."

"That effect? What effect?"

Gayley felt every muscle in his big body tauten.

"Oh, well, the usual effect. People say now he worships me," the girl whispered. "It's that drop of my blood circulating through his body that's done the miracle, if you want the science of it. They say he skulks round the house, and shadows me, and won't let me out of his sight if he can help it."

"You see anything of him?" Gayley asked in the tone of an accuser.

"Am I on the witness stand or what?" said Mabel Upham. "When I do see him I can't refuse to make the usual inquiries after his health, can I, where we are one flesh, so to speak? But as a matter of fact I haven't caught sight of him for several days. I did find a place yesterday in that angle of the stone wall—you can see it from the front of the house—where somebody had knocked a pipe out two or three times as if he had been sitting there watching and keeping out of sight."

"That? Right there by those two cedars?" Gayley laughed contemptuously. "You see what your imagination can do for you. I was sitting there myself smoking, as it chances."

"Oh. Well, that puts a different complexion on it," the girl said. "Nobody could ever accuse you of watching and waiting for a woman to put in appearance."

Gayley, sitting gloomily on the circular stone well cover, said nothing. Mabel, at his back, uttered a deep tremulous sigh, and muttered that it was time for the old lady's nitroglycerin.

She came back into the kitchen from upstairs looking pale, and took a remnant of sweet-fern cigarette off the mantelpiece and lighted it. Gayley made the usual inquiry after his Aunt Hitty's state of health.

"What do you think she's got in her head now?" Mabel breathed. "And you can't argue her out of it either. She will have it that your father is back mousing round

(Continued on Page 108)

Skin fatigue is the foe of *beauty*

The Health Doctor tells how to avoid it—

AFTER a hard day of shopping or housework doesn't your skin feel tired—sort of jumpy and irritable? You can't bear to have anyone even touch you. Sometimes the palms of your hands itch.

This peculiar sensitiveness of skin to fatigue is due to a marvelous network of tiny nerves just below the surface. The skin is the first part of you to get tired.

To me one of the most remarkable virtues of Lifebuoy soap is the almost miraculous way it soothes, calms and revives tired skin.

When I am grumpy, worn out, depressed and as irritable as a caged wildcat a Lifebuoy bath always puts me into a condition of delightful relaxation which is better for my looks than a dresserful of cosmetics.

Just sousing my hands and face with creamy Lifebuoy lather chirps me up and rests me.

It is the gentle antiseptic in Lifebuoy which exerts this soothing influence on skin nerves. I have never found any other soap possessing this invaluable aid to skin beauty. Nothing in the world will more quickly rob your skin of its radiant, healthy charm than always being tired. Skin must relax at frequent intervals or it soon gets sallow and lifeless.

Lifebuoy is pure and fine

So many women write to me, "*Lifebuoy agrees with my skin.*" A homely phrase, but it means a lot to a woman. I know, both from scientific experiments and from actual use, that soap cannot be made which is more pure and kind to the skin than Lifebuoy.

Its suave oils of palm fruit and cocoanut combine with the mild antiseptic ingredient to form a lather of wonderful cleansing power but with literally not a trace of any after irritation. The more often you use it, the better your skin feels and looks.

Wonderful for children

This lather is peculiarly desirable for children because it removes from the skin all germs and impurities which would so quickly destroy lovely youthful complexions.

And it is these germs, that get on the hands from almost anything children touch, which are carried to nose and mouth and result in colds and sudden fevers.

I do hope you will give Lifebuoy a real trial—get two or three cakes at least. If you are accustomed to highly perfumed soap it may take you a few days to get used to the cleanly, antiseptic odor, but you'll be fond of it in a week, it gives you such a comfortable feeling of being genuinely, honestly and safely clean. The odor disappears almost instantly—but the protection remains.

The Health Doctor

Every Mother is a Health Doctor

The children of this generation will be healthy and good looking in middle life because twenty million mothers are waging determined warfare against dirt.

America is the healthiest nation in the world because it has more bath tubs and uses an enormously greater quantity of water and pure soap.

American mothers are intelligent. They know that most sickness is caused by germs which get on the hands from touching things on which many other hands have deposited germs—such as car straps, money, door knobs, public telephones and books.

Because mothers know that it removes germs and really *purifies* the skin, Lifebuoy has become the most widely used toilet soap in the world.

Send 10 cents for my book "Health Beauty"

It tells how to keep children well and how to preserve your own good looks.

It is a charming book, bound in stiff covers and exquisitely illustrated. It will be sent to you if you will enclose 10 cents in stamps with your request Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge Mass

After shopping or a hard day of housework a Lifebuoy bath soothes tired nerves

Since 1861

—a name that has stood for utmost service and satisfaction in ready-to-serve foods

Van

Van Camp's Spaghetti with Chile Con Carne

Van Camp's

IF YOU think there's no Romance in Food, try Van Camp's Chile Con Carne tonight! Its pungent, stimulating aroma and spicy, fascinating tang will appeal to your senses and tempt your appetite.

All the subtle, tantalizing flavor of Mexico's favorite delicacy is blended with culinary artistry into a food of nourishing, warmth-giving goodness. It pleases the whole family.

Have Van Camp's Chile Con Carne tonight—its invigorating wholesomeness will make your blood tingle, your cheeks glow.

There are many ways to serve this supreme dish.

"Chile with Beans" is a meal in itself—satisfying and refreshing. Van Camp's Chile Con Carne (plain) imparts an alluring zest to scrambled eggs, fish, meat and soups. Served over boiled rice or Van Camp's Spaghetti, it is a repast of marvelous charm.

"Something Good for Every Meal"
Van Camp's
Since 1861

Van Camp's Chile Con Carne
with Grated Cheese

Van Camp's Chile Con Carne
with Scrambled Eggs

Every Woman Will Want this Book

Our new book: "What to Serve and How to Serve It," will help you daily in planning and preparing meals. It is full of new recipes, menu suggestions for every occasion and helpful hints on serving.

Just send us your dealer's name and enclose 10c to cover postage and packing and your copy will be mailed promptly. Address Domestic Science Kitchens, Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Van Camp's Evaporated MILK

WITH A SUPPLY of Van Camp's Milk on hand, you can laugh at tardy milkmen or icemen. Breakfast need not be delayed. Add water, which is all that has been removed from rich, whole milk, and use it on cereal like ordinary milk. As cream for coffee, use it as it is. Your husband will compliment you on the smooth, rich flavor Van Camp's gives to coffee.

A thousand years ago

the well-to-do knight gave his betrothed a great variety of tokens. "Animals for the stall or stable" were popular gifts in the best social circles

Tonight— new gifts but the same great adventure

The desire to bring pleasure to those we love is as powerful a force today as in the Age of Chivalry.

It is the great adventure in the lives of all of us—the thing that makes days worth working through and life worth living

The gifts that have been given through all the centuries were given for this. And it is for this that Romance Chocolates have been deliberately planned today

Naturally, into these chocolates have been put only the finest ingredients. The coatings are richer and thicker—the centers have been selected for variety and deliciousness They represent the highest skill of candy-making art.

They will help you to bring keen delight and happiness.

Here are three famous Romance assortments. If your dealer does not carry Romance Chocolates, send us his name and the money for the selection you wish and we will mail you a box—postpaid. Cox Confectionery Company, East Boston, Mass.

ROMANCE SELECTIONS, $1.00
A selection from the fifteen most popular Romance packages. A wide assortment of pieces—crunchy nuts, full flavored fruits in the most delicious coatings

THE HOSTESS PACKAGE, $1.50
The choicest chocolate-covered fruits and nuts—nougats, fruit cordials, glacé nuts and specialties

THE TIFFANY PACKAGE, $1.25
An unusually fine assortment of specialties, all old-time favorites, gathered together in a metal package that is new and striking.

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

Continued from Page 104

the house. She's seen him passing between her and the door. She's all haired up about it. It makes the flesh creep on my body to hear anyone run on like that. Here, look at the gooseflesh on my forearm."

She thrust it at him, and the queer sweet-smelling smoke from her cigarette wavered into his face. She was breathing fast.

"Maybe he is, for all you know," the man said.

He tore out of the house with a feeling in his breast as if a red barb had hooked him. For several days the relations between him and Mabel Upham were extremely formal. No allusion was made to that secret lover of hers, whose name, Gayley had come to know, was Bartlett—Jim Bartlett. The girl made no further effort to rouse him from the depths of his abstraction. Indeed her behavior was conciliating, half guilty, as if she acknowledged herself to be the cause of their estrangement. She was actually timid with him.

Every night, around sundown, Allen Winter came plowing across the mouth of the harbor in his smack, and stopped her while Gayley pitchforked the fish out of his dory to her deck. Winter was a little pinched man with an enormous red mustache.

"How's the old lady?" he would inquire stealthily, turning his head toward the house, which could be seen easily enough from almost any point along the shore.

And when Gayley would answer perfunctorily, "She keeps about the same," a queer light would come into the little man's eyes, and he would turn away hurriedly and pitch the fish farther inboard. One windy night, when he looked like a sketchy black imp against an angry-colored sky, he suddenly said, "And how's the young lady?" after they had made the usual exchanges.

"She's caught cold, I believe," Gayley said

This indisposition was actually to be attributed to the pair of wet feet she had got jumping about in wet witch grass, but he said nothing about that.

Winter retreated toward the hatch of the smack with a giant red cod, which he pitched below.

Coming back he leaned his elbows on the stout rail and inquired, "She set a good table?"

"I can't complain," Gayley said.

"Saving?"

"I don't see any evidence of waste."

"No. Comes of saving stock. Not hard to look at, is she?"

"No"

"No. Elegant-looking woman, I call her. No nonsense about her. Make you a good wife." Winter dropped out.

"She's got a man," Gayley said, with an increasing oppression at his heart.

"Told you so?"

Another limp cod went sailing between them.

"Yes," said Gayley.

"In so many words, though?"

"In so many words, yes. It don't take too many words."

"What's his name?"

"Bartlett."

"Bartlett. That hardware runner. How come he to get a hold on her to that extent? Always looked to me as if she was a little lukewarm toward him. Always looked so."

"Looks. Women look one way, and jump another, don't they?"

Allen Winter laughed like an idiot.

"You're learning," he said, wiping away tears.

"She liked this Bartlett well enough to give him the flesh from her body," Gayley said severely.

Allen Winter stared.

"Did she now?" he muttered. "And you know, because she told you herself, hey? She's a deep one."

He slapped both his hands on his yellow oilskin apron. Gayley felt his knees suddenly weaken under him. He sat down and seized the oars. The dory whirled away from the smack, shivering and buckling.

"I guess you still got a chance, if nothing splits off more than what's cracked already," Winter yelled after him in a kind of hysterical bellow.

Gayley pulled ashore like a madman. Winter's enigmatic questions had filled him with a devil of insight. What were men's lives? Like these waves, running up each other's backs, yielding to an invisible breath, breaking and crumbling at last against an invincible barrier. It was queer And there was a crazy invitation in it all. These stable landmarks [illegible] brimming sea the whole sky, the sweet Wine Hills purple in the distance were awaiting on some piece of mischief, some sly trick, some vagrant indiscretion, for the privilege of being seen by mortal eyes.

He went charging across the green upland, breathing hard. He knew now what had happened to him. He had been made a fool of. And a woman's hand was in it. A woman's blood likewise. He was a changed man, and the change was definitely for the worse. The little house stood there coyly, with the high grass growing all round it, and seemed to be laughing at him secretly. Very likely it had witnessed resolutions like his before, and it had seen them shattered. It had solid knowledge of such impostors as he. He had an impulse to take to his heels, for good and all.

Instead he shouldered open the kitchen door. Mabel, with knit brows, was just inserting a pan of biscuit into the oven. She smiled at him over her shoulder, and put a finger to her lip as if to reprove him for his boisterous entrance.

When she saw his expression she stood up in a flash, and he crushed her shoulders in his hands.

"I'm the man," he muttered. "Don't try to deny it. I'm the man."

"You're the man?" Mabel repeated with pale lips. "What kind of a conundrum is that, please?"

"You let them cut you up for me. You've been lying to me, and laying it off on another man. I tell you I feel the difference. Something's come over me. Why did you do it, girl?"

"Why?" Mabel had grown a little sullen. "Because I'm a kind of human chopping block, I suppose. Maybe it goes with working in a hospital."

"It's made a change in me," the man whispered huskily. "I'm not the man I was"

He struck himself over the heart.

"Not the man you were? No, I guess not. I guess not, Mister Man. You wouldn't have been a man at all if it hadn't been for me. Do you know that? I forget, though," she went on with quivering breath, "a man who is sick of this life wouldn't be grateful to anyone for saving it. That's why I lied to you, if you must know it. Did you think I was going to admit that I was responsible for keeping you on earth, when all you wanted was to lay down and die? Well, hardly! And if you truly want to know why I did it why, it was in the interests of science"

"Science," the man whispered. "Yes, I thought there would be science at the back of it. It's softened my brain."

"It wouldn't have far to go," snapped Mabel Upham.

"I don't even get the same slant at things I did before."

"I wouldn't attribute that to science," the girl uttered, and gave him a marvelously understanding look. "Last year I gave a quart of blood to the old man that drives the mails, and I haven't heard any reproaches from him on the score of science. When I ask him how he's coming on he simply says 'Giddap' to his horse."

"I'll just clear out," Gayley said abruptly, taking his pipe off the mantelpiece

"Ah, and just say 'Thank you for nothing,' will you, before you go?" Mabel cried very white. "That would be a suitable finishing touch to all your tender mercies."

"Don't think I don't appreciate ..." the man mumbled. "Don't think ..."

"Oh, no. Not for a minute. I see your position. And as a matter of fact I was going to put a flea in your ear anyway tonight, that you had better decamp."

"You were?"

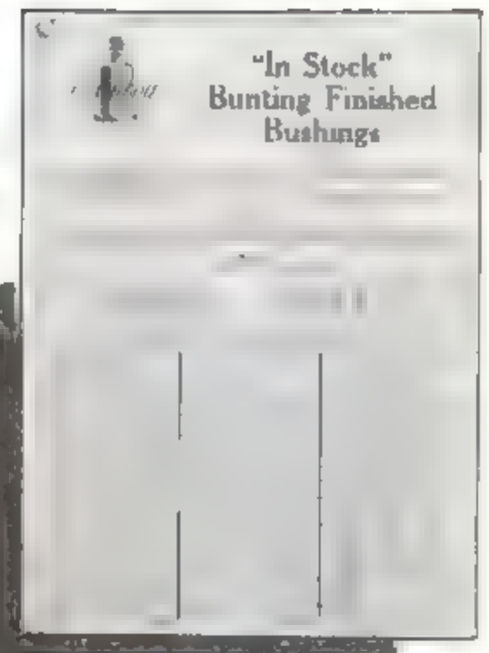
"Yes. I've had my troubles with Jim Bartlett, if you want to know. My life is nothing but one long wrangle with men, it appears as if. When he heard what I had done, and saw my arm, he was frantic. Naturally he hastened to put a wrong interpretation on it. He's perfectly sick over it with jealousy. Why is it, as soon as a woman does anything for a man, it's got to be supposed she's in love with him? Well, it's come to a showdown, and Jim's ultimatum is that you have got to go."

"Oh, so that's Jim's ultimatum?"

"It's something like sand ground under my feet, anyway," the girl said, with her back [illegible] against the stingy wall "We either go forwards or back in this world don't we? Jim will either marry me or murder me, one or the other of the two things and I'm not tired of life enough

Continued on Page 110

BUNTING BUSHING BEARINGS



(Patented)

...gs are completely machine finished and are ready for assembly. ...sphor Bearing Bronze. All are guaranteed free from defects in ...

...nstantly at the factory and at Bunting Branches in New York, Chicago, ... They can be delivered the same day the order is received.

TOLERANCES

...r 2¾ inches are made plus .001" to .003". All outside diameters 2¾ inches ... to .005". All inside diameters plus or minus .001". All lengths plus or minus ...

PRICES

EFFECTIVE DEC. 1, 1923
THESE PRICES REDUCED
15%

... 100 of a size prices are as here listed. The d... ...r quantities is as

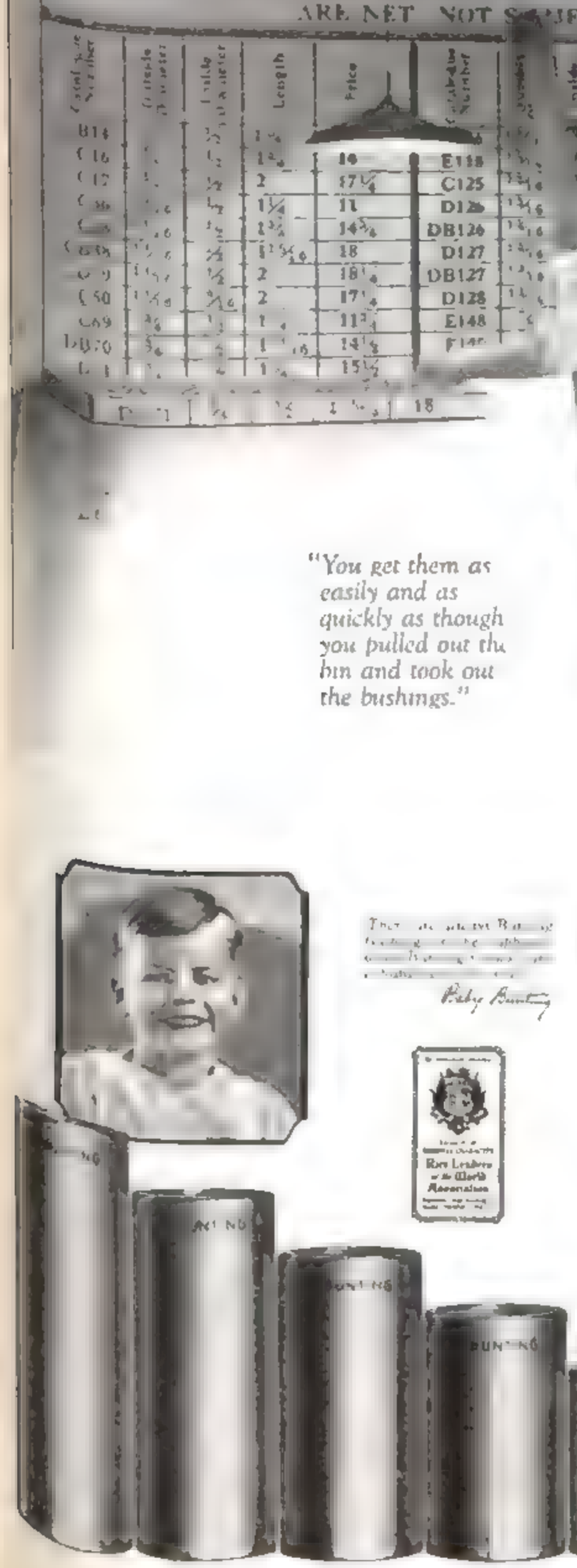
Quantities of 750 subtract 1¼c each
Quantities of 500 subtract 1c each
Quantities of 400 subtract 1c each
Quantities of 300 subtract ¾c each

Quantities of 200 subtract ½c each
Quantities of 50 Add ½c each
Quantities of 25 Add 2½c each
Quantities of 10 Add 8½c each

THERE IS AN EXTRA CHARGE FOR OIL GROOVES AND HOLES. ALL PRICES ARE NET NOT SUBJECT TO ANY DISCOUNT.

Catalog Number	Outside Diameter	Inside Diameter	Length	Price	Catalog Number	Outside Diameter	Inside Diameter	Length	Price
B14									
C16									
C17									
C36									
C									
C638									
C									
C50									
C69									
D570									
D									
			1¾	16	E118				
			2	17¼	C125				
			1¾	11	D126				
			1¾	14¾	DB126				
			1 15/16	18	D127				
			2	18¼	DB127				
			2	17¼	D128				
			1¼	11¾	E148				
			1 1/16	14⅓	F148				
			1¼	15½					
				18					

Catalog Number	Outside Diameter	Inside Diameter	Length	Price
				19½
				26
H3725	2½	2⅜	4	115½
H4013	2	2¼	3½	91½
H4017	2	3½	4½	139½
H11531	2¾	2½	4	125½
H5901	2⅞	2¼	4	135½
H5725	3	2½	4	140½
H6190	3¼	2¾	4	170½
0598			3	
7006	3⅜	3		
7418	4			



"You get them as easily and as quickly as though you pulled out the bin and took out the bushings."

There are Millions of Bushings Behind the Figures on Bunting's Stock List

WHEN you have Bunting's Stock List in your hand, it is just as though you stood before 268 stock room bins each one full of completely machined and finished phosphor bronze bushing bearings.

When you want any of these 268 different sizes, you can get them as easily and quickly as though you pulled out the bin and took out the bushings.

And the price you pay is based on the enormous production volume represented by the stock back of this list. The price is the same as though you had ordered and put into your own stock bins the millions of bushings included in these 268 different sizes.

Whatever may be the specifications of the bronze bushing bearing required by the machine you are making or assembling, you can find in these Bunting "Ready Made" bushings the exact size you want or a size so near that slight blue print changes will put you in line to enjoy these advantages.

Over 1,000 representative American machinery manufacturers today have discontinued carrying large stocks of made-to-order bronze bushing bearings. They get their requirements as they need them from Bunting's stock list of "Ready Made" sizes. Prompt deliveries at any time from the factory and from Bunting branches in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago and San Francisco.

MANUFACTURERS

Bunting's 268 "Ready Made" bushing bearings are shown on stock list 10. Write for it

AUTOMOTIVE JOBBERS

...carry a full line of automotive bushings and ... We have ... Bunting bushings ... ways as the largest manufacturers of ... Write for ... stock list ... showing ... Bunting bushings and stock list ... showing Spring Bolt bushings as used on ... Ford cars, trucks, tractors and ...

CORED AND SOLID BARS

Write for data and prices on Bunting's cored and solid bronze bar service assortment. A handy ... of ... rings ... for ... replacement ... through jobbers. Ask for stock list ...

SPECIAL SIZES

Look to Bunting for all extraordinary sizes and all ... Pattern and tool equipment for thousands of designs

THE BUNTING BRASS & BRONZE COMPANY
TOLEDO · OHIO

Branches and Warehouses at

NEW YORK
245 W. 54th Street
Circle 0844

CHICAGO
722 S. Michigan Avenue
Wabash 9153

CLEVELAND
710 St. Clair Ave. N. E.
Main 5991

SAN FRANCISCO
198 Second Street
Douglas 6245

PHILADELPHIA
1330 Arch Street
Spruce 5296

BOSTON
36 Oliver Street
Main 8478

Moments that Bring Beauty

After You Wash
Soft Lovely Skin

Take just a moment each morning, before hustling to the serious business of living, to protect your skin with a refreshingly perfumed lotion which will keep it smooth, soft and lovely all day long.

After you wash, go over your hands and face with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. It will protect your skin from the wind, dust or housework which makes it rough and red. It will supply a "precious moisture" which your skin particularly needs after washing to keep it smooth and white.

For the Men: After shaving, Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is a boon to tender skins. It soothes all smart and sting and is not the least bit sticky.

The fifty years of ever growing popularity speak for the quality of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. Sold everywhere; regular price 35 cents. The Frostilla Company, Elmira, New York. Selling Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., New York and Toronto.

Frostilla
Fragrant Lotion

(Continued from Page 108)

yet to resist him. I suppose that's the long and short of it."

"What makes you think he will?" Gayley whispered, taking a step toward her. He was rigid as a manikin.

"Oh, well, straws show which way the wind blows, as the man said when the roof fell in on him," the girl answered with a weary motion of her head. "He will, all right." She coughed pathetically, and put a hand to her breast. Since Gayley said nothing she added faintly, "I expect him here any minute now. Maybe it would be just as well if he didn't find you here. He's not accountable. Not really."

"Oh, he isn't? You want to tell me I've got to make allowances for a man in his frame of mind, I suppose. Well, what if I'm not accountable myself?"

"Don't you give me these piratical looks," Mabel said in her full-throated voice. "I won't have it. I'm not accustomed to being shouted down by any man living."

In point of fact he hadn't opened his mouth. He simply stood staring, and telling himself that she had willfully fanned this torturing flame in him from the spark dropped in the ashes; fanned it cruelly with her own breath, bringing her lips close, smiling, thinking of the fire that would presently destroy him. Science, was it? He knew a better name for it. She had made a monkey of him. He could hear her laughing with this Jim Bartlett, telling that pale desperate character that she had taken some of the say-so out of that man Gayley. She would know how to make it right with Jim. Necessarily, all these tender looks of hers had been only the brimming of her love for another man. It was experimental science, and had its relation to the dropping of her own blood insidiously into his veins, when he was lying helpless under her hand.

Suddenly his old notion of the thing dropped over the man's head like a bag. Repetition. Here it was, the very house of love, its walls still standing and supporting that cracked ceiling full of vague smoky continents and lost islands. This was the center of the world, undoubtedly. But walls have ears, tongues, shapes and shadows.

In that second when nothing was to be heard but Mabel's quick breathing, twice to every waddling beat of the kitchen clock, there grew before him the image of that father he had never seen; the youth with yellow hair tumbling over his ears—that gayly caparisoned juggler and knife thrower. He felt that disastrous and romantic man stand up inside him, and take possession of his blood, his eyes, his finger ends.

"Look here, Mabel, what's the matter with my staying where I am?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Ah, you know then," she whispered unexpectedly. "You've found out. Well, I guess opportunity never knocked but just that once."

"I guess you'll have to make yourself a little plainer, Mabel."

"You pick up your traps and go. That's plain enough, I hope."

"Let me stay. There isn't anything I wouldn't do. Let me stay."

"Not if you were the last man living, I wouldn't, now," Mabel uttered strangely.

"I'm a changed man, I tell you."

"I'm a changed woman, then, you'll find, from what people have told you."

"Told me? What under heaven have they told me?"

"Oh, don't I know? Can't I see the difference? They *have* told you."

Nothing but her flintlike obduracy in the face of his pleading could persuade the man that such a scene was real, and that he was begging at last for the privileges he had scorned, and being denied. He felt as if that ousted tenant, his former self, were stationed in one of the corners, watching the antics of the new man in possession.

And suddenly he heard himself crying, "I'll see if science will help you then. I'll see if it will."

He lunged forward, and wound his arms about her hard. Her head flung right and left, her body was stiff like something frozen, which melted suddenly.

"Crazy," Mabel faltered. "Crazy."

He had picked her up clear of the floor. He looked about the kitchen with a guilty eye flash, and then went through the door with her. He went under the apple trees. Mabel neither made a move nor uttered a cry. He went downhill, and heard Hiram's dory knocking against the flat blue stones in the cove where she was grounded out. The tide was coming in.

He put the girl into the dory, and took the painter's bowline adrift from its tree on the bank. He shoved off, running alongside until the water was at his knees. He leaped in himself and jumped the oars between the tholepins.

"Maybe one man's ultimatum is as good as another's," he yelled, tugging at the oars like a madman.

A long ridge of iron-colored water sprang up to windward and passed under the dory, sending a vicious rain of spray in their faces. Against the menace of this background Mabel's face, clouded in flying strands of hair, was dense white.

"Where are you headed for—the coast of Spain, or only Davy Jones' locker?" she cried ironically, but peering at him as if mystified.

He stared through the dark, and gripped the oars hard.

"Where *am* I headed for, if it comes to that?" he muttered. "Perdition, I guess Call it perdition, Mabel."

"I guess I can help out in that direction," the girl said. She stood up, and put her hands to the oars, and pushed as he pulled.

"I'm out of my wits," he muttered.

The spray had drenched her, and he heard her coughing. He let go the oars and seized one of her wet hands. The oar to the left slid into the water and was lost, but Mabel kept hold of the other one. She dragged it aft and brought the handle up through the loop of the sculling rope.

"You give me the course," she said grimly

She was tilted flat against his heart, her knees yielded to the motion of the dory, but she kept fast hold of the oar.

And suddenly Charles Gayley had a spasm of misgiving.

"My soul and body, Mabel," he shouted, laying his hand over hers. "Isn't it past time for that old lady's nitroglycerin?"

After a second's tautness he felt the girl shudder in his arms. She twisted her head back savagely.

"Oh, yes: well past it," she cried with her mouth buried in his coat. "Charl, don't you honestly know? Don't you know, after all? I made certain they had told you."

"Know? Know? Look here, what am I supposed to know?"

Mabel took her mouth away from the cloth of his coat to say desperately, "She's dead, Charl; that's the sum and substance of it. Dead and buried."

"Dead?" whispered Gayley.

"Yes. It happened as far back as when you were away in the seiner. But I couldn't have her die, Charl. There was never anything came at such an awkward time as that old lady's death. I couldn't bear to see you go away; and she was all the hold on you I had. And then—I don't know what possessed me—it came over me that I could —— Don't you see? All the man you ever saw to talk to was Allen Winter, and Allen's a friend of mine."

"What are you trying to tell me?" the man said, lowering his face to Mabel's. "It won't—won't hold water. For one thing, I heard her ring her bell, now I come to think of it, just before we came away. I expect it was her ghost that did that."

"No. I rigged it," Mabel uttered faintly.

"You—rigged it?"

"Yes. I led a piece of string down the backstairs and out an inch or so at that keyhole where I could grab it with my back against it and give it a tug. Oh, Charl," she gasped, "there isn't any mortal thing I wouldn't tell you now. I've lied and connived enough already. I put it off on Jim Bartlett; all my love."

"Ah, you rigged him too?" said Gayley, twisting like a man in a trap. "He hasn't been near you all this time, I suppose?"

"Nobody would come near me, once they heard about me," Mabel Upham answered. "I guess even a man with his head in the clouds like you, would come to hear about it in the end. So I can tell you with my own lips. I'm only another woman—like your mother."

"Is that so? Is that so?" he said with stiff lips.

"I guess that's a kind of wild justice," Mabel dropped out with a babbling little laugh, her face against his shoulder. "One erring woman gives you life, and another one gives it back to you when you had thrown it into the gutter as if it was a sucked orange. You didn't want it. It was 'Thank you for nothing' from the beginning. Better dead. Well, Charl, I guess I've swallowed your philosophy. that's what I guess. One day would be a good deal like another from now on. And there isn't Traill enough in me to want to step into Aunt Hitty's shoes. What say? Shall we go on as we are going?"

Then the man saw that they were driving head on for the Forges. But Mabel's words had drained out of him every last ounce of wariness. He stood like a stuffed man, without pith or purchase. A lurch of the dory made him slip along her fishy bottom boards. He reeled and crashed down, his jaw clouting the side of the dory.

The blow paralyzed him, he realized later. He couldn't stir hand or foot for several seconds; he couldn't find his tongue Mabel's body was weaving back and forth over him like mad. He heard mysterious music, made up of the drone of great water hammers, falling down there directly ahead, one after another, whitening and crumbling on those half-buried rock anvils. It was at half tide that the power of the Forges was at its height, and it was half tide now. A dory coming under those hammers would be struck into kindling in a second. And they could neither of them swim a stroke.

And then, "Starboard," he cried feebly. "Starboard."

"Starboard yourself," Mabel cried back with a strangled wind-torn laugh. Her rigid face hung over the butt of the oar, she bore down with all her strength, holding the dory to the mark. He felt a surge, a shearing, a cold breath—and then the blood swarmed into his fingers, he seized the oar and twisted it sharply in the water.

The dory went quaking over the horn of the easternmost anvil without splintering. Charles Gayley knew that he ought to be bailing water—he felt it almost to his knees; but instead he stood trying to make out the shine of those vivacious eyes.

"Humbug!" he heard Mabel shouting. He held fast to her. "Haven't I known it all along?" she cried. "Don't you ever tell me again, Charl Gayley, that I kept you in this world against your will! There must be some mysterious attraction somewhere, more than just force of gravity. I vow. . . . I certainly gave you your chance to shake hands with the devil, didn't I? You wouldn't take it. Why wouldn't you, Charl?"

"Ask me something easier," he muttered. After one or two false starts, he plumped out, "I'm just my father's man, if you want to know."

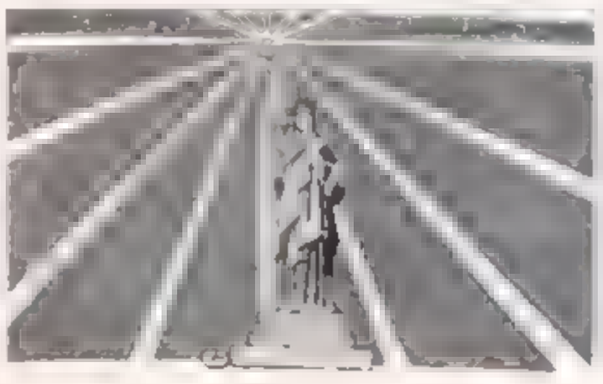
"Your father's man is plenty good enough for me," Mabel said. "My goodness, it's your father's man I've laid in wait for!"

With this, he lost his hold on the remaining oar, which promptly slid into the water.

"Crazy! Now we've lost the only oar we had," Mabel said, struggling in his arms. "You'd lose your head if it wasn't screwed onto you."

"What's the odds? We can't go wrong. We're in the Gulf Stream," Gayley murmured hypnotically. "Can't I tell it by this change in the temperature? Don't you feel yourself, Mabel, a different kind of a send-off in the wind? I bet a thermometer would show this water blood temperature at least. Don't you ever come to think that you have got a monopoly of science, Ma—"

"Oh, science!" Mabel answered huskily. "I guess that covers a multitude of sins. We little know, don't we? I wonder though, where you're so faint and far-away sometimes, if you fully appreciate the fix you're in. I won't tread on eggshells with you, though. I never have, and it's too late now to make a beginning. But I guess if I do accept your advances now, at the eleventh hour—I haven't yet, but if I do and when I do—it'll only be to keep you out of prison on a charge of abducting a single woman without just warrant, if that's how the lawyers phrase it. I won't fall back on science. Mercy, no! I think—I think myself—truly I do—it's just a case, Charl, of where nobody, man or woman, can ever strictly have the laugh on God."



Appropriate for—

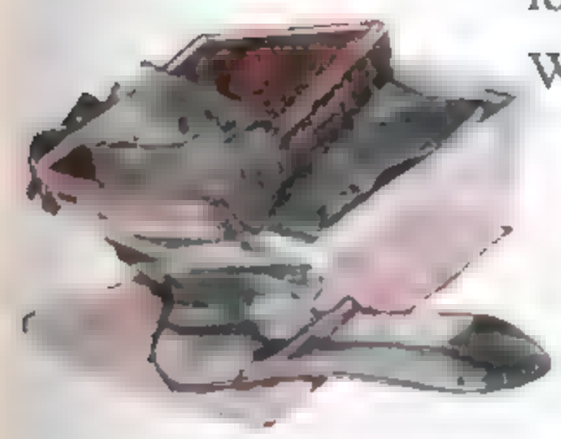
Easter, Spring and the Early Summer Season

The spring showing of Allen A hosiery this year should attract you as never before. New styles, new colors for all occasions. New designs in French *lace* clocks. Filmy chiffons with reinforced heels and toes to insure wear.

All these in the Allen A weave, noted for its beauty as well as its durability.

We believe that those who have worn Allen A for many years will be exceptionally pleased this year. While styles are smart, you will find them in as indisputably good taste and *correct* as always.

You will again have the innate satisfaction of knowing that the intimate details of your dress are as finely finished as your outer garb.



Allen A

Hosiery
For men, women and children

Underwear
For men and boys only

Allen A

THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

No. 83
Golf Oxford—Somerset Model

A Golfer is as good as his feet

Hands and eyes get the credit but feet do the work

Here is a great golf shoe. It's as comfortable as woolen hose, yet gives solid support to the bone structure. It flexes with every motion and doesn't tire muscles.

The wonderful "Crepe" Rubber sole is so thick and springy, it's like walking on a velvet "green" in your bare feet.

This sole is made of natural (plantation finished) Crepe Rubber, which has a peculiar gristly texture giving unequalled durability combined with extraordinary lightness, flexibility and resiliency. And as smart a shoe as ever performed before a gallery—a fine example of Packard "shoe-making by shoe-makers."

Get acquainted with the Packard dealer in your city. He has some great shoes to show you for this Spring. The style tendency is toward rugged, he-man shoes—full-bodied, meaty uppers with outer soles of substance—and shoe-making that suggests solidity.

Packards always have been that kind of shoe—fine in quality and looks, but essentially the product of craftsmanship rather than of art designing.

If your feet are bothering you, ask your dealer about our Phlexopedic. It's a wonderful shoe.

Packard Shoes in any style you like are worth from $9 to $12. If you don't know a Packard dealer, write to us

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASS.

THE Packard SHOE

THE DOLPHIN FINIAL

Continued from Page 27

the Center. And you say you found it in New York? Do tell! Aren't His ways beyond understanding? Oh, dear!"

"I'm so glad you remember it," exclaimed Matilda, beaming at the old lady. "But can you tell me any more about it—where the cabinet came from or what it was made to hold?"

"Land sakes, no!" said Miss Chase, looking thoughtful. "And yet it seems to me I should. That was the case with the little whales on it, and it stood in the front parlor, between the north windows. Let me think. If I'm not wrong, although it's not very clear, the captain's father, old Abner Chase, had it made to New York to hold Uncle Thad's little white ship. Yes, I believe that's right." And the old lady lapsed into thought.

Matilda took a firm grip on the arms of her chair to make sure her nervousness was not seen.

"A little white ship, you said? Do you mean the model of a ship?"

"Yes!" shrieked Solomona, coming up from the past with a rush. "That was it! Uncle Thad made it while he was in prison in foreign parts and sent it back some way or other to his father, who was old Abner Chase I was just mentioning. Uncle Thaddeus was a seafaring man and his ship was taken in the rumpus of 1812. With England, weren't it? Yes, and he was in prison and made the ship from pieces of bone he found in his victuals. Mr. Abner Chase set a store by it; but you can't blame him, for Uncle Thad was his first boy and he never came back. Folks always cal'lated he died over there. And a body can't blame him, considering he got enough bones served up in his dinner to build a ship of."

Matilda touched the old lady on the arm.

"By any chance, is that little ship model still here?"

"Here? I don't know. It might be. I'll ask Polly. Her real name's Polynesia, you understand. Her father was digested by the cannibals out there just before she was born, so her mother christened her that to honor the place. She's sort of a walking epitaph, as you might say. When you think about it, it's a handy idea and lots cheaper than a tombstone."

A skittish maiden of fifty or sixty entered the room, dusting flour from her arms.

"Polly," screamed Miss Chase, "do you recollect that little white ship model that used to be under glass in the front room?"

"My soul, yes! Don't holler so. I ain't deef," said Polynesia. "It's down in the preserve cupboard behind them Madeira bottles that was the cause of your brother's downfall."

"What'd you say?" inquired Miss Solomona.

"I said I'd go and get it."

"Oh, all right." And when Polly had left the room Miss Chase shook her head hopelessly. "I don't know what things are coming to. Young help like her's not what it used to be. Out to all hours and cutting up such didos as you never see. Oh, dear!"

Within a few minutes Polynesia had placed the bone model on the table beside Miss Chase. Matilda scarcely dared look at it for fear her eyes might show her excitement.

"Real pretty, ain't it?" inquired Solomona. "And I guess it's rigged right and proper, too, because Uncle Thad had the name of being a real able man with a ship."

"Yes, it is sort of nice," admitted Matilda, who felt she must qualify any tendency to enthuse.

"Real pretty, I call it; but if you ask me, I believe there's lots more real prettiness in pieces like that hair picture you've got. Land knows, I'm not one to covet my neighbor's manservant nor maidservant; but I used to think there was nothing much more beautiful than a real nice hair scene. And that's a nice one you've got, even if I do say so."

Matilda's inspiration was sincere and simple and unprompted by an idea of profit. She placed the coveted horror in the old lady's lap.

"I want you to take this, Miss Chase. It wouldn't be right for anyone else to have it—when it came back to you after all these years. You must take it. I know it couldn't be happy in any other way."

"Why child," said Miss Solomona, "that's lovely of you, because it's really yours. But it does mean a pile to me. I didn't tell you that pa was killed by the cars, and that was the reason this art piece seemed so sort of appropriate." The old lady hesitated a second before speaking in a half-apologetic tone: "I don't know whether you'd have any use for it, but if that little ship's any good to you please take it along."

"Good gracious, Miss Chase, do you mean it? Because I'd love to have it."

"Of course I mean it—your name's Matilda, isn't it? Matilda. It's been in a cupboard for upward of forty years, so you can't figure I really need it to be comfortable. But this picture now. I'll take a heap of comfort out of that. And if you want to find anything more about it you go and see young Thaddeus Chase. He lives to New York and he's got all old Abner Chase's business books and diaries, and I cal'late you'll find mention of it in them, for he set a store by that little ship. 'Twas natural, though. His dead boy made it."

Feeling that this was no ordinary transaction in which the buyer should gain by the ignorance of the seller, Miss Munty explained:

"But, Miss Chase, do you realize that this little ship model has considerable value? I'm in business, you know, and my job is buying cheap and selling high; but that can be carried too far sometimes, and I don't want to take advantage of your kindness."

"Do tell!" said the old lady. "In business, are you? I want to know! Look here, Matilda, when I was a young woman I always wanted to go into business, but mother declared it was immoral, filled with drinking and theater plays and such; but you look like a good girl, although of course a body can't tell these days. No, Matilda, you take the little ship. I don't want anything out of it. But land sakes, you needn't suffer any pangs of conscience, for I'd rather have the picture you brought back to me than a bank mortgage. If you didn't like one thing and I didn't like another, there wouldn't be any stores in the world. I'm happy, you're happy. I guess the Almighty can improve that arrangement, but dollar bills can't."

Two days later, from her New York office, Matilda Munty made a telephone appointment with Mr. Thaddeus Chase. Judging from the ease with which permission was granted to see Mr. Chase, she gained the impression that he was a very important man; so she was not surprised to find him holding the job of vice president and general manager of the largest department store in the city.

Mr. Chase was like a gentleman the neatness of whose desk gives no hint of any occupation, but who requires a valet and two maids to clear the deck of his room after he has so much as changed a collar.

"Well, young lady," said he to the entering Matilda, "what can you do for me?"

Mr. Chase also considered such remarks the height of humor.

"What a quaint way of saying things you have, Mr. Chase! So original! You are original, aren't you?" And the gentleman puffed out his cheeks and waved his hand to intimate modestly that it was just a trifle, nothing to what he could do if he put his mind on it. Matilda continued: "I'll tell you what I want, Mr. Chase. Just a few days ago I acquired a truly lovely model of an old ship, the Victory—Nelson's flagship, you know."

Mr. Chase's face hardened perceptibly as he sneered.

"I see. And you want to sell it to me; but understand this, young lady ——"

"Indeed I don't!" flared up Matilda at his interruption. "I had no idea of selling it to you or anyone else. What would you do with it?"

In the face of this challenge Mr. Chase became even more deeply indignant.

"Do with it?" he thundered. "Thaddeus Chase do with it? I guess you don't realize, miss, that no one in this country has a finer collection of models than I have. Do you mean to say you are even dabbling in the subject of models and don't know of the Chase collection? And who has a greater heritage from the sea than I have? Whose ancestors served their land with higher bravery? I defy you to answer me!"

"Oh," said Matilda, who sensed that it might be prudent to show diplomacy, "I had no idea you were that Chase. I understand perfectly now why you felt vexed that I should come to your place of business apparently to offer you a model, when I had said my business was of a strictly personal nature. I really didn't know you were the—the—great Thaddeus Chase. And anyway, I don't want to sell my model."

The gentleman allowed his face to relax and, toward the last of her conversation, even to soften with pleasant agreement.

"Well, well," said he, "let it pass; let it pass. But just remember this: People don't sell things to Thaddeus Chase. Thaddeus Chase buys them—and buys right. Now what did you want?"

"Just this," said Matilda—"but what you have told me makes it more difficult still: You have the account books and diaries of Abner Chase, and from them I want you to be good enough to let me find where he had a certain cabinet made. I know it will be mentioned, because he had the cabinet built especially for something he prized."

"Really," said Mr. Chase, "that is very interesting. What was this thing he prized so?"

"You honestly want to know?"

"Naturally. They were my forbears, and I rejoice in their greatness too."

"Well," said Matilda slowly, "it was built to hold a model; a bone model made by Thaddeus Chase while he was imprisoned abroad during the War of 1812. And that is the model you thought I wanted to sell you. But don't worry; I won't."

Mr. Chase adjusted his glasses and stared at her. There was a pronounced weakness to the droop of his jaw.

"Do you mean to say you have a model made by my great-grandfather? He died in Dartmoor Prison. Did he make one of their bone models?"

"Yes; and it's the loveliest one I've ever seen. I wouldn't part with it for a great, great deal."

"May I see it?" inquired the pathetically humble Mr. Chase.

"Of course. And may I examine Abner Chase's books? I'm awfully anxious to check up my opinion on the cabinet. I feel sure it was done by Duncan Phyfe, but I want it proved."

"Why, my dear Miss Munty"—and Mr. Chase wrote carefully on a card—"won't you take this up to my house?—and the man will show you whatever you like. Those books are in the right bottom drawer of the center table in the library. Please make yourself at home. And may I come to see your model as soon as it is convenient for you to have me?"

When Matilda had arranged to meet Mr. Chase at her office late that afternoon, she departed for his home.

Old Abner Chase had left a record of himself as a precise man of business in the distinct clarity of his personal books. There was such an eloquent brevity to the entries that the high impressions of his life could be picked out by the number of lines they occupied. It took Miss Munty scarcely two hours to discover what she wanted. The notation read:

August 3, 1815.

Received through the courtesy of Admiral Broke, R. N., word of the demise of my eldest son Thaddeus, on July 18, 1814, in Dartmoor Prison, England. That same source delivered to me a miniature ship fashioned in the style of H. M. S. Victory, the making of which alleviated the dreary months of my son's durance. The admiral is a gallant gentleman and already I thank God for the manner of tempering the grief born by his message. After supper we prayed together. "Thy Will be Done."

"Now," said Matilda to herself, "he will shortly order the cabinet. The model is undoubtedly a lovely thing, but—oh, those dolphins on the cabinet! They're alive! I can almost hear the splash as they dive back into the sea."

But there was no entry of interest until November 11, 1815:

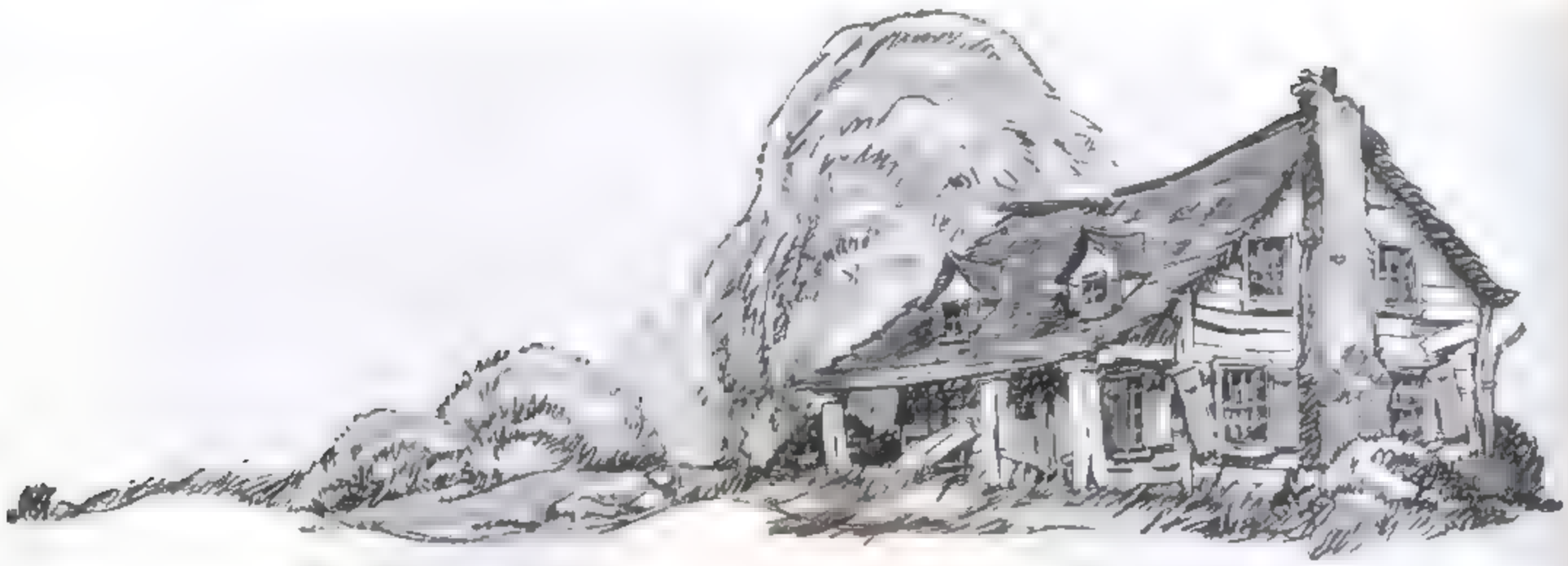
I do not begrudge my payment to Mr. Phyfe, at Partition St., of even date. For a tradesman he has fine sensibilities. Of the cabinet just delivered he assured me that his own hands had carved the finial subjects; but then he, as with a multitude of persons high and low, felt unbounded regard for my son.

Matilda Munty relaxed in her chair and looked dreamily at the ceiling.

"I have never been in love, so I can't know all about heart thrills; but I can't believe—I just can't imagine a thrill to beat

(Continued on Page 115)

Balloon Tires
that fit present rims
You can enjoy the epoch-making advantages of balloon tires right now without changing rims or wheels. Your Michelin Dealer can supply you immediately with Michelin Comfort Cords to fit your present rims without any change whatsoever, even in the size for 30" x 3½" clincher rims.
Michelin Comfort Cords are twice as big as oversize cords but are inflated to less than half the pressure. This combination of large size and low pressure gives a degree of riding comfort such as you never thought possible. Every road becomes a boulevard; and the car is so completely protected from jars and jolts that experts estimate its life will be increased as much as 50%.
Michelin Comfort Cords last longer than ordinary cord tires and cost hardly any more. The sooner you change to them the more you will profit. See your Michelin Dealer now.
Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, N. J.
MICHELIN
Comfort Cords



Lead exempts you from a weather tax

HOW much is your weather tax? Thousands of owners in the United States pay such a tax for the share of rain, snow, and sunshine that fall on their properties.

One billion dollars' worth of property crumbles beyond repair in this country each year. And this vast total includes the many millions paid by property owners as weather tax—money that lead would help to save.

Lead exempts you from a weather tax

Lead is the ugly duckling among metals. It isn't so handsome as gold. It isn't so strong as iron. Yet lead performs many functions—for which the other metals are not suitable. In the form of white-lead in paint it is man's mightiest protector of wooden and non-metallic surfaces.

Paint manufacturers use white-lead to make their best paints. Painters apply white-lead paint as a protection and a decoration on buildings you see everywhere.

Approximately 350,000,000 pounds of white-lead are used every year in this country. This makes enough paint to cover with one coat about 3,000,000 houses of average size. On the outside and the inside of homes, churches, schools, barns, theatres and stores, white-lead foils the attempts of sun, air, and moisture to collect a weather tax.

Where man pays the tax

But the weather still collects some of its toll. Frequently you see a home that once was fresh and new, but now is rotting away. The porch floor is not safe. Window sashes are rotting. The sides of the house are weatherbeaten and worn. On inside walls are great damp spots where moisture has penetrated.

White-lead would have prolonged the life of the house. It would have been an impassable barrier to air and moisture. As long as its film was unbroken it would have kept the covered surface safe.

And after all, the first cost of white-lead paint is small when you consider how such paint protects your home, your property, and the money you invested in it.

White-lead a standard covering

From the days of our forefathers, white-lead has been the standard for preventing decay and deterioration and for providing the desired decoration. Wise property owners everywhere are obeying the rule, "Save the surface and you save all," and are covering the surface with white-lead paint. Thus they avoid paying weather and repair taxes.

Rain and storm have attacked this pillar, which was unprotected by paint. The owner is estimating the size of his weather tax

For exterior painting they find that white-lead and pure linseed oil make a paint that sticks tight to the surface, is impervious to moisture, and lasts long. And they know that fresh-looking, well-kept property is an asset to the community, a sign of cleanliness and respectability within.

For interior painting of walls and woodwork these owners find that white-lead mixed with flatting oil not only protects the surface but also gives a soft, beautiful finish, restful and pleasing to the eye. By mixing coloring matter with white-lead they obtain the color that will harmonize perfectly with any decorative scheme.

Producers of lead products

National Lead Company makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry and daily life.

Dutch Boy white-lead is the name of the pure white-lead made and sold by National Lead Company. It is extremely fine—so fine that it easily flows through a silk screen containing 27,000 holes to the square inch. This gives opacity and smoothness of film.

On every keg of *Dutch Boy white-lead* is reproduced the picture of the Dutch Boy Painter shown below. This trade-mark guarantees a product of the highest quality. Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

Send for this painting portfolio

We have a portfolio, "The Decoration of Our Homes," which we will gladly send to anyone who is interested in the painting and beautifying of a home. This portfolio contains color plates suggesting decorative schemes for various types of interiors and exteriors.

Besides its use in paint, lead has many other interesting uses. In fact, the story of lead is a fascinating one, and if you want to know more about this wonder metal, we can recommend a number of interesting books. The latest and probably the most complete story of lead and its many uses is "Lead, the Precious Metal," published by the Century Company, New York. If you are unable to get it at your bookstore, write us or the publishers.

"Save the surface and you save all"—*Paint & Varnish*

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 326 Fourth California Sts.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut Street

(Continued from Page 112)

that. To pick a thing of wood out of a dirty cellar closet and, seeing it, know that divinity has touched it."

Later that afternoon Mr. Chase entered the office of Matilda Delafield Munty. He had evidently been preparing himself for the interview, as his manner was slightly brusque.

"Now let me tell you at the start, young lady, that I buy things. People don't sell them to me. Get the difference?"

"Certainly I get the difference, Mr Chase. But I haven't tried to sell you anything."

"Tush!" said Mr. Chase. "Everyone wants to sell me something. You're no exception. And let me tell you another thing: I have never yet paid more than two thousand dollars for a model, and I have the finest in the world. That's what it is to be a good buyer."

The awestruck Matilda managed to say "Isn't that wonderful!" What awed her was the thought she didn't voice. "Good gracious! Does anyone ever pay that much? I'd have been tickled to death to get two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Chase, "but it's the result of a forceful character. I am adamant on that point. Now where is the model? This it? Good! Yes, it is good: in fact far above the average run. But then it should be good, considering who made—hm! Do you mind if I remove the glass top to inspect it more closely?"

Matilda was busy with quick thinking. Frankly, she was dazzled by the sums that Mr. Chase had hedged about as bargain prices. They were fresh and soothing to her, but just the value of model ships was a thing out of her ken. But what did fill her was the idea that if marine toys could fetch two thousand dollars from this man, what, oh, what treasure should not authenticated Phyfe cabinets command? They were things that she knew; things that she viewed against a background of hard-earned knowledge. She loved such things. And the thought of a bone ship—truly a bauble to her comparing mind—having a value five times as great as she had imagined for her cabinet gently enraged her, and she prepared to defend her faith.

"All right," announced Mr. Chase, turning to her. "I'll take it."

"Oh," said Matilda, coldly polite from her self-engineered anger, "thank you. And at what price?"

"The limit. I told you I have never paid more than two thousand dollars, and I tell you I never will."

Syrup almost dripped from Matilda's voice.

"Of course, that's quite impossible, sir. You see, I wouldn't for a moment separate the cabinet and the model. They were made for each other, and after all these years they have come together again here, and I wouldn't commit the sacrilege of divorcing them. No, my price for the model is five thousand dollars. Now wait a minute!" she hastened to add, seeing the gentleman take on the tint of sunrise on the Matterhorn. "You must bear one thing in mind: I haven't suggested in any way that you buy this, so there's no need to puff up at me."

Mr. Chase became very patient and calm, as though dealing with an uncomprehending child, and as he spoke he ticked off the points on his fingers.

"My dear young lady, let us get this straight. You ask five thousand dollars for this model."

"I do not!" shouted Matilda. "I ask five thousand dollars for the model and the cabinet."

"Oh," said Thaddeus Chase, a light apparently breaking in on his fancy, "for the model and the case—both of them. That's different. Wait a minute and let me think."

"There's no need to think at all. That's my price and your thinking won't change it."

The gentleman rubbed his hands preparatory to getting out his check book.

"That alters the whole thing. Why, of course we can strike a trade, Miss Munty. Simple as rolling off a log."

Matilda looked at him blankly. Although an absolute vacuum is scientifically not possible, her mind approached that impossibility. Her speech was automatic.

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. You want five thousand dollars for the model and the cabinet. I have my pride, my self-respect and my wide reputation as a shrewd buyer to sustain, and I cannot—I will not pay one cent more than two thousand dollars."

"Then it's all off," announced Matilda, waking up again.

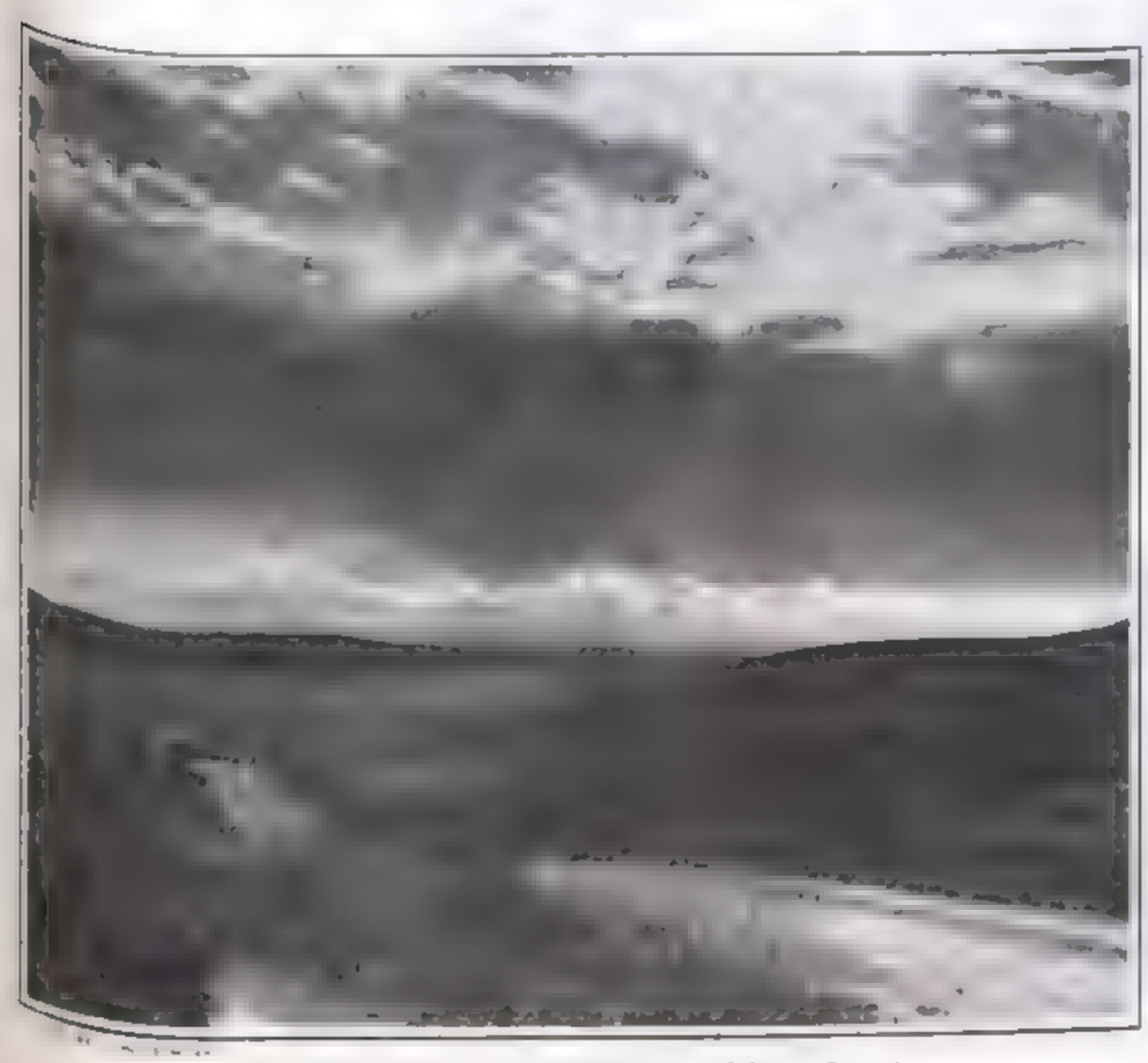
"Not at all," smiled Mr. Chase. "Not at all, because I shall gladly pay three thousand dollars for the cabinet; and you will have no objection to rendering me two bills, one for the model, one for the cabinet. What could be more simple?"

And the gentleman tore two checks from his book and prepared to draw them to Miss Munty's order.

"Hold on a second, Mr. Chase. I've got even a better idea than that. Yes, and it'll please you too. Those finials—those lovely, lovely dolphins—are worth at least ten times as much as any model ever rigged. I know it. So you pay me five hundred dollars for the model and forty five hundred dollars for the cabinet. That seems to me so much more just and fair to a wonderful piece of furniture."

"Girl," sighed Mr. Chase, "that is inspiration; nothing short of it. And listen to me: When old Lawrence, the dealer up on the Avenue, sees what I've got and sees the receipt for what I paid for it he'll flop. Yes, sir, absolutely froth at the mouth. . . . What did you say?"

"Me?" asked Matilda. "Me? I'm not sure—I'm not sure of anything. I think it was 'Live and Learn!'"



The Long, Long Trail a-Winding. An Alberta Sunset

6,405 NEW ENGLAND women were among those 43,040 Housewives

"DOWN" IN MASSACHUSETTS, where a million loaves of Bond are chosen every week, they call this bread, "New England's own."

Bond Bread's popularity around Boston began five years ago when 6405 housewives baked their own best loaves to show us the character of bread they wanted. True to tradition, the loaves from New England were among the best of all those submitted by the 43,040 housewives who helped us to design Bond Bread.

Each loaf bears a Bond which *bonds* us to use only the purest home ingredients. From that Bond, Bond Bread gets its name. From those ingredients, Bond Bread gets its home-like flavor.

Bond Bread

COPYRIGHT 1924
GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

TIME TO RETIRE ?
BUY FISK
'24
Norman Rockwell

UPSTAIRS

Continued from Page 21

"I'm going back on the next train."

"You won't stay in?"

She didn't pretend. She stood up beside him, laid her hand on his arm.

"Horace, promise me you'll eat something today. It's this going without lunch that's running you down."

"I'm not run down."

"Yes, you are."

"Just tired. And I can't work after eating."

"But you need it."

"No, I don't. Here, give me that check. Now run along like a good girl. Love t' your mother. Take care of yourself."

She was gone. He was alone at last, with his heart pounding away and every pulse beat throbbing at the back of his neck. He paid the check at the cashier's window and walked out into the street. It was hotter than ever there, with the greasy metallic heat of an engine room. He picked his way back to the building, where so soon the noon-hour exodus would begin, and stepping inside out of the sun, halted there, choking, amid the trucks and packing cases.

The throbbing at the base of his skull had increased alarmingly. He had thought of it before as a stiff neck, but now he knew that it was nothing of the sort. It was like a fiery collar clamped against him. He stood an instant, twisting his head from side to side; then, steadying himself with a hand, seated himself on a box.

If he was to think things through, he must do it here, before returning to the whirlpool of the office. But his brain was numb as his temples. He couldn't concentrate. He could think of nothing but his heart and that fiery pulsing and those little needles running along his spine. He remembered reading somewhere that a weakening of the powers of concentration foreshadowed mental collapse. The thought terrified him. He stood up—and saw Hermann Grossheim coming along the hall.

The little millionaire passed jovially, nodding as before, immaculate as usual in braided cutaway, striped trousers and pearl-buttoned waistcoat. He had been scrupulous in his greetings for years almost from the day when he had leased the three top floors and killed at a stroke the last touch of atmosphere the building boasted. The whole office hated little Grossheim. He was a pleasant, soft-voiced, kindly little man, but he wasn't in the book trade; and his had been the first outpost of that slow, irresistible invasion which long since had made the district what the Grossheim logotype now called it, "The Home of Women's Wear."

Horace Meade, with the perverseness of tired mind, recalled the slogan now as he moved down the hall to the elevators. The Home of Women's Wear! And eighteen years ago, when Joseph Wicks had hired him, it had been The Heart of the Book World!

It had been a steady, relentless transformation. Little Grossheim had expanded with uncanny ease. He had begun with the three top floors, but he had worked downward, gobbling another and another and another, until, this year, he had swallowed everything but Wicks & Son. Emma had never understood the hatred the Wicks crowd felt for Grossheim; perhaps because she had never caught the glamour of the publishing profession. She had even ventured, once or twice, to wonder whether one couldn't go further with such a concern. With the Goofs!

The Goofs. That was Dave Slattery's name for them, invented the year they moved in. His doggerel, a parody on Burgess' clever juvenile, began:

The Goofs, they do their customers;
The Goofs, they do their wives;
The Goofs, they're doing Wicks & Son;
Oh, they lead disgusting lives!

It was nonsense, of course—the emptiest nonsense; but that hadn't lessened its popularity. The office had welcomed it with shouts; the salesmen had learned it; the telephone girls hummed it; Slattery had had a copy printed and hung up over his desk. Horace Meade found the lines running in his head as he stopped by the elevators, while a down car emptied its cupful of passengers.

Ben Myers, Grossheim's partner, younger, softer, but no shrewder, was the first to greet him. He waved a moist hand.

"'Morning, Mr. Meade."

Horace Meade inclined his head. It wasn't in him to be rude; the others in the office—Slattery, Hopkins, Rufus Wicks—had done enough of that.

He said "Good morning" in his dull voice, and at the starter's gesture entered the car.

As he left it, upstairs, he heard Edna McDonald call from the phone desk, "Mr. Meade, the Parker boy's here."

Young Parker was the son of Russell Parker, the printer. They were doing the fall catalogue and were behind on it now.

So, "All right, send him over!" he called, and beckoned to the boy. "I hope you've got something to show me," he said as the boy joined him at his desk. "Got a finished copy for me?"

Young Parker put his hat on the desk. He was a big, bony, honest-eyed boy, but he wore a guilty look as he said, "Sorry, Mr. Meade; we tried that lighter stock and it didn't work. We're held up now. Can't get deliv'ry on ——"

"Can't get deliv ——" Horace Meade rose from the seat he'd just taken. "Held up? What lighter stock? What do you mean, held up?" His voice shook. "Can't get delivery? You mean you aren't through?"

"We aren't started, sir."

"But ——"

"Not on the run."

"Not started?"

"That stock was a mistake, sir."

"What stock? What are you talking about?" Horace Meade's voice broke. "We agreed on the stock. Didn't you use the one I ordered?"

"No, sir—yes, sir. Mr. Wicks changed the order."

"Mr. Wicks?"

"He wanted to try the lighter one, to save expense. He said ——"

Horace Meade sat down again. His legs had given way. Everything else was as nothing to this. This was disaster. The catalogue—his pride, his joy—had been interfered with.

"Mr. Wicks insisted he wanted to try it. He said Cromwell used it, and ——"

"Not on a process job!"

"No, sir; we told him that. But ——"

"Why didn't you phone me?"

"Well, Mr. Wicks ——"

"Mr. Wicks!" Horace Meade, with a face once more the color of damp newspaper, rose to his feet. "Did Mr. Wicks sign an order?"

"I don't know, sir. I don't think so. He phoned ——"

But Horace Meade was no longer listening. He was moving rapidly and with a curious fumbling step toward his employer's office. As he walked, Miss Roberts, the new editor, looked up from the script she was reading and watched him. Edna McDonald, at the phone desk, paused in her toneless intonations to observe his progress. A salesman beckoned from the rail by the elevator.

"Hey, Mr. Meade!"

But the man he addressed neither paused nor answered. He walked straight on to Rufus Wicks' door and with a single sharp knock opened it. Rufus Wicks was writing an advertisement. It was a hobby of his; he believed he had a flair for copy. Horace Meade crossed to his desk.

"The catalogue's held up, Mr. Wicks. Did you phone Parker to use that lighter stock?"

Rufus Wicks looked up.

"Lighter stock? Wait a minute. Let's see: yes, I did. I wanted to —— Whadayamean, held up?" The idea penetrated. "Held up? What the devil? What's held 'em? What's the ——"

"You."

"Me?"

"By changing the order."

"Changing the—— Suffering snakes! What if I did? Why shouldn't I change it? Harry Cromwell used it. He told me so."

"Not for a process job."

"Well, why didn't they call me pf ——"

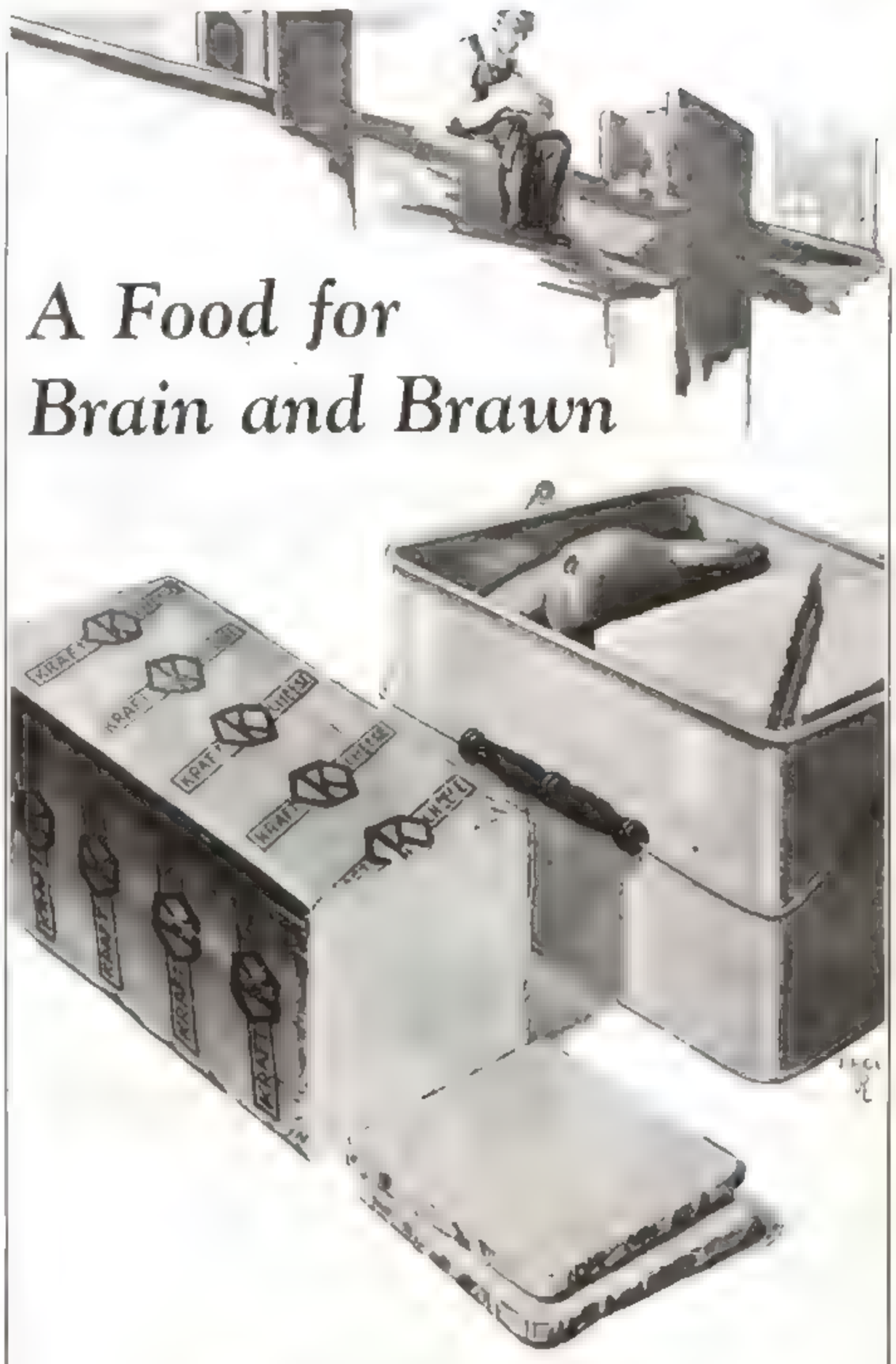
"They didn't call me."

"Why didn't they? Why haven't you kept in touch? That's your job, isn't it? If they can't handle an order like this, why did you pick 'em? You picked 'em, didn't you? You selected 'em?"

"I'd select them again."

"After this?"

"To cut costs."



A Food for Brain and Brawn

That's Kraft Cheese. And its unusual goodness and perfect flavor have become recognized as such.

Like other highly pleasing foods Kraft Cheese is blended. But there's this difference; other foods are blended to appeal to individual taste, while the blending of cheese is the only known method of securing uniform quality and unvarying flavor. Now you know why Kraft Cheese never disappoints you. Send for free recipe book S4.

J. L. KRAFT & BROS. CO.
CHICAGO - NEW YORK - SAN FRANCISCO
KRAFT-MACLAREN CHEESE CO., LTD., MONTREAL, CANADA

KRAFT CHEESE

Decidedly Better

Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese

"To cut costs! Good grief! Is it going to cut any costs to be late on this job? Is it going to save anything to be behind on the catalogue? No, you bet it isn't!"

"I——"

"Hallelujah! That's serious. The salesmen depend on it. We all depend on it. Our profits depend on it. Your salary depends on it—everybody's salary. Is it doing your part to set a thing like this slide?" Rufus Wicks paused for breath. "Why didn't you find this out days ago? Why——"

"I supposed it was going through."

"You supposed!"

"That my order hadn't been changed."

"Ah—you mean you blame me!"

"And I've been rushed."

"Oh, you've been rushed! Too bad! How 'bout the rest of us? Aren't we all rushed? I'm rushed, Endridge is rushed, Hopkins, Slattery—who isn't rushed? What kind of an excuse is that?"

"I've asked for assistance."

"Assistance! Hah! What do you think this is—a charity home? How do you think I can show a profit if——"

"You can't."

"I can't?"

"Not last year's profit."

"What's to hinder me?"

"You know what's to hinder you. We've talked that by the hour."

"Do——"

"The margin's limited."

"To hell with the margin! Anyway, it's nothing to do with this. In this case——"

"You changed my order."

"Well, what if I did?" Rufus Wicks' voice grew harsh. "It's your business to know it—t' have kept in touch. Have I got to 'tend to everything that goes on round here? Have I got to see to everything? Have I? What's the answer? Are you losing your mind?"

"I'm explaining how things stand, Mr. Wicks."

"No, you aren't! You're criticizing—insinuating—blaming me! You've been doing it ever since I took hold, ever since my father died. Asking for more help, criticizing, hinting for a raise. Don't deny it! That's what you've been doing! Now look here, Mr. Horace Meade——"

He stopped. An ominous light came into his eyes—those little reddish eyes, so close together. The muscles of his jaws bulged in his cheeks. It was an expression his employes knew and dreaded.

"I'm tired of this! I'm through! I've stood enough! Apparently you aren't up to the schedule this business's got to be run on. All right! This comp'ny's ripe for a good old-fashioned reorganization! I'll give it one! I'll say I will! You can consider your relations with us terminated right here." He stood up. "Beginning the end of this week, you're through! You c'n take a month, with salary, and look for another job. I'll expect you to line things up for your successor."

His voice rose again, for Horace Meade, very white and with head bent, seemed not to hear him. "But after this week you an' I part comp'ny. Hear? You're through! For good! You're fired! Do you get me? You're fired!"

"I—yes, sir," said Horace Meade.

It is an old and familiar axiom that there is a point beyond which the capacity of the human organism to register emotion ceases. Horace Meade had passed this point when, well on toward six, in the big room where the last employe was gone, he sat at his desk by the air shaft, staring at a typewritten list of memorandums. The list contained a statement of all delayed and projected work, everything to date for his successor, neatly tabulated and in order—for everything Horace Meade did was done neatly and in order, since that was the way his mind worked, always had worked, and always would.

He had spoken to no one about his going. For one thing, he hadn't had the strength to discuss it. And for another, he perceived that he would have to be in and out a day or two, in simple justice to the next man. He couldn't drop out at once. The whole structure of production would collapse—for the whole structure now, as for fifteen years, was built around him. It had been so ever since old Joseph Wicks had first sensed the salary-saving possibilities in his mouselike assistant. It was a dangerous system, and a perverted one, as many a critic had pointed out, including Horace Meade himself, since its originator had vanished from the scene. It had taken team play and patience and natural aptitude to keep the ball in the air all these years, and Rufus Wicks was capable of none of these. There had been truth in his statement—a reorganization was on the cards. He had overlooked only one thing—the granite fact that the new régime would cost more, cut down profits. Well, he would learn. That was the way in business. The salary he wouldn't pay Horace Meade he would pay, and pay without a quiver, to the next man and the helpers he would need.

"You Won't—Won't Let It Worry You? We Can Manage. I've Thought It All Out. We Can Do It"

Evans, the negro janitor, called from the stock room, "Mist' Meade, ain't y' ev' gwine home?"

"I'm going."

Horace Meade placed the typed list exactly in the center of the blotter and got to his feet. But he didn't leave at once. In the three top drawers at his right he had gathered everything he planned to take away with him. And standing there, waiting for his dizziness to leave him, he stared across the big room with a sudden piercing sensation of strangeness. All the familiar objects—the oak desks, the artists' originals in oils, the elevators, the glassed-in showroom, the cordwood piles of best sellers in bright jackets—everything took on a new and poignant vividness. For eighteen years these had been a part of his life. Eighteen years! And now, in a week, he would be—where? What doing? Where was he going? Where was he to find that twelve hundred dollars?

At the thought, he moved sharply, blindly, forward. Twelve hundred dollars! And the moving! And that overdraft at the bank! He had forgotten to see Prindle.

Crossing the room, he saw the door of his employer's office, open as usual at this time of day. Rufus Wicks had gone home an hour ago—gone without speaking to either Slattery or Hopkins. Well, it was like him to do that; he always postponed unpleasant tasks. Unpleasant? Yes, he would find this one unpleasant; Horace Meade knew that, without a sense of boastfulness. There were reasons.

Through the open door, the big desk once used by Joseph Wicks was visible, littered with dummies, electros, dust-covered galleys, script—a junk dealer's cartful of dead matter, long ago ripe for the ash can. The litter was traditional; in Joseph Wicks' day there had been excuse for it. The quarters had been smaller, and the old man had directed every phase of his own business. With the son, the case was different. Rufus Wicks knew nothing of production. His training had been on the road, and his interest in it was sporadic, unintelligent. His litter was the litter of neglect, of an erratic mind.

To the right, through the big front window over the bookkeeper's cage, the gold-lettered sign of the sporting-goods house opposite shone reddish in the early sunset. Above it, a window display showed a campfire scene, with campers and a khaki-colored tent and cooking utensils over a papier-mâché fire. Something about it suggested that place up north of Sharon, where once, before he was married, he had spent a week with his brother Harry. That week! If he could get a week like that now!

A red bulb glowed. A down car stopped, opened for him. He stepped forward into an atmosphere of hot rubber, dust and old straw hats. In a corner, behind a group of salesmen, salesgirls, little Grossheim and his partner Myers, disputed audibly. Something about a folder—wastage—overtime. The old story. They had their troubles too. They dealt in millions, where Wicks & Son dealt in thousands, but they were up against the same vexations.

"Three out, please, John!"

The car stopped again. Myers shouldered his way out, followed by Grossheim, the salesgirls all respectfully silent. Horace Meade noted the gray-tinted walls and the blue Chinese rugs and the wide aisles of their big showroom. It had a restful quality—an effect of good taste as well as costliness. There were flowers on the showcases, but they weren't obtrusive. It was the first time he'd ever noticed them.

The door clanged and the car dropped again. Below, the corridor was like a bargain basement, hotter than the Subway. He halted by the front door. The Subway! The very thought made him faint. He couldn't face it—the prospect of that twelve-minute ride underground. And suddenly, in a blind panic, he was feeling for the glass case of the news stand at his elbow. He found it and hung on with cold fingers. The vertigo passed, but it left him shaken, nerveless. He made a pretense of looking at an evening paper, but it was only pretense. He longed to sit down, but there was nothing in the hall to sit on. The shipping entrance in the rear was closed.

Then behind him he heard again Ben Myers' voice. Another car had descended.

"I tell you, I saw the figures, Hermann! Will you grant me a grain of common sense? I saw the estimates!"

They came down the hall, both talking.

"By golly, I wish I never show you those sheets! What has it got me? Trouble, trouble, trouble—talk, talk, talk! Now listen!"

"Ain't I listened?"

"No!"

They came to the news stand, where he stood.

"Wait! I ask Mr. Meade! He can tell us. Excuse me, Mr. Meade——" He was all smiles, Grossheim, all deprecatory friendliness. "May I ask you a question? You know my partner, Mr. Myers?"

Meade nodded. He knew him as well as he wanted to.

"I guess you'll think I'm crazy, Mr. Meade; but this is something in your line—not? Printing. Ever since we move in here they tell me, Mr. Meade, he knows printing from the ground up. He——"

"Oh, that's——"

"Yes, they do! I'm always hearing it. Ain't I, Ben? Now this fellow Ben an' I what we don't know 'bout printing would fill a museum. The way we been held up! It's fierce! Say, listen, Mr. Meade, now here's the proposition: What would you say was a reasonable figure, now, for seventy-fi' thousan' folders—sixty-four-page folders? What?"

Horace Meade smiled faintly. Seventy-five thousand folders. Sixty-four-page size. A reasonable figure. And not a thing said of stock or type or illustrations. Nothing but how cheap?

"Really," he said, and his voice seemed a long way off, "it depends, you see, on your printer—and the illustrations—and the colors—and the stock you're using. It——"

"Ain't that what I told you? He can't answer!" Myers cut in. "He can't tell you offhand. He ain't seen the figures. You're wastin' his time."

"One moment, please!" Little Grossheim raised his hand. "I like to know what he would say, just the same. By golly, yes! Mr. Meade, as a favor, would it be too much—would you be willing—could you spare us fi' minutes, professionally?"

"Now wait! He ain't got time to——"

"I pay him for his time. I pay him a fee. Myself! No, no!" Grossheim waved his partner back. "I wish to settle this. Now, Mr. Meade, as a favor to me, could you come upstairs for just fi' minutes an' look at those figures?"

Could he come? For a fee? But what sort of fee? Ten dollars, probably—or even five. No matter.

"Why, yes," he answered, "I can come if you wish." He could at least find a chair upstairs.

He felt Grossheim's arm slide through his. They were walking to the elevator.

"After you, Mr. Meade. No, please!" They were inside, in the car. "I appreciate this, Mr. Meade. By golly, yes! Especially on a night like this. I guess you like better to be out in your car for a cool drive—what?"

His car!

"But I won't keep you—not more'n fi' minutes. Honest, I won't! An' say, it's time we got acquainted, after all these years, what? Why, d'you know who was the first person I seen the day I come in here to sign up?"

Horace Meade heard him dimly. The motion of the car brought back his nausea; that ache was beginning again. They ascended interminably—eight, ten, fifteen, eighteen stories—he'd forgotten how high the building was. He wondered where the Grossheim offices were. On the top floor?

"I'm sorry we haf to go clear up," Mr. Grossheim spoke apologetically. "We got the Advertising up there to keep it out the way. . . . Here we are!" Twenty—twenty-two—twenty-two stories! "After you, Mr. Meade!" And Horace Meade stepped out upon a cool gray carpet in a big room glassed in on all four sides.

In front of him, across an open space as large as the whole front of Wicks & Son, racks of samples—coats, skirts, suits, hats, combinations—stood in rows, like the rows of a cornfield in July. Beyond, there was another open space, and to the right, partitioned off by a mahogany rail, were the drawing boards and easels and straight, low-backed chairs of a large art department. The sheer acreage of the room struck Horace Meade. It had been attained by cutting through the wall of the next building, and he realized suddenly that it took in the whole end of the block. Over in each corner was a glassed-in office, and on one door he saw the letters, "Adv. Mgr."

"All right, Mr. Meade, this way."

Grossheim steered him gently across the carpet, impressively soft, to a mahogany

(Continued on Page 123)

"Where can I get my brakes properly relined?"

OWNERS are no longer content to entrust their lives to cheap brake lining, or inadequate brake equipment. Today, the careful driver seeks the shop that uses silver edge Raybestos applied by the Raybestos Method.

Correct application of brake lining is equal in importance to Raybestos. Both assure the full measure of protection. Have your brakes lined with Raybestos by the Raybestos Method. The rivets will be of tubular brass construction properly countersunk.

The lining will wrap evenly around the brake and rivets cannot score the drum. All of the braking surface will be in operation. This adds not only to safety, but reduces costs for repairs.

Illustration in circle shows how solidly Raybestos is applied to the brake band. Rivets are countersunk so that all braking surface is in contact with the brake drums.

And here is the electrically-driven machine that locates, drills and countersinks the lining in one operation.

REPAIRMEN—YOUR ATTENTION

The nation-wide movement for better brakes has created a constantly growing demand for Raybestos Brake Service Stations. Competent repairmen having a thorough knowledge of brakes and qualified to sustain the Raybestos reputation, are requested to write for our interesting proposition.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY

Factories: Bridgeport, Conn. Peterborough, Ont., Canada
Stratford, Conn. London, England

Branches:
Detroit, 2631 Woodward Ave. San Francisco, 835 Post St.
Chicago, 1603 South Michigan Ave.

The serviceman who sells and applies Raybestos is a brake specialist. He may conduct a small shop, or operate a large service station, but he *knows* brakes and what is more important, he knows good lining and *how* to apply it.

Raybestos Brake Service Stations dot the country from coast to coast. There is a Raybestos Station in your neighborhood. We shall be pleased to furnish the name and address.

Why risk life and property on antiquated careless methods? Go to the Raybestos man and have your brakes inspected, adjusted and *correctly* lined. The job is quickly done and at moderate cost.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

GENTLEMEN: Please send me the name and address of the Raybestos Brake Service Station in my vicinity.

Mr. Name _____

Address _____

_____

GASO
TEXA
TH
REG. U.S PAT
MADE BY THE TEXAS CO
TOR
ONE SIGN T

One Sign
to look for
One Word
to remember
TEXACO
TEXACO GASOLINE
The VOLATILE Gas
TEXACO MOTOR OIL
The clean, clear, golden colored oil
THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products
TEXACO
OIL
LOOK FOR

"61"
FLOOR VARNISH

From a Painting by Norman Rockwell

Copyright 1924 Pratt & Lambert-Inc.

Renewing old treasures and brightening old memories with "61" Floor Varnish is a labor of love. So durable and water-resistant on floors and linoleum, "61" lasts even longer on furniture and other articles. It stains and varnishes with one stroke of the brush.

Color card and sample panel, with names of P & L dealers, will be gladly sent you on request.

"Save the surface and you save all" the Varnish

P & L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by dealers everywhere.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 118)

wicket, gold-lettered, "No Admittance." Past drawing boards and easels and long plate-glass windows, they followed Myers to the office at the far corner. Myers opened the door.

"After you, Mr. Meade."

He meant to wait for Grossheim, but the little man pushed him ahead—into a room three times as large as Rufus Wicks', and ten times as light.

Where his old employer's office was shelved to the ceiling, choked with furniture, dusty and cramped, with but one window, this one was wide, high-ceilinged, empty, quiet—all windows. A single desk stood on the big gray rug; a single mahogany cabinet ran along one inside wall; a single hatrack—with nothing on it—stood by the door; a single armchair, of blue leather, stood by the window. And all around, to north and west, the eye went out into space—a great cool panorama over miles of roofs, gold-powdered by the slanting sun, to the gray waters of the Hudson and the brown cliffs of the Palisades and the dim Newark hills and the flats of Hackensack and Jersey City.

"Sit down, Mr. Meade. Nice view what? Sit down over there by the window."

He obeyed. He didn't glance toward the files; he wasn't interested. He rested his head against the smooth, cool leather, and, half closing his eyes, sat staring toward the Palisades.

"Here we are. Here's what we want. Now here's the proposition, Mr. Meade." Grossheim opened a folder. "Here's the whole foolishness—contrac's, estimates, specifications. Now what I like to have you tell us ——"

"Tell us everything! Give it to us straight!" Myers offered another folder. "You understan', this is just a sample; a small job, like we get out once a month."

Grossheim nodded.

"It ain't the money. I guess we can stan' a coupla' thousan'. It's the principle, by golly! This guy we've had ——"

"The bum!"

"—— he's soaked us."

"Soaked us? Made a monkey out of us! These jobs never cost like this before. He ——"

"We oughtn't of hired him."

Horace Meade drew out a pencil, sharpened to a needle point, and went to work. The problem was simple enough. It was the sort of thing he had to do a dozen times a day downstairs, and he did it swiftly, easily, mechanically, with his mind on that nausea and the pounding of his heart and that prickling feeling along his spine. And when he had finished, because his head was splitting and the thought of utterance made him ill, he stacked the material again and put the pencil in his pocket and handed the folder to Mr. Grossheim, all without a word.

"Well, how about it?"

"We're stung, eh?" Myers grinned. "Go on, tell us the worst. The sooner we know it ——"

"It depends," Horace Meade said, "on the effect you wanted; on your policy as a house. I don't know that. You could have done it more cheaply—if that was the first consideration."

Myers groaned.

"The firs' consideration! It was the on'y consideration! Ain't I told that fried fish twenty times we didn't care about his trimmings? Ain't I come here an' begged him ——"

"How much could we of saved, Mr. Meade?"

"Yes, how 'bout that?"

Horace Meade pointed.

"I've written it there—at the bottom."

"Where?"

"Lemme see!"

"That ——"

"Wow!"

Horace Meade turned away. He forgot their chatter, staring out over the river, changing now to the color of flamingo wings. The pink flame made him think of those sunsets up by Sharon. A bath of color! If he could only get to those hills, lose himself, forget this eternal battle of costs and expenses and debts and ——

When he heard them again, Grossheim was arguing, in his patient voice. "Now, listen! I guess Mr Meade, he knows this game! He says it can be done. An' ain't we seen it done a million times! That other fella ——"

"Yes, but ——"

"Listen!"

"—— times had changed."

"But ain't he jus' showed you?"

"No, he ain't! That's it! I ——"

"Wait! I ask him! Mr. Meade"—little Grossheim turned—"excuse me, could you—would you check off the places where we could of cut this down?"

Horace Meade took the folder. That foolish panic was returning; he wanted to be let alone, to sit there a minute and fight off that nausea; but ——

"Here!" he said harshly, and opened to a green sheet. "It's all there—composition, overtime, corrections, changes. That's what costs—experimenting, and the process used, and the stock. You ——"

"Stock? Wait a secon'!" Myers cut in. "What's the matter with the stock? Ain't it right? It was the cheapest. There's the figures."

Horace Meade didn't glance at the figures. He leaned back and closed his eyes.

"Yes—and look at the names!" he said.

"The names? How so? Whadayamean—names? The comp'nies? Ain't they straight? You mean they split with him? They gave him something ——"

"Oh, no, no!" It was all too absurd. "Good heavens alive, look at the trademarks! Look at the firm names! Look at the brands!"

"Well ——"

"Look who he went to!"

"Well, who would he go to? Who would you go to?"

"Who'd I go to?" Horace Meade sat erect. "I'll tell you who I'd go to. Where do you people go when you want to cut down costs on a small silk order? To the biggest people in the trade? Not if I know it! You go down a side street, don't you?—to the little fellow who can sell you right. Well, that's what I do. That's what I've spent twenty years learning to do—to find those fellows—where to go and how to buy; just as you have, buying women's stuff. Good gracious, man, that's my trade!"

His voice, at the last word, cracked in spite of him. That ridiculous weakness forced him to close his eyes again, to hide the foolish tears. But little Grossheim turned to his partner with an odd look—a look of triumph and satisfaction.

"Ah-ha!" he murmured. "We get it straight for once! It's like I said; you gotta shop. An' you gotta know where to shop, you bet!"

Ben Myers nodded gloomily.

"I guess you said it, at that."

There was a silence. It was Grossheim who broke it.

"I'd like to ask Mr. Meade about the big job, too—the catalogue. Dig out the figures on that, will you?"

To their guest, leaning back in his chair, the word came sickeningly, as a reminder. The catalogue! Perspiration broke from Horace Meade as he thought of Wicks, of the coming month, of Emma, of that overdraft at the bank. His heart began to pound again. His nausea came back with a rush. He sat up, trembling.

Hang on now! Don't get panicky! Keep cool! Hang on!

"Thank you, Ben. Now here, Mr. Meade, I'd like to hear what you say 'bout this."

Another folder! The room was swimming again; Grossheim's face was a blur, but he took the manila and spread it on his knee. Myers spilled a pile of papers on the floor. The catalogue itself, fat and bulky, topped the pile. A simple job; one glance told that. The cost sheets offered the problem. They were mixed, out of order, incomplete. It was impossible, he saw, to tell quickly what the thing had cost.

Then he came on a total, typed on a pink slip—the total spent the previous year on advertising.

One hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars! One-eighth the total gross sales made by Wicks & Son in a year!

The very size of the figures caught him, held him, took his mind off that nausea. He went at the data grimly, sorting, comparing, tabulating, till he had the problem clear. He made two columns, and when he had finished he sat back, pointing.

"That's what you spent last year?"

"Yep, that's correct."

"Why, Mr. Meade?"

"It's high, that's all." He closed his eyes. "It's just my opinion, of course, but"—he shrugged—"I'm afraid you threw away some money."

"How much?"

"Lemme see!"

"Which total?"

"Which one?"

He sat up, gathered himself, went over it again. They were as shocked, as outraged as before—only more so; much more so, and with reason; the figures were large. Twenty-seven thousand dollars thrown away! Good money that might have been saved! But how? Was he sure? Was he certain? Could he show them how?

He showed them, item by item. Pencil in hand, the two men leaning over him, he went down the list, explaining, itemizing. As he talked the figures danced before his eyes; that throbbing at the back of his neck turned everything to a blur; his hand, gripping the pencil, shook so at times he had to rest it on the paper. Twice he stopped in midsentence, with that feeling that his heart had stopped. But each time the feeling passed, and each time he saw in front of him, printed there in flame on his eyeballs, the total of that overdraft at the bank—$27.50. Hang on! Don't quit! And hang on he did, till the task was over, finished, the last question answered, and they were standing up to go.

Grossheim walked with him to the elevator, Myers lingering to put away the folders. As they crossed the open space beyond the racks, the little millionaire kept repeating, "I cert'ny appreciate this, Mr. Meade. I cert'ny do."

"Oh, that's all right," he heard himself replying.

Well, it was all right—if he got that fee! But was he going to? Or were they going to overlook it—forget it? And at that thought a sudden desperation hardened Horace Meade. Let them try it! Was every one—these people, too—to take advantage of him, just because he was decent, generous, accommodating? He'd ask for it if necessary! And again he began to tremble. Tears rose in his eyes. His throat got lumpy. Why couldn't he fight as other men did?

They came to the elevators. Grossheim touched the button and sat down at a table with his back turned; began to write. A check, perhaps? He hoped so. How he hoped so! If it was enough—thirty dollars—he'd take a taxi to the train. The train! The thought of it choked him. He saw a vision of the smoker, crowded, dusty, cindery; of that mile or more of blistering macadam out to the house, the tiny double bungalow, with its smell of cooking, sour milk, babies.

Grossheim had risen—was offering him something.

"Mr. Meade, I want you should do me the honor to accept this."

A tip! Like the hat-check boy! He felt humiliated, cheap. He wanted to push it away, say "Oh, that's all right!" But he couldn't. He couldn't afford to. He accepted the slip of paper, mumbling something.

"It ain't much, Mr. Meade, but ——"

He glanced at the figures. One hundred! One hundred dollars! Well! A taxi! That was his first thought—a taxi; he could take a taxi now to the station. He had won! The fight had been worth making. A tip? It didn't seem so much like a tip now. A hundred dollars! It had come so easily too.

Little Grossheim seemed the embarrassed one; he looked almost guilty, as if he wished he had made it more.

"Say, you fellas"—Myers came up, panting—"I got a thought before we go down." He waved a cigar. "Maybe I got my nerve to mention it, but here's the idea: I know there ain't a chance to int'rest Mr. Meade himself, but I been thinkin'—couldn't he maybe tell us where we might get a man?"

His partner nodded.

"I was thinking that too. Yea—I was wondering ——"

Horace Meade all but laughed. Through the blur of fatigue and nausea he caught the sense of it well enough. They were sounding him. It was an offer; as good as an offer; an offer from the Goofs.

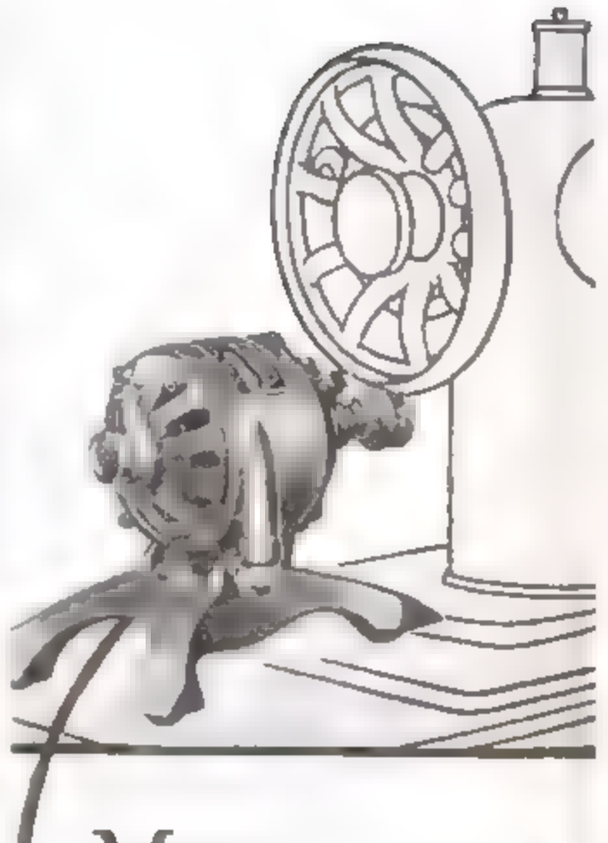
From the Goofs!

How Slattery would chortle! How the office would roar! And the irony of it! Then a filament of fear went through him. Was it possible that they'd heard—that they knew?"

But he saw they didn't, as little Grossheim went on, palpably sincere, straightforward:

"Lemme tell you how we stan', Mr. Meade. We gotta get somebody, ain't we? This guy we've had has got to go. His time's up anyway. Now I know it ain't gonna be easy to find the man we want; we gotta pay for him too. I know that. But the right man could pay for himself by his

(Continued on Page 125)



More pretty clothes

DON'T be without the many lovely things you would like to make, merely because your sewing machine isn't an electric. For a marvelous little electric motor will now make your old machine as speedy and easy to operate as the latest electric models. It is almost unbelievably simple. You merely place the motor next to the hand wheel. That's absolutely all. No tools or belts required. Then you can sew all your own and the children's clothes, the new healthful way, without working your feet, at a cost for electricity of less than one cent an hour.

Hamilton Beach *Home Motor*

Sit in any easy position you like. Sew fast or slow or in between, all controlled by slight pressure of your foot on the Speed Pedal. 1,000,000 Hamilton Beach motors now in use. Patented and sold under Money-Back Guarantee by Electrical, Hardware, Department, and Sewing Machine Stores

Also made by

HAMILTON BEACH
VACUUM SWEEPERS
VIBRATORS
HAIR DRYERS
DRINK MIXERS
SMALL POWER MOTORS

Folders on Request

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wis.*

$18.50

Denver and West higher

Business has its Thrills, Too — Remington Knives for Everybody and Every Practical Use

VEST POCKET—slender and compact—many combinations of blades—pearl, stag and gold handles. All practical knives and fine as gifts

FOR STOCKMEN—all around knives with real surgical blades for altering, docking, vaccinating and marking, and all veterinary work around the ranch or farm

CARPENTERING—for the carpenter and handy man, the Remington Carpenter's Knife is without an equal. Heavy master blade for cutting, coping. Scribing blade for cutting builder's paper, etc Pen blade

FISHERMAN—The Remington Fisherman's Knife, with a very slender long sharp blade—ideal for cutting bait, cleaning, scaling, etc

FARMERS AND THRESHERS—The Remington Knives fitted with Punch Blades drill a round hole from 1-16 to ¾ inch diameter—for repairing harness, belting, etc Keen, lasting edge, and can be sharpened over and over again

PRUNING—for a better job of pruning, the Remington Pruning Knife. Stout heavy blade with concave scimitar cutting edge, giving a clean shearing cut A practical tool for cutting oilcloth, linoleum and rubber.

GIVE the American something he can be proud of—and trust him to show his appreciation. It's been only four years since Remington Pocket Knives were first brought out.

And now Remington Pocket Knives are recognized as the foremost line sold in America.

Such things do not happen by chance.

Look in on the Remington organization and see how this all came about.

Consider the Remington 100-year-old habit of doing *things right*.

And their 100 years' *scientific metallurgic knowledge* of working, hardening, tempering and finishing *steel*.

Now, *today*, look about you anywhere. Ask the Carpenter, Farmer, Stockman, Camper, Motorist, Banker, Merchant what he thinks of Remington Pocket Knives.

Remington Pocket Knives for Everybody—

It's the most sought after line of Pocket Cutlery in the dealer's store.

To be sure of a good pocket knife see that it's a Remington—with the name Remington stamped on the tang of the blade.

Remington Arms Company, Inc., *New York City*
Established 1816

Remington

THE AUTHORITY IN FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION AND CUTLERY

Makers of Remington Cash Registers

(Continued from Page 123)

savings; you seen that yourself. The savings you jus' pointed out, the savings you could make ——"

The savings he could make! Exactly! Bitterness welled in Horace Meade. Twenty to twenty-seven thousand! And what would they offer him for doing it?

Little Grossheim went on:

"Now, you understan', I don't wanta butt in. I don't know nothing about your arrangements with Mr. Wicks. It's maybe kinda fresh of me to even sa'gest it, but you know sometimes it don't hurt to kind of speak out—what?"

Again! An offer! As good as an offer! And in his mind he saw Dave Slattery's face. Then Emma's.

But at Emma's something froze inside him. After all, could he refuse? With nothing in the world but the coins in his pockets and a month's salary to come? He couldn't! He was in a corner. They could get him if they wanted him! And suddenly he saw it coming—saw the light in their eyes.

"I think we could make it interesting, Mr. Meade!"

Desperate, he heard himself answer, "You'd have to make it interesting."

They could though! That was it! And again he saw it—saw it coming. They would offer him the salary he'd been getting at Wicks'. Forty-two hundred! They'd probably say five, and where else could he get that? At Hogarth's, or Hart's, or Appleby's? No chance! He could land a job, all right—eventually. But at that figure? Hardly!

He was trapped. The partners were staring at him.

"You wouldn't consider a change, Mr. Meade?"

"At the right figure?"

"The right figure?" Something flared in him. "Look here, I've worked like a slave downstairs for fifteen years. I'm through! And the next man's going to pay what I'm worth—get that!"

He was shocked at his own voice. The words were the words of Horace Meade, but the voice was the voice of Rufus Wicks. His listeners, however, showed no surprise. They nodded sympathetically.

"Hot dog!"

"Give us a figure!"

"Some idear, Mr. Meade."

The suavity of it! They had him and they knew it. He was gone! Signed up—signed with the Goofs! And all because of Emma—her mother. Well, he would fight. He would haggle for every nickel—for every penny! And he gathered himself.

Little Grossheim spoke:

"When could you come, Mr. Meade? How soon?"

"In a month."

"A month!" Both showed surprise.

"If I were coming!"

Little Grossheim smiled.

"I should make one stipulation ——"

"You would?"

"Your health. You don't look well, Mr. Meade. I should wish you to take a little vacation first—what?"

"I plan to anyway."

"You do? I'm glad to hear it. Now, to get down to business ——"

"Wait!" Myers cut in. "Whatcha gettin' now, Mr. Meade?"

"Ben, will you kindly ——"

"Yeh, but ——"

"I beg you! Who's doin' this?"

"Aw, now—a'right! A'right! Go ahead—on'y be lib'ral while you're at it."

"I'm gonna be lib'ral. Calm yourself! Now, Mr. Meade" Grossheim touched his elbow—"if you are serious—if you mean this—we would pay you, to start with, eight thousan' ——"

"Wait!" Myers' voice was a shout. "Mr. Meade! Please! I beg you! You didn' hear! Eight thousan' an' a percentage! A good percentage! Ten-fifteen per cent on every dollar under las' year's figures! Quantities the same."

"That's so," Grossheim agreed. "Eight an' fifteen per cent to start with ——"

"An' if that ain't enough ——"

Myers stopped.

Horace Meade had turned a grayer green even than before. He had taken hold of the iron grille work at his elbow and stood now moistening his lips with his tongue. Eight thousand a year! And a percentage! Fifteen per cent! It meant ten thousand! Ten thousand a year! It would swing everything—Doctor Pierce, the hospital, the moving, the bank, a new house—a larger house. They could spend a month at Sharon! It would lift them, in a flash, from debt to a balance, from torture to ease of mind. Why, he could prob'ly get an advance right now, cash down!

And that strange voice spoke again inside him—that new, sharp voice:

"Eight thousand, eh? And fifteen per cent? For how long? And how much down to bind it?"

They hesitated.

"One thous——"

"No! Fifteen hundred!" It was Grossheim this time. "Fifteen hundred—an' as long as you wanta make it! Two—three—four years."

Horace Meade turned his back to hide his trembling. Across the racks of suits and coats he saw the setting sun, like a dim gold plate above the gauzy scarf of the Newark hills. Northward, the Palisades were fading in a glory of color and a thousand tiny whitish lights were pricking out along the Hudson. Just visible above the window ledge, a freighter from South America—Brazil—moved lazily in a bath of fire. And over there in the corner, beyond those easels, those drawing boards, behind that glass partition, was that room, that office, with its gray carpet and its wide dark desk and its big chair. Silence and coolness and wide windows and that vista.

Behind him he heard little Grossheim.

"I know how you feel about this, Mr. Meade. You hate to leave the book game. Books! There's something about books. Don't I know? But I think, too, you have not had time downstairs to taste that pleasure, my friend. You would have time with us. It would not be saying farewell to your first love for good."

The elevator rattled to a stop beside them.

"Just a moment, John," said Myers.

Horace Meade drew a long, deep breath.

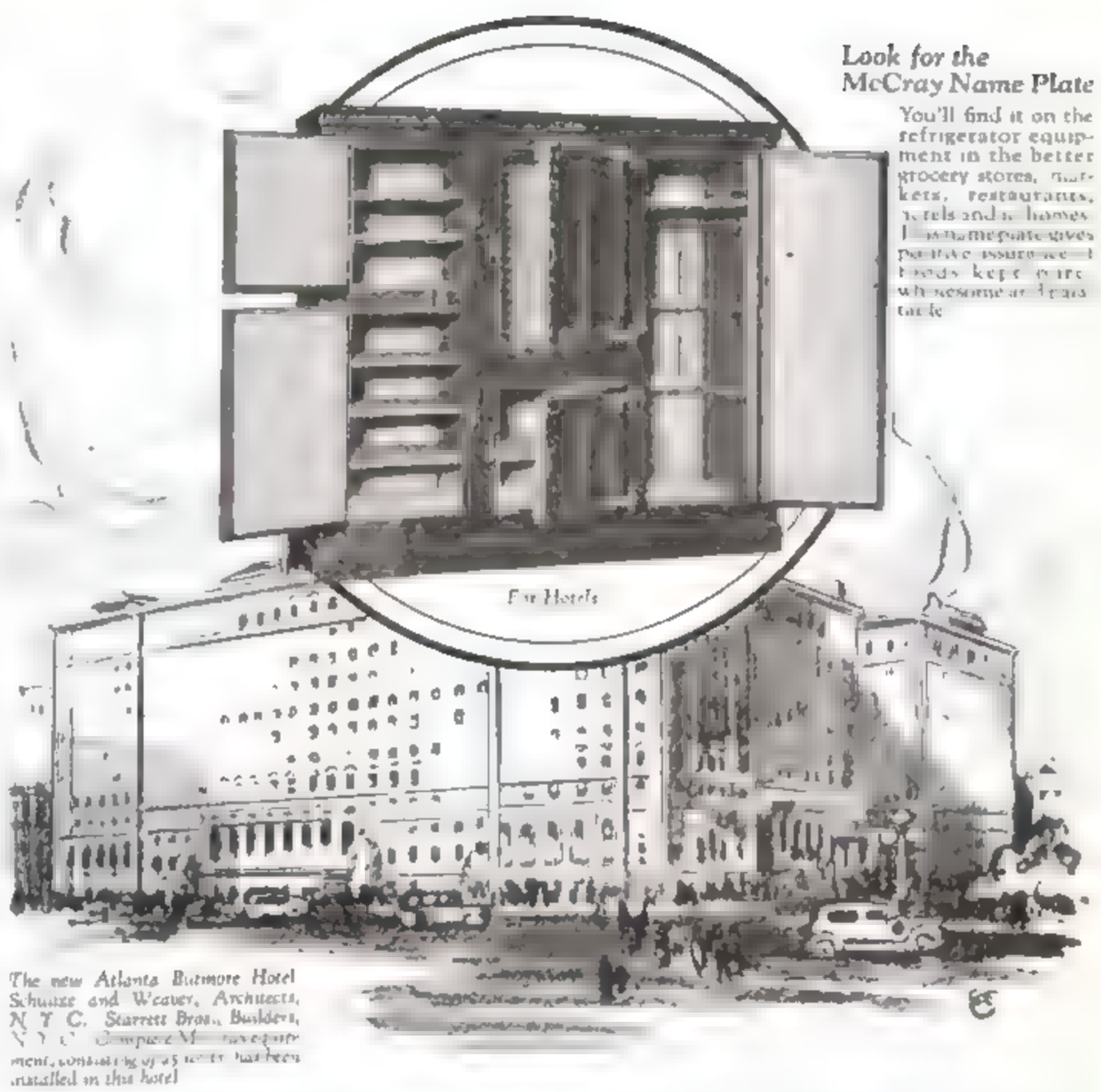
"You're prepared to write me out a check for fifteen hundred?"

Little Grossheim took out his fountain pen.

"You come with us back to your room. I show you."

His room! He sighed a long, unsteady sigh.

"All right," he said, and curiously, miraculously, all that tension, that throbbing at the back of his neck, seemed to leave him. "All right, I'll take it."



Look for the McCray Name Plate

You'll find it on the refrigerator equipment in the better grocery stores, markets, restaurants, hotels and in homes. [illegible] gives positive assurance that foods kept [illegible] wholesome and palatable

The new Atlanta Biltmore Hotel. Schutze and Weaver, Architects, N. Y. C. Starrett Bros., Builders, N. Y. C. Complete McCray equipment, consisting of [illegible] has been installed in this hotel

PROTECTING THE HEALTH *of Millions*

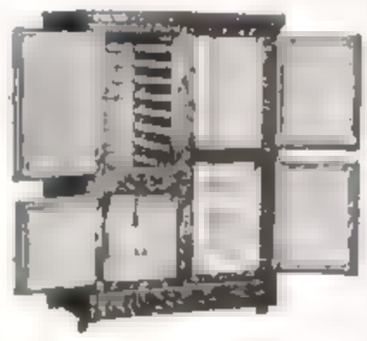
IN the palatial new Atlanta Biltmore, and in countless other hotels including the largest and finest, McCray refrigerators are keeping foods pure, wholesome and palatable—protecting your health and the health of millions who dine at these hotels.

And not only in hotels, but in hospitals—where, above all, food must be kept wholesome and tempting—in clubs, restaurants, institutions, stores and markets, McCrays are serving *efficiently, dependably, economically.*

In fact, wherever perishable foods must be kept fresh and wholesome, McCray refrigerators are the recognized standard of quality. Ask your food dealer—he knows the worth of McCray service!

The same efficient, economical service is available for you both in commercial and residence models. Every McCray embodies the same scientific design, the same high quality in every hidden detail of material and construction. A constant current of pure, cold, dry air sweeping through every storage compartment preserves the freshness and original flavor of the foods stored therein.

McCray commercial models are readily adapted for use with mechanical refrigeration and residence models may be used without change, with either ice or machine, as preferred. Residence models from $35 up. Outside icing door originated and developed by McCray, available if desired.



Send the coupon for further information. We'll gladly suggest specific equipment to meet your particular needs.

In addition to our complete line of regular models we build to order equipment to meet special requirements.

McCray Salesrooms in All Principal Cities (See Telephone Directory)
Factory, Kendallville, Indiana

Havenweep National Monument, Colorado, Utah

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS
for all purposes

Check below the kind of refrigerators in which you are particularly interested; we'll gladly suggest specific equipment to meet your needs, without obligation

☐ Markets ☐ Grocers
☐ Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs
☐ Residences ☐ Florists

McCray Refrigerator Co.
2412 Lake Street, Kendallville, Ind.
Please send me further information about the refrigerators checked.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

(Continued from Page 29)

summer, and an organist make up the musical staff of the average church. One church, for instance, pays its organist two thousand dollars and its soprano two thousand dollars. Five thousand dollars is divided among the seven other members of the two quartets, music for the choir library, the upkeep of the organ, and so on. After the soprano, the tenor gets more than the others. Seven dollars a Sunday is a pretty good average for an experienced choir singer.

In a church where the expenditure is more modest, where the budget totals five thousand dollars or less, there is one quartet. This usually means that the church is without singing in the summer, though the organist sticks to his post. The organ itself must be considered a character on the pay roll, for it needs expert care, and even a modest instrument must have about five hundred dollars' worth of attention every year. The budgets for the great cathedrals, of course, are in quite another class of financial rating. My knowledge of them came much later.

My initiation into the business side of choir singing had carried me a long way from the small white church at home, where an invitation to dine with the minister was a great reward.

My teacher was overjoyed when I returned home with my news. She made me describe every detail of the ordeal. She insisted upon knowing how every one of the committee looked and acted, and when I stressed the organist particularly she said with sudden intentness, "I hope he is a righteous man."

A Typical Mixed Quartet

Since music was the vocation of the organist the work seemed to be more vital to him than to the other members of the choir, who were more professional. They, like the great majority of New York choir singers, regarded the small Sunday stipend as an important drop in their financial bucket. It was a strange grouping of varying personalities. The contralto, stout and good-natured, was typical of quartet contraltos everywhere. Their husbands are always in the offing, usually meek little men ready to protect their stalwart wives from the pitfalls of the journey home. They have a certain pride in their *hausfrau* helpmates who can thus swell the family budget. Together, they insist upon bringing domestic atmosphere into the choir rehearsals, and add such pleasantries as cookies and homemade candy to the otherwise routine gatherings. Our contralto was always to be relied upon and was interested but impersonal about the music. To eke out her income she sang at a synagogue on Saturday. The barytone was also reliable. He came promptly, sang passably, accepted his pay envelope, and left as soon as the rehearsal or service was over. The tenor had the traditional temperament and tried the other members of the choir with his moods, but these eccentricities gave variety, for at one time they would enliven choir practice while at another they spread gloom over the group, which I completed as soprano.

The friendship between the organist and me, which began the day of the tryout, grew steadily. From the very first I was a regular visitor in his household on Sunday. His wife welcomed me cordially and they both showed every eagerness to help me. When he suggested that he might instruct me in the intricacies of metropolitan music she even invited me to spend the nights at their home after choir practice, as I lived some distance away. He predicted a real future for me, said that my voice was exactly suited for great church work. The pictures he painted for me of the days when I'd be singing the Easter solo in some great Gothic cathedral naturally enthralled me.

The work we did on the anthems and cantatas was most engrossing and he gave me illuminating ideas of the interpretation of my solos. Alone in the choir room we would work for hours over one song in order to reach the perfection he expected. When a phrase was especially clear and florid he would rush to me and give me an affectionate little shake to show his approval.

After about three months I began to realize that he was showing increasing interest in my personal affairs. Long stretches of conversation interrupted the smooth course of his instructions. This was disturbing to me principally because I could think of nothing to talk to him about. When I had told him of my home and ambitions there was little more, for I had lived no other life. When he tried to make me describe my emotions I seized upon his wife and children and clung to them as a topic as I became more and more certain that his interest was not entirely impersonal. It must have been hard for him to be emotional with a girl when she insisted on discussing his child's sore throat.

Perhaps it was my fault that the situation developed as it did. It didn't seem at all unreasonable to me that a busy man should devote several evenings a week to the academic training of an untutored little girl from Kansas. I thought everyone's interest in music was as keen as my own, and was more astounded than frightened when he tried to kiss me. As I sheered away from him he muttered an apology, explaining that I misunderstood him, and I, too, believed that I might have been mistaken. But the episode distressed me and as I thought it over at home I became firmly convinced that it would be better to go to another church and keep the friendship of him and his wife.

It is amusing to me now to think that I fled from so mild an incident, when I realize the amount of wrangling and intrigue that exists in some choirs. Music seems to kindle the emotions of the singers into rapid flame, and many things that have no place in the creeds result. It is not uncommon for the tenor and organist to be rivals for the attentions of the soprano. Their competition can become so bitter that it can disorganize the whole choir. Tiresome rehearsals are gone through, with neither speaking to the other and communications are carried on childishly through a third person. Stubborn opposition is taken to any hymns selected by the organist, perhaps because the lady in question has shown too much warmth in the wrong direction. Long anthems are gone through sullenly, and the friction casts a blanket of depression over the other singers, but of course the congregation is unmindful of this and to them the faces in the choir loft have the usual serenity.

More dramatic, though more infrequent than this wrangling, are the instances of real intrigue for influence with the powerful members of the church. It is unpleasant but not unexpected to find out how much maneuvering is indulged in in an effort to be in the best graces of the powers that be. A Sunday dinner at the home of an influential elder offers a fine opportunity for a dig at an enemy, especially if the elder has warm feelings toward the complainant.

After this first experience of mine with the organist it never occurred to me that I would have any difficulty in finding another church. Even in the short time I had sung in the Nth Presbyterian Church I had learned much of the practical side of singing. On two occasions the contralto had been ill, but a call to an agency brought a substitute who filled the gap, and there was scarcely a hitch in the service.

The Musical Agencies

These musical agencies were a new source of wonder to me. They seemed to perform all sorts of magic, and I was assured by the other members of our choir that in their hands lay the giving of the best positions in the city. There are a number of them operated solely for the purpose of furnishing adult choir singers, choir boys and soloists. They are spread throughout the city, the most important being located in the great halls of music. They are the natural result of a demand for a centralized musical market place in the immense city whose church personnel is constantly changing.

Though the idea of these agencies might at first seem unpleasant to one of artistic sensibilities, they certainly provide contacts with churches that would otherwise be impossible to establish. Through their cross files a church can find someone to fill a vacancy on a few hours' notice. No church is too small or too unimportant to come under the province of these bureaus. In New York no church is so small that it doesn't pay its singers. The amounts are often very little, even for the soloists, but there is always some financial arrangement that gives the singing a business aspect. One outstanding exception to this rule was a soprano who sang in a fashionable downtown church. As she had a large income as well as a beautiful voice, her singing served as her contribution to the parish work.

When I came to my sudden decision to leave the Nth Church I believed that I had only to place myself in the hands of one of these agencies, and that at once I would have a position as good as the one I had left. I lost sight of the fact that I was one of thousands of singers who were clamoring for church positions to help them with their musical education.

The day after I gave in my resignation I journeyed forth, carrying the addresses of the agencies that the other members of the choir had given me. I went first to the one in a great building dedicated to music. This building meant much to me. Once or twice I had attended concerts there, but I had never had occasion to wander through the studio division. As I lingered in the halls I was sometimes enraptured and sometimes not at the vagrant wisps of song that would float out from behind the closed frosted-glass doors. As I passed one studio a tenor voice that was arresting in its quality moved me so that without really knowing what I was doing I stood outside the door until the song was finished. This was music, and this was the life to which I had dedicated myself.

The Efficiency Note

In a fine glow of enthusiasm I arrived at the door of the agency. "Walk In," said a businesslike placard. And so I did.

I found myself in a long passageway which led to what seemed to be a luxurious drawing-room. A glimpse of a grand piano with a velvet scarf thrown over it and cages of birds added an unexpectedly homelike touch. As I went eagerly forward I was startled by a clipped voice which came from an open door beside me.

"What is it, miss?"

I turned to a small room that opened off the hall and found myself facing a faded little woman who was seated behind a typewriter and surrounded by all the equipment of a business. She motioned me to a hard office chair.

"What was it you wanted?" she repeated.

"I wanted to ask about a choir position," I answered meekly, appalled by the businesslike coldness that seemed to pervade the atmosphere.

"Experience?" she snapped.

I told her of my brief career.

"Well, you will have to sing for our manager," she said indifferently; "and that will be five dollars."

I was unprepared both for the necessity of singing and the fact that I must pay a fee to be heard. When I recovered myself I asked her how soon I would be able to get a position and how much she thought one would pay. She explained condescendingly that that would be hard to say, that it was then off season—how often I was to hear that; the phrase became as familiar to me as to the weariest chorus girl out of a job—but she soothed me by adding that of course it was always possible to get substitute work if I could read music well and was familiar with hymns.

A precious five-dollar bill gained me an entrance into the music room I had seen first. Madam, the manager, sat largely in a wicker chair, rather bored at the fact that I had no music with me and that she must hear me through a hymn. The accompanist, too, was bored at the procedure until I volunteered to play for myself. My hands fell almost automatically into the hymn I knew so well. "Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom, lead thou me on," I sang.

Madam stopped me after the first verse. "You will do," she said languidly. It was all in the day's work to her.

"Now," said the woman with the clipped voice, leading me back to the small office, "fill out this blank. You understand that you agree to pay us five per cent of your first year's salary if you get a regular position and ten per cent of what you make as a substitute. We will let you hear from us."

The halls were strangely quiet and darker now as I walked to the elevator. There was no more singing from behind the doors; the whole building seemed dead.

Their attitude struck me as so impersonal as I thought it over that I decided not to depend on that one agency, and made the rounds of the others I had been told about; but the routine at all of them was the same. In fact most of them had less musical atmosphere than the first one I had visited. Several were in regular office buildings, with the piano, so essential to the tryout, stuck inconspicuously in the corner. In most of them the complicated shelves of files were more noticeable than the musical paraphernalia. It was very confusing and intangible. Though it seemed startlingly unfair to me then that they should exact so much for such uncertainty for they gave no guaranty—I later came to see that it was as much a business with them as singing had become to me. So in my eagerness to save I decided to try my luck without the agencies.

The largest churches were my first objective, for I believed that work in one of the great chorus choirs would be of benefit to me. I went to a church in the heart of the fashionable district, whose music was most renowned. A gowned page led me into an impressive office at the rear of the church when I asked for the organist, and instructed me to wait. The wait was a long one, but presently a dashing young man appeared. I repeated to him that I wanted to see the organist.

"I am he," he explained courteously. His resemblance to a successful young business man was rather unexpected, though I was becoming somewhat accustomed to the strange conditions in metropolitan churches.

After a little hesitation I said, "Your music is so wonderful, I would like to have a chance to sing here."

"What do you sing?" he asked.

And I answered, "Solos."

I remember that not even a wisp of a smile crossed his face as he said, "Well, we will see. I only hear voices on Wednesday afternoons. Will you come back then?"

When I arrived there on the appointed day I was one of a dozen women who were waiting to be heard. They were a strange assortment, ranging from an apple-cheeked little girl with her hair down her back to an angular spinster whose eyes burned with a religious zeal and who told me that she had dismissed her class in school to keep her appointment on time. Choir singing was her only recreation, she said, and the little bit of money was nothing to her.

A Tryout for Choir Work

"You know they only pay three dollars a Sunday here," she explained, "and I believe there are two rehearsals a week."

I had come so far along the business road of choir singing that I was shocked at the smallness of the sum. However, as I heard the notes of the organ float softly through the beautiful church I, too, lost interest in the money and determined to sing there anyway if they would have me. My ardor, though, was a little chilled by the way the singers were tried out. Many were stopped after the first few notes and told abruptly that they would not do. It was discouraging to one who still believed in the message of a hymn to see those women choked off in the middle of their song. I felt as if there were nothing left to do but slink out and away from the unpleasant scene.

Before I had time to move, my name was called and I stood trembling before the group. After the first notes the organist reassured me with a smile and I was allowed to finish.

"I am afraid I can't let you sing solos," he said, "but I will be glad to have you in the choir. We can pay you six dollars a Sunday."

My earning capacity thus remained the same, but with a pang I realized that now I was only one of fifty.

In this large church the routine was as cut and dried as buying a ticket for a train. I had my first introduction to modern church efficiency. The personal element did not enter in. Nothing less than a serious illness was considered sufficient excuse to keep us from choir practice, which began at 7:30 on Wednesday and Saturday nights. There was no time for the idle chatter that had so enlivened choir practice in the other churches I had known. We filed into the choir loft at the appointed time and took our places solemnly in the high-backed

(Continued on Page 131)

I came I saw I stayed!

Some of us in California used to live near you. Nearly half of California's population is from other states. Many of us came from your state. And the great inflow continues unabated.

Perhaps you'll do as we did—seek richer rewards for living, and come to California. Perhaps you'll come as many of us did—to enjoy kind climate and the greater opportunities of a vast new empire. Or for your children's sake—that they may grow their best, having unusual educational advantages.

Whatever your reasons, you'll find your footing soon. You'll find friendly people here, intent on molding finer futures out of happier, brighter days.

Diversified Opportunities

Here opportunities are not limited. They're of every kind. You know the impressive California of agriculture. You know of California's prosperous farmers and their enviable records. But DO you know that only seven states surpass the youthful, growing Golden State in manufactures?

The 48 states average only 30 communities each with more than 5000 inhabitants. California—against this average of 30—has 61 such communities. Towns are rapidly becoming cities, and cities metropolitan centers.

Growth of one lone suburb means a spread of homes, new streets, new sewers, water supply, plumbing, car lines, wiring, more food, clothes, automobiles, furniture—and a myriad wants that must be filled. Numerous growing towns and cities mean numerous town and city opportunities. Business of every kind *must* expand in California!

Oil wells flow liquid fuel profusely in the Golden State. Harnessed mountain streams produce 2,000,000 horsepower per annum, with 6,000,000 horsepower more to be had. Hydro-electric power in California costs about one-third the average. Water is plentiful, and raw materials are abundant.

In California, workers get more out of life, and effort here is more effective. Branches of eastern plants, located in the San Francisco Bay Industrial District, report increased labor efficiency of from 20 to 250 per cent. Every working day permits a full day's work, and science proves that workers here accomplish more with less fatigue. Employes can live more satisfactorily here on any given wage than they can elsewhere.

There's a Place for You

Four million people live in California. In some states there are over 20 times as many persons per square mile as here; 80,000,000 people, then, might live here, but California says there's generous room for 30,000,000. Growth toward that uncrowded figure is creating opportunities for additional thousands every month.

And Californians prosper. Per capita bank deposits exceed the nation's average by over 25 per cent. Per capita savings are practically double the national average. California owns one-thirteenth of the world's automobiles. Nearly everyone does better in the Golden State, and your own story, too, like that of many of us, might come to be, "I came. I saw. I stayed!"

So no matter your trade, your business or your profession, if you have a reasonable stake to start you, you should find your niche in California. Here you should find congenial new neighbors—perhaps old neighbors, and a better life for the rest of your days.

Consider living in the Golden State, for here is room and ample opportunity for every legitimate trade and craft, business and profession. And enterprising men can carve as great and brilliant futures as they will, in California.

Come to San Francisco

Come to San Francisco, the headquarters of Californians Inc., a non-profit organization of citizens and institutions interested in the sound development of the state. Some of the most beautiful suburban districts in California adjoin this great port, the metropolis and trading center of the Great Valley and the many garden valleys of the Coast Range. San Francisco is the population center of the west coast.

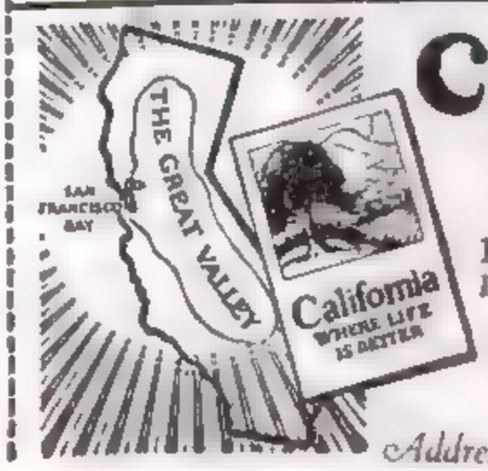
Then, too, San Francisco's climate is delightful. Our average winter temperature is 51°, and San Francisco is the coolest summer city in the country. This is the favorite summer resort of many traveled people. All interstate tickets to California points are good for San Francisco stop-overs, so decide now to see California—and San Francisco.

Send for the Booklet

Mail the coupon today for the illustrated, free booklet, "California, Where Life Is Better." Every statement in it is authoritative and it tells a story you should know. It tells of many angles of California living. It tells of homes and businesses, resorts and sports, cities and suburbs. Read the booklet—then plan a trip to San Francisco.

Californians Inc. will give you every possible assistance when you arrive, and aid you in planning your trips or choosing your home. Mail the coupon now!

MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLET *about life in California*



Californians Inc.
Headquarters
SAN FRANCISCO
140 MONTGOMERY STREET, ROOM 508

Please send me "California, Where Life is Better"

Name _____

Address _____ *City*

FRY
Visible Pump
"Always Accurate"

Buy From A Fry!

The purchase of 5 or 10 gallons of gasoline for your car is rather a prosaic transaction in itself.

But so is the purchase of 5 or 10 pounds of sugar. Yet your wife is now guaranteed her full measure for the simple reason that scales have been invented which eliminate carelessness or indifference on the part of a short-sighted merchant.

So your wife patronizes the merchant who does business on a full measure basis.

She knows he is dependable—she has confidence.

The Fry Visible Pump has established this same unshakable confidence with millions of motorists.

Fry is the pump which guarantees full gasoline measure under all conditions. There is no guesswork or eye measurement. It is automatically and mechanically accurate.

This is due to the patented "overflow" measuring principle. Only one pump has this—that's the Fry—the pump that pioneered the idea of gasoline visibility.

The Fry Visible Pump is one of America's most dependable merchandising tools. Oil companies—large and small—are fully alive to its productive usefulness. They know Fry Pumps get the business—hold the business and constantly attract new business.

You will do well to patronize the service station equipped with Fry Visible Pumps. You will find the operator a good man to do business with—a man you can depend upon.

Whenever you see a Visible Pump—think of Fry.

Buy from a Fry—millions do!

Guarantee Liquid Measure Company
Rochester, Pennsylvania

PHILIP GIES FOUNDRY
Canadian Manufacturers and Distributor
K[illegible]ENER, ONTARIO

34 Newspapers asked 2024 People—

"What pen will you buy next?"
And more answered "Parker" than any other make

New National Sentiment (disclosed by Nation-wide interviews) due to Parker improvements that abolish pen faults and inspire writing

[Results audited by Ernst & Ernst, Certified Public Accountants]

IN 34 cities, "Inquiring Reporters" were sent out by 34 newspapers near the close of 1923 to interview pen owners at random. These investigators did not know why. They knew nothing which would prejudice their reports. They only knew that their newspapers wanted the facts.

They stopped people on the streets; they canvassed offices, factories, stores and homes. And everywhere they asked 3 questions:

"What pen do you now own?"
"When was it bought?"
"What pen will you buy next?"

Then the newspapers certified the returns. And Ernst & Ernst, the Certified Public Accountants, audited them. The results show:

In all, 2024 people specified the make of pen that they would buy next. More named the Parker than any other pen. Yet more already had other pens—bought before Geo. S. Parker created the classic Duofold.

1106 people interviewed had bought in the past two years. [This is about the time Parker Duofold has been on the market.] Of this group, more had bought the Parker than any other pen. And on the question, "What pen will you buy next?" 66% *more named the Parker than any other single make* —about 5 to 3!

Not snap judgment this—but people's readiness to pay their money for the new-day Parker, *most of them having tried other pens first!*

Nor is this merely a local condition; it's a wide cross-section of the *national* pen preference. Twenty hundred interviews from New York to San Francisco! And in addition, reports from hundreds of pen dealers, a majority of whom named Parker the best selling pen.

The reason America has turned so sweepingly to Parker Pens is because they introduce creations that brush away long-standing pen faults. Look at these improvements printed at the right. See the $10 value that Parker gives in the Over-size Duofold at $7; and the $7 value in the Duofold Jr., and Lady Duofold at $5.

All good pen counters sell Parker Duofold on 30 days' approval, although inferior makes offer them larger profits per pen. The retailer—like us—prefers large volume and many grateful customers. Over 100,000 Parkers a month were sold last year alone.

NOW—*the Duofold Pencil to match the Duofold Pen* $3.50

How Parker Creations Have Abolished Pen Faults

First was created Parker's "Lucky Curve" Feed, which uses capillary attraction to produce a steady flow of ink.

Next, the ample Press-Button Filler—concealed *inside* the barrel, out of harm's way.

Then the Duo-Sleeve Cap, whose inner sleeve forms an Ink-Tight Seal with the nozzle, so the pen can't leak.

Then the Duofold Point of extra thick Gold set with polished Iridium tip, guaranteed 25 years for mechanical perfection and wear.

Then the Over-size Ink capacity; and the big black-tipped, lacquer-red barrel that the hand can hold with fingers gently extended. Its size and balance end writer's cramp, and give your mind free rein. Its color makes it a hard pen to mislay.

As a last loving touch, we added a strong ★Gold Girdle to reinforce the Duofold cap. This was $1 extra—now free, due to large production. Neat Gold Pocket-Clip or Gold Ring-End for Ribbon also included.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO *Parker Duofold Pencils match the Duofold Pen, $3.50* SAN FRANCISCO SPOKANE

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Parker Duofold

LUCKY CURVE

OVER-SIZE $7

With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5
Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5
With ring for chatelaine

(Continued from Page 126)

benches, and even hurried whispers were silenced by the stern-faced emaciated leader, who would peer over horn-rimmed spectacles and remind us that we were taking up the time of a great many busy people. The hymns were rushed through. We never knew who had selected them. The offertory and anthems were complicated and long, but we hurried through them, and no excuses were accepted if we made an error in sight reading.

The routine was probably necessary in the well-organized musical department of this exclusive church. Figures of expenditures in other churches that had been quoted to me seemed slight when I found out what its appropriation is—forty thousand dollars a year for just the regular expenses. For the great requiems and special musical festivals they raise extra money by subscription from the wealthy and interested parishioners. As much as four thousand dollars is spent on these occasions, when orchestras are engaged to augment the organ and the choir. Of the forty thousand dollars twelve thousand is allotted to the chorus; not, however, such a vast sum when you consider that it is apportioned to fifty people, whose salaries range from three dollars to ten. The salaries of the two quartets, which include the large salaries of the sopranos and tenors, are well over that figure, and the organist and his aid get ten thousand dollars. The remaining thousands go toward the care of the organ, the wardrobe of the choir, and for the purchase and orchestration of anthems. This last—arranging of the music for the different voices and instruments—is, I found, a great though very pathetic business in itself. It has to be done by trained musicians, whose very employment in that work is a sign that they have capitulated to cold necessity. Most of them are Italians and Hungarians who came to America thinking that all they would have to do would be to scoop up the gold of Broadway with their caps. They found that orchestras were filled, and had to go to work copying music, bending over a desk all day transcribing notes on paper, never hearing the result of their efforts.

The jealousies in a small choir quartet are nothing compared with the strife and bitterness that exist in a great mixed choir of fifty voices. There is even wrangling over the seating, for each singer has a definite rating which must be respected and no one is allowed to trespass upon another's territory. The organist and his assistant are czars who bow but slightly to such dignitaries as the soloists. The others are mere bourgeoisie, who must settle their differences among themselves, whether they be over ceremonial gowns or affairs of the heart.

Romance as well as strife has a place in a big group. A large choir can hold its own with a matrimonial agency. Although there is little time for pleasantries during the actual rehearsals and services, the younger members manage by notes and nods to make appointments, much as the students do in a co-educational college. Before and after rehearsals whispering couples are distributed about the church.

From Choir to Chorus

My need for more money became imperative as time went on, for conditions at home became such that it was impossible for me to expect even the small aid that my father had given me. Many other singers, I found, held two and sometimes three jobs at once, so I decided to follow their example. As it was important that I have all the contact possible with those in the musical world, I went to live in a club for girls who were studying one of the arts. This proved to be a very wise step, for through the different girls there I was enabled to get a place in an invisible choir which sang offstage at a play, a few weeks of substituting in a ladies' quartet in a downtown restaurant, and occasional engagements in the chorus that furnished incidental singing for one of our famous orchestras.

The distance from the choir to the theatrical chorus is surprisingly short. Some have bridged the chasm, although many feel that the certainty of choir singing is preferable to the glamour of the stage. It is surprising to discover that many managers consider experience in church singing a recommendation for a stage job. Naturally, ex-choir singers are in demand for the singing choruses rather than the show girl and pony numbers, for not only are their voices sure to be good but they are also certain to be more reliable. Their sedate church manner and smooth hair give them a piquant flavor across the footlights. This type of girl does not tarry long in the chorus; she is soon advanced to minor singing rôles and often farther.

A Western girl that I know, a demure winsome creature, had sung in a church for a few years. Hearing of her voice and her charm through a friend, a cabaret manager slipped in at an evening service to hear her. He was so delighted with her voice that the next day, donning his quietest clothes, he went to see her and persuaded her to sing at his café during the week. She was a great success and shortly after that she was engaged by a leading manager for a prominent musical-comedy rôle.

Theatrical and operatic managers have made a number of these interesting finds in their rare visits to churches. However, it is a field not much studied by them; they have not yet exhausted the realm of the manikins. Therefore the success they have had in this province is a source of unending surprise to them. An obviously engaging young girl with a limited talent is apt to start directly in the chorus, for it is really easier to find a place there than in the ranks of the choir singers. Choir singing has so many more attractions for the serious-minded student. It gives much more time for study, is certain to keep a student in a refined musical atmosphere, and allows one the comforts of regular living. Traveling is none too attractive on the average chorus girl's salary.

A Soloist at Last

Once in a while, though, it works the other way. A chorus girl will help out a choir-singing friend and substitute for her in an emergency. After all, chorus girls have been to church and are able to follow the routine. Of course some members of the congregations might be scandalized if they were aware of the substitution, but the possibility of their finding out is remote.

The few outside jobs I had were all excellent experience for me and furnished me a meager living, but did not satisfy my longing to sing solos in church. It became evident to me that only through the agencies that I had once defied was it possible to get the better positions. So when the new season began I determined to find a new job, and returned to the first agency I had visited.

At once they gave me a number of addresses of churches that wanted singers. The three days I spent looking them over were the dreariest of my life. The one that left the most lasting impression was in New Jersey, the journey to which used up the better part of a day and the contents of my pocketbook. Through misadventure I arrived there late and found that they were hearing no more voices. At another church they offered me a place in the second quartet. Church after church seemed hopeless.

On the third day as I was going to the last address on the list I was almost ready to give up. My roommate at the club was going into musical comedy. "Anyone with your looks," she had said, urging me to go with her. "Why, you are just a fool." Perhaps I was, I thought, as I walked along the street on the soggy October afternoon.

Approaching the church, the organ strains of the hymn that had worn grooves in my consciousness floated out across the damp air. "Lead, kindly light," I thought satirically. "It seems to be leading me into darkness." "Lead thou me on," rang through my brain. I entered the church with tears streaming and found myself face to face with the organist, who had left the organ and was hurrying to his office in the rear of the church.

I was grateful for his apparent unconcern at my appearance, for I was much embarrassed when I realized that my eyes must be swollen and red, making me anything but an attractive applicant for the dignified post of soloist. In all my experience none of the men I had known had seemed so kind and thoughtful as this stranger to whom I must appear merely as another singer out of a job. It was plain that he was about to leave the church, but he assured me that he had plenty of time and that he would hear me sing at once. Standing by the organ waiting for him to begin my song, the details of his appearance burned themselves upon my mind. His sudden smile lit up deep lines of his rugged face, and his broad shoulders moved gracefully as he reached for the organ stops. He seemed now younger than he did at first. He couldn't have been more than thirty. As I looked at him his sympathy made me calm. I sang my best. As the notes came forth, even I was surprised at their volume.

At the end of the song he looked up and quietly said, "Do you know, you are really very good? As far as I am concerned," he continued, rising and rumpling his already rough hair with a circular movement, "your voice has just the quality we want for a soloist. Of course it will have to be talked over with the board. The only thing I am afraid of is that they may think you are a little young." He took me to the church door, looming over me in the dark entrance. "Two or three days will decide it," he said. "I'll telephone you." He held out his hand.

The church was on lower Fifth Avenue. Actually Fifth Avenue. I might be singing in a Fifth Avenue church as soloist! It was beyond my most sanguine hopes!

Every ring of the telephone was a stab during the next few days. By the time it finally came I had schooled myself to another disappointment. But at last he called me to say that it was all right, that they had taken me on his word and I was to come to rehearsal the next day.

It was several weeks before I found out what had made my luck turn so suddenly. Competition rather than a benignant providence had swung the pendulum my way. The soprano who had been at the church for years and was looked upon as a fixture there had been enticed away, lured by the inducements of a richer and more fashionable parish.

This is no uncommon occurrence in church business, and it adds many difficulties to the lives of the already harassed organists and boards of trustees. The publicity campaigns of the churches, which are intended primarily to attract great crowds to the services, naturally want big names as drawing cards; so when a singer brings fame and increasing numbers to a parish she is coveted by other enterprising churches.

Once, when it was known that one church was paying five thousand dollars a year to its soloist, there was consternation in the ranks of the smaller churches, but this proved short-lived, for it was found that even the wealthier churches were unwilling to meet this scale. The bright side of this system is shown to aspirants like me, for through it we get our only chance. Churches that are willing to gamble on a beginner have the usual proportion of luck.

Further Successes

From the day I started, my career in the Fifth Avenue church ran smoothly. The members of the congregation seemed to give at once the stamp of their approval to the organist's selection. Very soon I began receiving requests for certain offertory solos. Parishioners asked me to their homes for dinner. I was very pleased at this, but not so excited as I was the first time the organist shyly asked me if I'd have lunch with him.

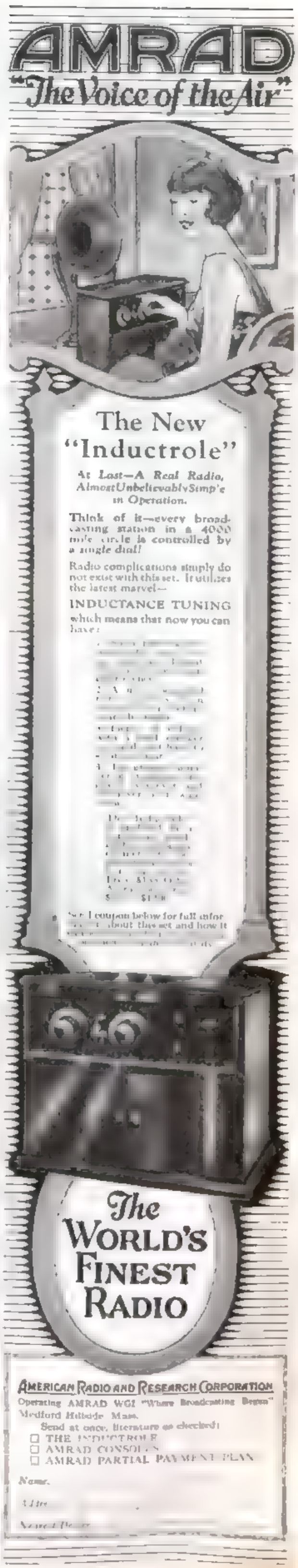
It was in the spring, six months after I went to his church, and we spent a too-short May afternoon walking in the Park after lunch. All that summer he took me home after rehearsals.

And I was—well, pleased.

After a choir singer has once established herself as a soloist she has considerable prestige and independence. She can set rehearsals at her own convenience, can even cut them. She may send a substitute if she wishes to keep an out-of-town concert engagement. Valuable friendships are made with members of the congregation. She becomes a figure in the church circle and there is no limit to her influence. If she wishes to have her finger in the pie of the church politics she has only to stretch out her hand.

As for me, I am no longer singing in a church choir. A prominent producer of light opera happened to hear me one Sunday, and engaged me for one of his productions. His kindness and the infinite pains he took with me helped me up the first steep steps. Under his painstaking tutelage I acquired a stage presence, and an assurance that has helped me to success. I can never be grateful enough for his gentle care of me and his interest in my career. I could not help but succeed with him to encourage me. Now after three years of singing under his management, I make exactly the same sum a week as the yearly salary paid in my first New York church—three hundred dollars.

And did I marry the producer? No, I married the organist.


AMRAD
"The Voice of the Air"
The New
"Inductrole"
At Last—A Real Radio, Almost Unbelievably Simple in Operation.
Think of it—every broadcasting station in a 4000 mile circle is controlled by a single dial!
Radio complications simply do not exist with this set. It utilizes the latest marvel—
INDUCTANCE TUNING
which means that now you can have
The WORLD'S FINEST RADIO
AMERICAN RADIO AND RESEARCH CORPORATION
Operating AMRAD WGI "Where Broadcasting Began"
Medford Hillside Mass.
Send at once, literature as checked:
THE INDUCTROLE
AMRAD CONSOLE
AMRAD PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN
Name.

AMONG those families that best appreciate the enjoyment to be had from variety and change in the daily menu, Raisin Bread on Wednesdays has become a custom quite generally observed Bakers everywhere prepare for Wednesday a special baking of their finest Sun-Maid Raisin Bread, together with rolls, coffee cake, muffins, raisin pie and other Sun-Maid Raisin foods. They give you so much goodness at such low cost. And they are as healthful as they are delicious. You can get these foods fresh from the oven at any bakery, grocery store or delicatessen in your city. Buy them and serve them at their best—on Wednesdays

Endorsed by bakers everywhere, by the Retail Bakers' Association of America, the American Bakers' Association, and by the Bread and Cake Bakers' Association of Canada

Raisin Bread *Special* on Wednesdays

At your Bakers & Grocers

THAT SMITH GIRL

(Continued from Page 25)

"Well, honey! Breakfast now being served in the dining car, eh?" he asked.

She roused and got up. "Not here, dad. We'll have breakfast at the next stop. Let's get under way."

"Why the big rush, honey? What's the matter with this?"

"Private grounds. Most gosh awfully private. We've been warned off by the old high proprietor. He's just left."

"Well, well! Too bad. He—he wasn't rough about it, was he, honey?"

"He did everything but slap me on the wrist."

"Dern his ugly old hide!" muttered Dad Smith.

"Wrong guess, daddy. He wasn't old, and he wasn't ugly. In fact, he was about as easy to look at as any man I've ever seen, on the screen or off. A perfect peach."

"Huh! You generally get along with that kind fairly well. I wonder if he didn't think you were ——"

"He told me exactly, dad. He thinks I'm the scum of the earth, and I wouldn't stay in his old grounds another minute, even if I had to drive straight out into the Atlantic Ocean. Let's go."

The landing steps were pulled up, the rear door fastened, and the yellow van lurched out toward the main highway. Irick, from the breakfast room, heard the roar of departure and knew that he had shooed off the invaders.

II

THEY were discussing the play, Irick and Faxon. That is, Irick, seated at the writing desk which Aunt Martha had had made from an old rosewood spinet, was sketching out the theme of the piece; and Faxon, blinking solemnly through his thick glasses and jotting down notes, was looking quite secretarial. Somehow Irick was not finding it easy to outline this dramatic masterpiece which was to give the Theater Guild something different from that Molnar and O'Neill stuff. He was being more than a little vague as to the development of what he called the *motif premier* and not quite clear about the action, if any. It was to be pure symbolism, he explained; not the theatrical hash usually offered under that name; but a coherent dramatic story dealing with the nearly hopeless struggle of Truth against her ancient oppressors, Ignorance, Fear, Greed and Envy. The play was to open on a semidark stage, with Truth groping bewildered among the dense shadows cast by Ignorance, the poisonous mists spread by Fear. Eventually to her aid comes Light, and together they make the fight.

"There is the pivotal character, you see," said Irick. "Light. I had thought first of making Light a sort of archangel in shining armor with a flaming sword. But I've just had a new idea. Light ought to be a female character, a foster sister, perhaps, of Truth."

"Quite so," agreed Faxon.

"Then put that down: Light, a female character. She must be young, radiantly young; a full-blooded, generously fashioned, goddesslike person; one who could wade on with graceful vigor, whose compelling personality would at once be perceived. She should be a blonde. Eh, Faxon?"

"Oh, decidedly! Perhaps one with a mass of Titian hair."

"No," objected Irick. "Not a ruddy blonde. Something less vivid. I have in mind one with gorgeous wheat-colored hair. Well, perhaps a shade warmer than wheat."

"Ripened maize," suggested Faxon.

"That's it! Corn-colored hair that falls rippling about her snowy neck and shoulders, cheeks in which the color comes and goes, a fair low forehead, and eyes like—like pools of molten amber."

"Precisely!" exclaimed Faxon, beaming almost excitedly through his glasses. "Molten amber! Very happy, that. Her eyes were."

"Hers?" echoed Irick. "Whose?"

"Why, those of the girl in the yellow van. You've been describing her, haven't you?"

Irick stared at him for a moment, then gazed out through the open window, under the striped awning and across the green lawn to the lurid splash which the clump of poinsettias made against the dark background of laurel hedge.

"Heaven help me, I have!" he admitted. "Now why should I do that?"

"Oh, quite natural," assured Faxon. "A very striking type. Very. I—I noticed her myself."

"Did you?" And there was a note of sarcasm in the query.

Faxon blinked defensively. "I seldom do notice how young women look," he added.

"Nor I. We will forget this one. Let's get on. Now for Truth."

Truth, as usual, proved somewhat elusive. At least, Irick seemed not to have the character so distinctly in mind as he had that of Light. They did not get on with any marked success. The work dragged. Several times Faxon waited with pencil poised above his notebook and glanced up to find that the dark brown eyes of Mr. Weems were brooding intently on a spot at the farther edge of the grounds—the spot where less than three hours ago a yellow van had been parked. Then, as if with an effort, Mr. Weems would rouse himself and reach out once more after Truth.

It was nearly noon when, apropos of nothing at all, Irick announced suddenly, "I'm sure I've seen her before—somewhere."

"I beg pardon?" said Faxon.

"That Smith girl."

"Really?"

"If I hadn't, why should her face haunt me so? Why should I recall so distinctly the color of her hair and eyes?"

"Wonderful hair; very unusual eyes. Liquid amber. Not easily forgotten," mused Faxon, almost as if he were talking to himself.

"And that smile," added Irick. "I am certain I've seen her smile like that before."

"Odd if you had," said Faxon.

"Odd! It would be much worse than that. Suppose she was someone I'd met? There's no telling how she comes to be down here in that freaky touring van. People do queer things, real nice people—sometimes. Her father might be one of that kind. And if she should be someone I'd known—well, you can imagine."

Faxon nodded. "Embarrassing, eh?"

"Rather. Considering what I said to her. Faxon, what did I say to her?"

"Why—er—I believe you suggested that she was trespassing on private grounds."

Irick shook his head. "It was worse than that. I was very much annoyed. I practically ordered her to get out. And when we'd started to leave, and she came after us, I was somewhat bitter, wasn't I? Used an offensive term, didn't I?"

"Something about common people," supplied Faxon.

Irick groaned. "I did! To a mere girl too. It was almost brutal of me. Anyway, it was insulting. Don't you think so, Faxon?"

"Oh, Mr. Weems! I wouldn't presume."

"But it was an uncalled-for incivility, wasn't it?"

"Well," began Faxon, wavering—"a trifle severe, perhaps. I thought she seemed rather hurt."

"She couldn't have felt otherwise, even if she was a total stranger. But suppose she was someone I ought to have known by sight, someone who had driven in here as—as a joke, or intending to surprise me by calling later. Good heavens, Faxon! Think of that!"

Faxon wagged his head in sympathy. "Let's hope not."

"I wish I was sure. Anyway, it's very disturbing to think that she might be a girl I'd met at a house party, or at a tea, or some friend of my sister's. It is entirely possible, you know."

"Not an unattractive young woman, at any rate."

"Positively beautiful, Faxon. I've never seen such eyes, such hair! Lovely! And a girl of spirit too. She had the poise of—of ——" He stopped for an appropriate simile.

"Of a young Diana," suggested Faxon, recalling his mental note.

"Exactly! A scornful impudent Diana. Went right on eating an orange while I was talking to her. Remember?"

Faxon bobbed his head. "Quite at her ease. A charming picture."

"And I referred to her as a common sort of person! Why should I have been so boorish? It—it's upsetting. No use trying to work after that. We'll knock off, Faxon.

"Wipe your feet, *for mother*"

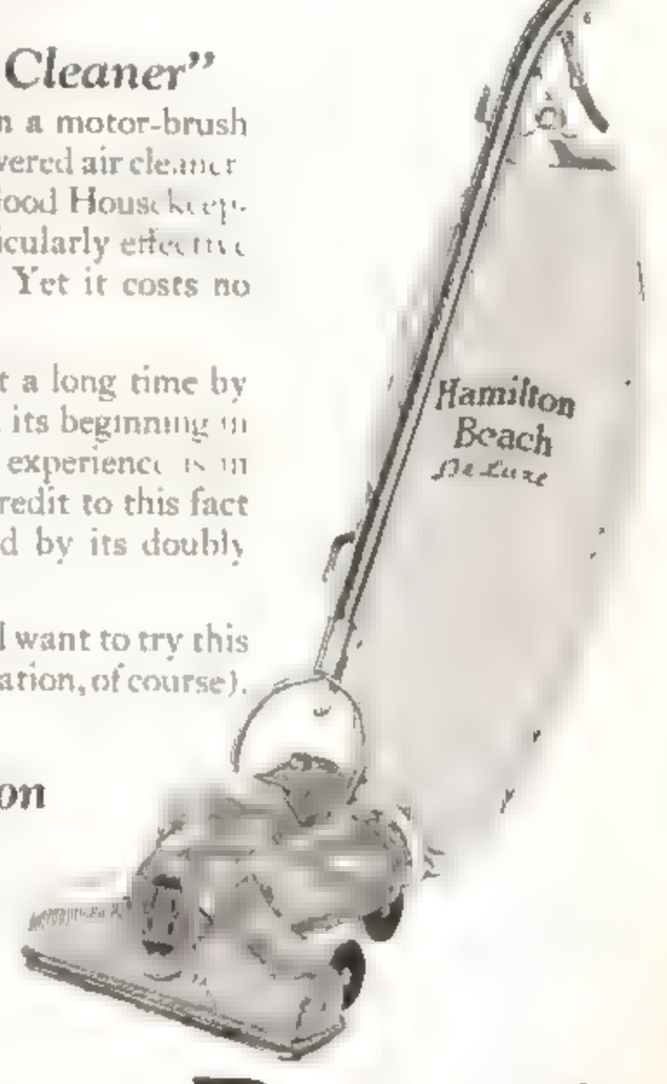
WHAT if Jimmy and Bill and Ed don't wipe their feet as carefully as Mother would like! Will it mean back-tiring, heavy sweeping for her; weary dusting, and bare spots on her rugs and carpet? Or will it mean a few pleasant moments' use of the Hamilton Beach, the new-type cleaner that gives double efficiency?

"The World's Finest Cleaner"

The Hamilton Beach is more than a motor-brush cleaner. It is more than a high-powered air cleaner. It is both! Which explains why Good Housekeeping Institute says of it: "... particularly effective in picking up threads and lint." Yet it costs no more than others.

It is made to be better and to last a long time by a manufacturing concern that had its beginning in 1802. Over 120 years of factory experience is in it. Engineering authorities give credit to this fact for its perfection, which is proved by its doubly quick performance, and long life.

Certainly, before deciding, you will want to try this 1924 Model Cleaner (without obligation, of course).



FREE *Self-Demonstration*

We will gladly arrange to lend you a cleaner for a self-demonstration. Write for it and FREE folder which tells how Super-suction added to the Motor-brush multiplies cleaning power.

Hamilton Beach
Vacuum Sweeper

[**To Dealers:** Just a line on your letter head will bring you a sample cleaner for unhurried examination. Also all the definite facts and figures in our unusual and interesting selling plan.]

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wis.*

And I'll tell you: suppose we walk down as far as the main road. She may be camping somewhere outside the grounds."

So Faxon, clothed superfluously in the twilled worsted which might have been suitable for a January on Regent Street, was dragged hastily out into the midday sunshine of the east coast of Florida for a brisk half-mile walk. His stiff collar soon went limp around his neck, and in vain did he mop the perspiration from the band of his bowler hat.

Out on the broad white highway they found a varied procession of wheeled traffic moving in either direction—open touring cars, limousines, great covered twenty-passenger busses, motortrucks but no yellow van. Nor was any such vehicle to be seen parked along the roadside. Slim as the chance had been that the Smith girl would still be lingering in the neighborhood, Irick plainly showed his disappointment. On the way back he slashed petulantly with his riding crop at the hibiscus bushes bordering the private road into El Miramar, and once within the grateful shade of its deep verandas threw himself moodily into a wicker chair. At luncheon he spoke hardly a word, allowing Faxon to experiment unaided with iced papaw, which he mistook for canteloupe, and with an avocado salad, at which he poked suspiciously.

Finally, however, as they were having coffee on the terrace, Irick broke his silence.

"Do you know what I must do, Faxon?" he demanded.

Faxon denied having any such knowledge.

"Find that girl and offer my apologies," said Irick.

"Very creditable," assented Faxon.

"She can't have gone very far in that lumbering old bus," continued Irick, "and undoubtedly they were headed south. Most of 'em go that way at this time of year. I should be able to overhaul them in a couple of hours of good driving. What do you say to a little spin down the coast?"

"Why—ah—I'm not sure that I shouldn't ——"

Irick broke in on his excuse. "I'll need someone to help watch for the van. You see, I wouldn't care to take a chauffeur along, on such an errand. We'll be back before dinner. Eh?"

Thus urged, Faxon could do nothing but comply as gracefully as possible, although he did wish to lie down in some cool darkened room for a while, then rise, read a few pages of Horace, have a warm bath, and get into some thinner clothes before tea.

"Very well," he said.

"We ought to start at once, then. I'll have the car brought around. Get your hat."

An impetuous, imperative young man, Irick. He had been used to having what he wanted when he wanted it, but as a rule there was always someone handy to get it for him. It seems, however, that on occasions he could be a go-getter himself. True, his wish had seldom been to be in such haste to make an apology, but that appeared to be his present desire.

The big, shiny, deep-breathing touring car into which they climbed was a speedy one. The silvered image of a flying fairy on the radiator cap was not out of place. As Irick rounded into the main road and stepped on the gas pedal the great car leaped forward like an unleashed whippet. Faxon gripped the cushion under him with both hands, held his breath and watched the speedometer needle swing from forty to forty-five, to fifty. Then, shuddering, he turned his eyes to the white road that raced past. As they overtook and swerved around other cars he pressed the floor boards hard with his feet. This suggestive braking had no effect on their speed, but it was some relief to his nerves, even if his leg muscles did ache.

On and on they raced, over miles of straight road as level as a table top. They dashed through swamps of moss-bearded cypress, over barren stretches of palmetto scrub, past groves where bent branches hung low with golden fruit. Shabby shacks swarming with pickaninnies, vine-covered bungalows, pretentious villas flashed by. Faxon caught glimpses of weirdly tinted stucco houses—cream and pink and blue and purple—with fantastic friezes, gaudy awnings and misplaced pergolas; of acres of newly plotted subdivisions where white markers, row on row, stood boldly up among the dog fennel and sand spurs; of distant dunes, with the ocean sparkling blue between.

They passed scores of cars, baggage laden, splashed with the yellow mud of Georgia, some with trailers swaying behind. Also touring vans—black, gray, baby-blue, unpainted, khaki-covered vans—but none of bright yellow. And at the end of an hour Faxon was peering eagerly ahead, hoping the next one would be of the right color and that this mad ride might come to a close before his employer broke both their necks. At last he sighted something of saffron hue, far in advance.

"Is—isn't that it?" he asked almost prayerfully.

Irick responded with another burst of speed. Then, after a moment, he shook his head. "Orange truck," he replied. It was, piled high with new fruit boxes.

Faxon turned in two more false alarms. One was a moving van, the other a touring affair of a dull yellow.

"We ought to begin to ask," said Irick, pulling up at a filling station.

No, the fellow in charge had not noticed a touring van of that description. "Dozen of 'em might have gone by, though," he added, "while I been turnin' the crank. How many gallons?"

At four o'clock they were still going, and entering a town of some size.

"Now watch for it," warned Irick. "They might be laying in supplies."

Faxon watched in vain.

"Next thing to do is to hunt up the motor camp," said Irick. "All these towns have 'em, generally on the outskirts. You'll see signs."

In that Faxon was successful. As they reached the farther edge of the town he discovered a huge wooden arrow on which was lettered: To Motor Camp. Tourists Welcome. Irick turned into a bumpy road on which the sandy ruts had been loosely filled with dried palmetto leaves. He had seen these gathering places of the tin canners before, but he had always hurried by them. As for Faxon, he had never heard of one until now. However, it was a relief to stop anywhere.

"Quite like a gypsy camp," he commented.

"Only messier and a bit more smelly," said Irick. "Phew!"

The buxom wife of the plumber from Alpena, Michigan—the one who was frying the onions whose scent had offended Mr. Weems—lifted her head and gazed through the smoke at the shiny big car. Then she turned and called to someone who was busy stretching a tent from the top of a near-by flivver. "Hey, I-owy! Look what's jest rolled in. S'pose it's young John D., or Henry Ford's son, What's-His-Name?"

"Where is the Owner of This—This Affair?" He Demanded

The tin canners gathered around the newcomers and, as is their custom, proceeded to be folksy.

"Ah reckon you-all didn't come cl'ar from Noo Yawk in that bus," suggested a gaunt, heavily mustached tobacco raiser from near Jellico, Tennessee.

"If you're gonna stop over for the night you'll hafta step up and git your ticket from the camp manager," suggested a loose-lipped youth in greasy overalls who had crowded in and was leaning against a mud guard

"Say, Mister Brown-Eyes!" called a knickered, bobbed-haired girl, waving a bottle of lemon soda at Irick, "we're stagin' a dance in the pavilion tonight and I'm shy a partner. Anything doin'?"

Irick squirmed behind the steering wheel and met these friendly advances with poorly concealed scorn.

"I am looking for some people in a yellow touring van—bright yellow, with red geraniums in window boxes on each side," he stated coldly.

"Ain't seen nothin' as classy as that in this camp—not yet," replied the Tennesseean. "What's their names, brother?"

"Smith," said Irick; which was greeted with snickers.

"I bet we could scare up Smiths fer you," chuckled the overalled youth, "but if you're particular you might stick around a couple of hours until some more rolls in."

"Thank you. I think we will drive back to town and perhaps come out later, after the Smiths are all in." And with that Irick started the motor and negotiated a turn among the stumps and tents.

"Then we are not returning tonight?" asked Faxon, as they gained the highway.

"If I miss her now," explained Irick, "I never should be able to find her. Don't you see? It's tonight or never."

"Yes, I presume that is true," reluctantly agreed Faxon. "Still, I wish I had known. I—I am quite unprepared. No even a toothbrush."

"Well, no more have I. But in town we can buy some pajamas and things, and find a good hotel. If the Smiths do turn up we might even drive home tonight."

"I trust we may," sighed Faxon.

They did find a hotel, but it was not a good one; not according to Irick's standards, nor even Faxon's. They were given a double room with two beds in it, two chairs, and one bureau. While Irick shopped, Faxon splashed about in a tiny white iron tub and wondered why the water reminded him of an overripe egg, and why the soap curdled it instead of making a lather. He was meeting Florida sulphur water for the first time. Together they tried to eat a wretchedly cooked, badly served dinner. At the same table a talkative box-candy salesman from Atlanta and an asthmatic druggist from Utica, who had met that afternoon in a smoking compartment, exchanged life histories. The candy salesman generously offered Irick a chance to make it a three-some.

"Let's get out of here," whispered Irick, pushing away untouched a segment of soggy lemon-meringue pie.

They drove back to the motor camp. The entrance was now brilliantly illuminated by bunched electric lights, and farther in among the trees flares of fat pine blazed cheerily. Where there had been barely a score of cars an hour before sunset, now there were more than a hundred. The camp was filled almost to capacity. It buzzed with the noise of many tongues. Tourists from a score of states were sitting and standing around the fires, getting acquainted or renewing acquaintances; telling how they broke a spring coming down through North Carolina; or got stuck three times in Georgia's red clay; or bragging how cheaply four of them had lived during their ten-day trip from Nebraska. Late arrivals were making camp while their womenfolks warmed up canned baked beans, or fried fish, or scrambled eggs. The fragrance of the tall pines was lost in the mingled smells of cooking food, the soothing murmur of surf on the near-by beach was drowned by the screech of jazz records, by hoarse guffaws, by the noise of tent stakes being hammered down. Faxon listened to the small bedlam and sighed. Was it for this he had come to the States? He wished he were back in Newnham, Tevis-on-Birkwater, Kent, living with his uncle, the rector of St. Ursula.

As for Irick Horton Weems, of New York, Newport and Weemsville, he was experiencing a nausea that was not only mental but almost physical. Never in all his carefully sheltered existence had he been in close contact with such people; at least, never with so many of them at once. At the hot-dog stand flanking the entrance he hesitated. If he had not been quite so positive in declaring to Faxon his determination to find that Smith girl he would have given up the chase then and there. But he had been

(Continued on Page 138)

Meals on time—Hot water any time

Quick heat for cooking

The days of waiting for a poky old stove are past in homes that have the Florence Oil Range. You get just the heat you want with the Florence, for you can regulate it by the turn of your hand. And you get the heat right where you want it—close up under the cooking.

There is no shaking of the stove, no soot or ashes. To start the Florence, just turn a lever and touch a match to the Asbestos Kindler. In a few minutes you have a clean blue flame, intensely hot, that will cook any dish quickly and well.

Burns with a gas flame

The flame in a Florence does not come from a wick, as in the oil lamp. The vapor from kerosene is what burns, and it burns like gas—but at the cost of oil. Kerosene is cheap and plentiful. The Florence will sharply reduce your fuel bills.

The Florence Oil Range looks as good as it is, in either blue or white porcelain enamel. Examine the Florence critically; see how it works, at a department, furniture, or hardware store. Notice especially the Florence Oven with the "baker's arch" that makes perfect baking easy. And write us to mail you our illustrated booklet, "Get Rid of the 'Cook Look.'"

The Big Burners
keep an intense heat right up where it belongs. The flame is not a wick flame, but a gas flame, burning the vapor from kerosene

"Lots of hot water"

For home to be really comfortable, there must be plenty of hot water. You can have a big tank full all day long, without bother and at *very* small expense for fuel, by installing a Florence Water Heater.

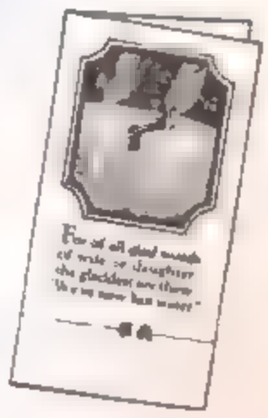
It works on the same efficient principle as the Florence Oil Range. The big burners operate without a wick and burn the vapor from kerosene. The flames, close up under the copper coils through which the water passes, heat the water quickly.

The price of a newspaper

There are two burners, and when they are going at full blast the cost is only one cent an hour for each burner. When the water in the tank is hot, the burners can be turned down low and the water will be kept hot at even less cost.

The Florence Water Heater is odorless and smokeless. It is made to last for years and years. There is no investment that will pay greater dividends in solid comfort. Any plumber can install it in any house where there is running water.

If you don't know the nearest plumber, write us and in any case let us mail you our booklet describing the Florence Water Heater.



Florence Stove Company, Dept. 557, Gardner, Massachusetts

Makers of Florence Oil Ranges, Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters and Florence Oil Heaters

Florence Water Heaters are distributed to plumbers through leading plumbers' supply houses.

FLORENCE

Oil Ranges Water Heaters

The Right Size for Your Car

This table shows you what size Goodyear Balloon Tires can be fitted to your present wheels and rims. In the left hand column are motor car tire sizes, in the right hand column the Goodyear Balloon Tire size by which your present tires may be replaced

30 x 3½ inch	31 x 4.40 inch
31 x 4 "	32 x 4.95 "
32 x 4 "	33 x 4.95 "
33 x 4 "	34 x 4.95 "
32 x 4½ "	33 x 5.25 "
33 x 4½ "	34 x 5.25 "
33 x 5 "	35 x 6.00 "

We recommend our 4½ inch size to take the place of the 4 inch size, and our 5 inch size to take the place of the 4½ inch size, because we have found that the larger size will give better mileage and more comfort. Consult Goodyear Dealers

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1924 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. Inc.

Yes, you can have

BALLOON TIRES

without changing wheels or rims

Here's what motorists everywhere are calling the big tire news of 1924!

In addition to making balloon tires in the smaller diameter 20- and 21-inch rim sizes, Goodyear is prepared to furnish balloon tires to fit rims on most cars now in use.

In other words, you can put Goodyear balloon tires on your present car in most cases without the expense of special wheels and rims.

You can enjoy all the comfort and easy-riding advantages of the new, flexible sidewall, low-pressure tire at the very minimum of cost.

In approving balloon tires and offering them to the public Goodyear has done so with a full and unsurpassed first-hand knowledge of their possibilities.

For years, Goodyear test cars shod with these tires and riding as on great pillows of air, have been cruising over roads of all kinds under actual service conditions.

The experience gained in these and other tests has enabled the manufacture of a balloon tire that is tested and proved in every point of practical usefulness.

The results have been such as to justify in all ways the immense tide of balloon tire enthusiasm now sweeping the country.

The table on the opposite page shows you the sizes in Goodyear balloon tires that in most cases will satisfactorily replace ordinary tires on present wheels and rims.

For complete information go see your Goodyear Dealer, who is equipped to answer all your questions on balloon tires promptly and with authority.

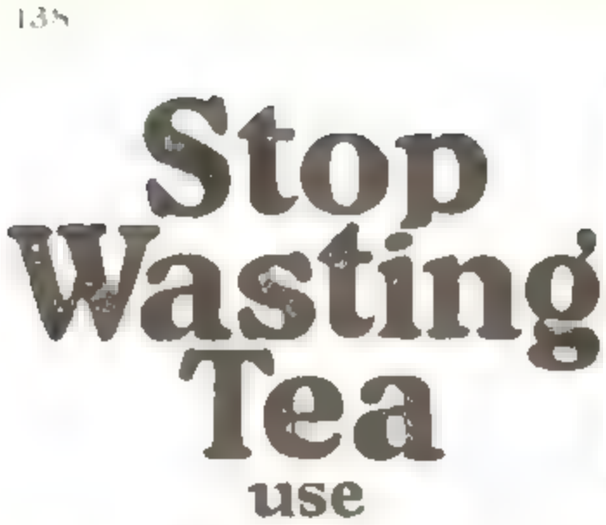
Today as in years past, on balloon tires as on all other types, the name Goodyear stands for supreme quality and dependability

"BALLOONS"

Stop Wasting Tea

use

TAO TEA BALLS



OLD WAY

It is no longer necessary to make tea wastefully in the old haphazard manner. No more guess work—no messy tea leaves to clean up.

NEW WAY

The Tao Tea Ball way. Handy gauze balls—the modern, safe way of packing and serving. One Tao Tea Ball makes 4 to 5 cups—according to strength desired—of an always uniform and more *delicious* tea. The finest tea you ever tasted.

3 SIZES

SUPREME QUALITY

Three generations of experts have labored to produce this *supreme* Flowery Orange Pekoe tea. Blended from tiny bud leaves from the tips of tea plants of the finest gardens in Ceylon, India and Java.

Good Hotels everywhere serve Tao Tea

Ask Your Dealer Today For

TAO TEA BALLS

Tao Tea Co., Inc., 103 Park Ave., New York

(Continued from Page 134)

rather brash about it. So into the mess he plunged. Fortunately it was not long before he recognized the gaunt form of the Tennesseean towering in the midst of a group of male campers.

"No, neighbor, they ain't been no Smiths like you told of come in yet," was the reply to his query. "But Ah reckon Ah got track of 'em for you. Light yaller outfit, you said, didn't you?"

"With red geraniums in window boxes," added Irick.

"That was them, then," said the tobacco planter. "I been askin' different parties, and a feller from Wisconsin says he seen 'em parked a piece down a crossroad back about fifteen miles the other side of town. He'd pulled in there to shift a tire and noticed the flower boxes. Saw the girl too. She had yaller hair."

"Thank you very much," said Irick, making a prompt exit.

As he drove back to the hotel he sketched his plan to Faxon. It would not be practical to try to find the yellow van at night, especially if it had been parked at any distance from the main highway. Besides, if they could, the hour would be so late that probably the occupants would have retired. So they would make the best of things by spending a night at the hotel and getting an early start in the morning.

Chiefly because of a mattress which Irick judged to have been stuffed with poorly selected scrap iron they were up and away almost at dawn, and without breakfast, each in a sullen ungracious mood. Through a damp heavy morning fog they drove in silence until they had covered more than a dozen miles.

"Now look sharp for a crossroad to the right, if you please," said Irick, slowing the pace of the machine.

Three such roads Faxon found, and each was explored for some distance. They were barely navigable roads, at that, mere sinuous sandy trails which wound aimlessly off into the pine woods. And in none of them did they sight a touring van, yellow or otherwise. While trying to turn in the narrow limits of the third road the heavy car became sanded in, and as Irick unwisely applied more power the rear wheels dug ruts axle deep. Only after nearly an hour's hard work, scraping away the sand and cutting scrub palmetto leaves to feed under the spinning tires, did they free the wheels and once more gain the highway. Faxon, wholly unused to such strenuous exercise before breakfast, was a wreck. Irick was tired, hungry and disgruntled.

And it was at this inopportune moment that Faxon was moved to suggest that chasing about Florida in pursuit of a girl in a yellow van was not strictly within his duties as secretary to a dramatist, budding or full blown. He phrased his protest diplomatically, but nevertheless, his tone was whiny.

"I don't agree with you at all," curtly replied Irick. "Wasn't it you who pointed out that the character of Light in my play was almost identical with that Smith girl? Well, if I'm to use her as a model I ought to have another look at her. And I need you to help me find her, don't I?"

At this ingenious defense Faxon could only sigh.

"Besides," went on Irick, "I owe the young woman an apology, and unless I make it the thing is going to trouble me. I can't go on with the play with that on my mind."

"It seems to me," objected Faxon, "that you were quite within your rights when you asked her to leave your grounds."

"Perhaps. But not when I as good as called her a common sort of person. I must make amends for that insult, mustn't I?"

"But if you can't find her ——"

"When I start out to do a thing," said Irick coldly, "I generally do it."

As a matter of fact, it was a Weems trait. Grandfather Weems had shown it when he had overcome fire, flood and financial disaster in the founding of Weemsville. Irick's father had demonstrated his determination when he continued to enlarge the mills during a money panic. In Irick himself the go-getter characteristic had thus far been latent, for all his needs and most of his wishes had been met without effort—until now. And the opposition of this blinking, white-faced secretary was all that was needed to rouse in him a tenacity of purpose which he had never before exercised.

"I intend to find her if I have to hunt through the whole state of Florida," he announced.

He began by stopping to question the first roadside camping party they came to. There were two middle-aged men and their wives, neighbors who had driven down from Indiana in a battered flivver which had baggage and bedding and camp equipment tied and strapped all over it. The party was breakfasting, most luxuriously it seemed to Faxon, on pancakes, sausage and coffee.

Yes, they had seen a yellow van with geraniums on the side. It had passed only half an hour ago, bound south, and they were sure Irick could easily overtake it. Perhaps it was the yearning look on Faxon's face, or the eagerness with which he sniffed the frying sausages, which prompted the cordial invitation which followed.

"If you ain't had breakfast yet," said one of the men, "you two better stop for a bite with us. Oh, we got plenty!"

"You are very kind, I'm sure," began Irick, "but I think ——" And then he saw Faxon's face. Also he sniffed the coffee. "Well, I believe we will."

And, squatting on the running board of his big car, Irick enjoyed his first *al fresco* meal. He found that his hosts, though somewhat crude as to speech and manners and lacking in the social graces, were generous, warm-hearted, kindly folks who respected his reticence as to his own identity and his reason for being so anxious to find a yellow touring van. The pancakes were excellent and the coffee not at all bad. With some pride they showed him how compactly all their dunnage could be stowed, how the back of the front seat was hinged so that it could be folded down to allow two cots to be made up in the tonneau, and how a khaki tent could be fitted over the whole car.

"Very ingenious," commented Irick. "If I thought my hunt was to last much longer I should buy an outfit something like this. But I expect to be back at home within a few hours."

He was not. As he had missed the Smiths while digging out of the sand in the crossroad, so they eluded him once more when he resumed the chase that forenoon. Perhaps they had made a sight-seeing detour, or Irick might have taken a different street and passed them as he drove through the next big town. Anyway, at noontime he had not found them and he was called upon to guess whether they had continued south along the east coast, or had branched off and were striking across the state for the west coast. Irick's guess was south. With a sigh of resignation Faxon realized that El Miramar, with all its comforts, was being left farther and farther behind. How long they were doomed to hunt for a geranium-decked yellow van he did not know, but he was quite pessimistic about it.

III

THE forebodings of Faxon were well grounded. Those Smiths were extremely elusive persons. For, several days later—nine, to be exact—a vividly yellow van was parked some hundred yards or more off the narrow brick road that wound along the edge of a west-coast bayou before merging into a long wooden bridge which spanned the shallow arm of the bay. A morning late in January. During the previous forty-eight hours a norther had been thrashing the palmetto fronds about, howling through the twisted tops of the long-leaf pines, whitening the surface of the gulf. But at sunset the night before it had blown itself out, the mercury had climbed back into the seventies, the gulf had ceased to growl, and Florida's winter climate was once more all, or nearly all, that the hotel and railroad folders claim for it.

And down the landing steps of the van walked a man whose kindly face was shaded by a bamboo sun helmet. In one hand he carried a wooden paint box, such as artists use, in the other a faded umbrella of generous size, and tucked under one arm was a camp stool. Daddy Smith was prepared to go sketching.

Not that he made pretensions to being a real painter. True, he daubed on canvas with oils. He knew that he daubed. But he liked to do it. So he did. The interior of the van was littered with his earnest but futile attempts to catch and reproduce the fleeting glory of sea and sky and woods. The less said about them the better. Anyway, he was not trying to sell the things. Luckily for him and for Yvonne he was not obliged to make his living in that way.

He had not always been a paint dauber. There is that in his favor. No. Up to within a little more than a year before, he had been the proprietor of a book and stationery store in a New England college town. It was not the leading establishment of the kind in the place, but rather a second or third rate one on a side street. Still, there had been a living in it; a modest, if at times an uncertain living. He had been a poor guesser as to the sort of books college boys would buy, and he frequently made mistakes in stocking his shelves with the wrong kinds of stationery sundries. He was a square peg in a round hole. And he disliked very much having to stay anywhere so constantly. He wanted to be a roamer, and secretly he wanted to try to paint pictures.

Then an only brother, whom he had hardly seen or heard of for years, died in Detroit. He had been a bachelor brother, and it seems he had been an inventor. At least, he had managed to invent a process for painting automobile bodies which must have been rather clever, for he had sold his patent to great advantage. He had died wealthy. And Alvah Burton Smith, who was Daddy Smith, had been found to be his only heir.

Within two weeks after receiving this unexpected and almost overwhelming inheritance Daddy Smith had closed out his little shop on the side street. Inside of another fortnight the yellow touring van had been purchased and outfitted and the Smiths had started on their wanderings. Also Daddy Smith had begun daubing in oils. Across the continent they had gone, back again to the White Mountain district, and when November days grew chill they had begun working their way south. Hence their unwelcome presence in the grounds of El Miramar.

At the foot of the landing steps Daddy Smith turned and called back, "Do you think I'd better try, after all, Yvonne? He's a regular painter, you know."

Yvonne came to the door, wiping a plate. This time she was wearing a blue-and-white-checked dress, but she was none the less a radiant young creature. "You go right ahead and paint, daddy," she urged. "He's not so much, anyway, that Schroder person. Only does pot boilers. But he might give you a few pointers."

"You wouldn't mind if I brought him back after luncheon, eh?"

"Bring him, daddy. I'll have things fixed up and give him a studio tea. We'll knock the old boy's eye out."

Daddy Smith chuckled. He had, you see, found a kindred spirit. Only old Schroder painted his lurid Florida scenes for the market. He did them on calendars, on candy boxes, on tin flower holders, on anything salable at gift shops. He lived in a little shack across the bayou.

After taking a few more steps Daddy Smith paused again. "If that fellow should come while I'm gone?" he suggested.

"I shall know what to tell him," said Yvonne. "I'll tell him plenty too." She waved the dish towel confidently.

To avoid any vagueness, by "that fellow" they meant Irick Horton Weems. For, many and long as are the highways which run the length and breadth of Florida, one cannot go up and down them asking persistently about a geranium-decked yellow touring van, as Irick had done, without some hint of the quest reaching the occupants of said van. The tin canners form a folksy fraternity and a wandering one. Within the last week more than a dozen persons had stopped to inform the Smiths that a dark-eyed young man was eagerly seeking their whereabouts; was, at times, hot on their trail. Some said that he was quite a good-looking young man, some dwelt on the fact that he drove an expensive touring car, a few added that he was accompanied by a bespectacled person who looked like an undertaker's assistant. Anyway, the Smiths were fully aware that the hunt was on.

Precisely why they were being followed they did not know. Daddy Smith's theory was that Yvonne, to use her own words, must have handed the uppish young plute a few hot ones, and that he might have sworn out a warrant against them for trespass. If so, he was willing that Yvonne should hand him a few more hot ones. He would pay whatever the court decided should be paid.

Yvonne did not share this belief. True, the last words of this Mr. Weems had been bitter ones, but she doubted that he would go to so much trouble simply to avenge so trifling a matter. He was obviously a purse-proud young snob; and she had been rather fresh, if not impertinent in her tone and

Continued on Page 141

See the Wahl Pen at all dealers'.
Gold-filled or Silver $4 to $10.

New Beauty—

and new practical usefulness

FOR every hand that writes, for every man or woman who uses a fountain pen, there is a new idea—a beautiful, all-metal Wahl Pen of gold or silver.

Wooden pencils gave way to Eversharp metal pencils. The metal pen is just as modern and just as logical a development. For the Wahl Pen is practically indestructible. Drop it, lean against it, screw the cap too hard—nothing will break.

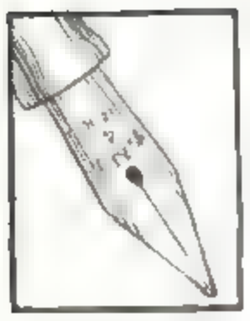
The all-metal barrel, thin yet strong, gives greatly increased ink capacity. Its better balance—the feel of the pen in your fingers—makes writing easier, smoother. The beautiful finish carries the Wahl Metal Pen into the hands of men and women who appreciate the best in life, who know that fine, efficient instruments are definite factors in producing good work.

What made the Wahl Metal Pen possible

The self-filling fountain pen brought into use the rubber sac which actually holds the supply of ink.

Formerly the ink was contained in the barrel of the pen itself. And so it was necessary to use a material that the acid in the ink would not eat away.

The use of the rubber sac made possible the modern Wahl Metal Pen. The Wahl metal construction gives greater strength, greater ink capacity, and the beauty which is found only in engraved gold or silver.



HOME-MADE

Gold point, iridium-tipped—the vital part. We make our own careful, painstakingly. Perfect points guaranteed.

Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL COMPANY, CHICAGO
Canadian Factory, THE WAHL COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO
Manufacturers of the Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl All-Metal Fountain Pen

WAHL PEN

Model illustrated is the new four-door five-passenger sedan, $1895, f. o. b. Cleveland.

Swiftly up with the PIKES PEAK MOTOR

WHETHER your problem is to pull the long, hard climb in high gear, or to descend the sharp down grade with sure-footed safety—

—a Chandler is the answer!

The Pikes Peak Motor made Chandler the national performance champion—a matchless conqueror of hills, fleet and brilliantly responsive in traffic.

The Traffic Transmission, with nothing new to learn for its operation, overcomes all clashing of gears and permits any driver to make a split-second, silent change to any speed at any time.

Facile handling in traffic is assured. Skidding dangers are eliminated. The instant use of the motor as a positive brake on hills becomes a certainty.

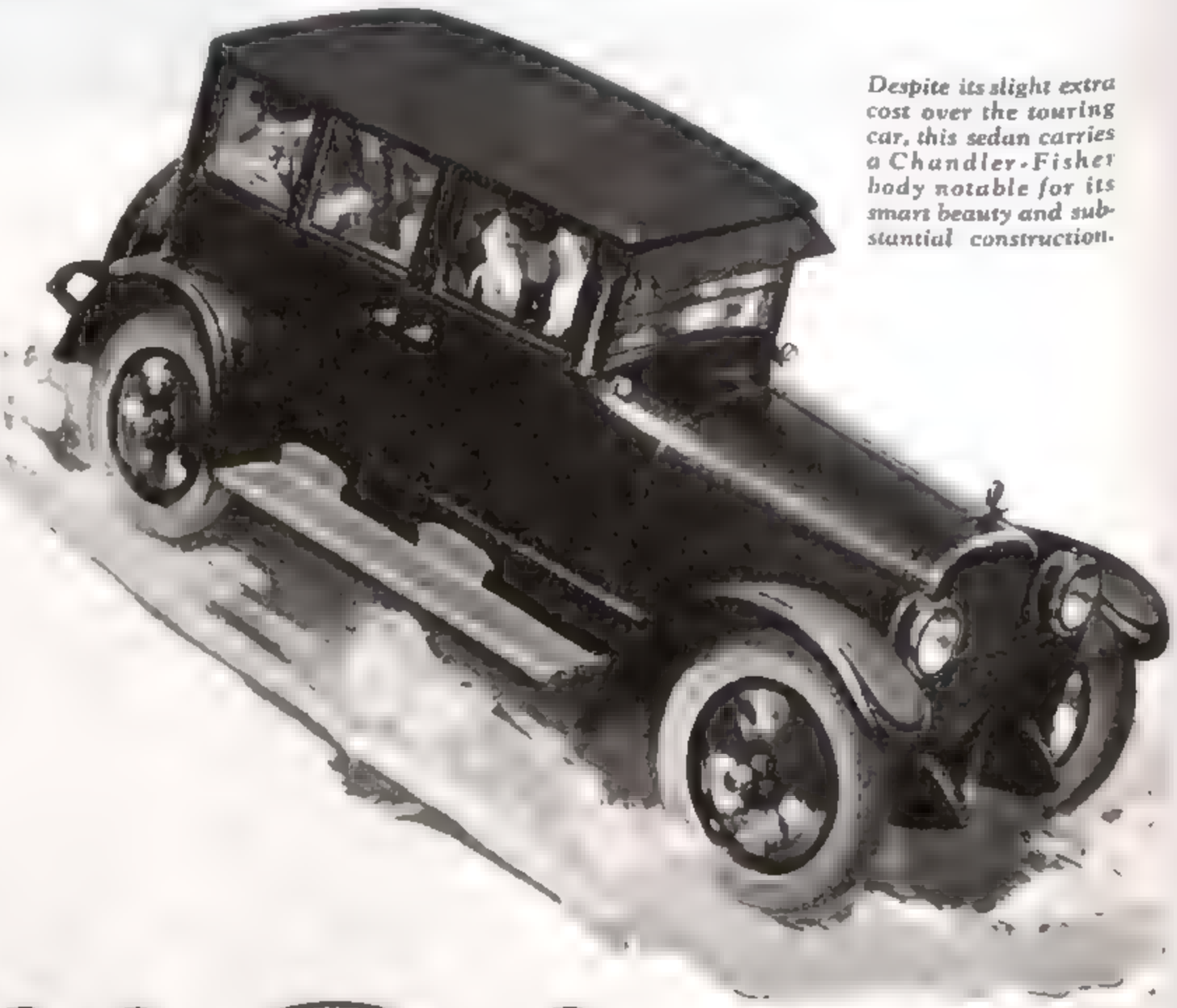
Only Chandler offers this master performance combination of invincible motor and infallible transmission.

We urge you to arrange for a demonstration drive. It will be a revelation.

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND
Export Dept., 1819 Broadway, New York City Cable Address "Chanmotor"

Safely down with the TRAFFIC TRANSMISSION

(The Traffic Transmission is built complete in the Chandler plant under Campbell patents.)



Despite its slight extra cost over the touring car, this sedan carries a Chandler-Fisher body notable for its smart beauty and substantial construction.

CHANDLER

THE CAR OF THE YEAR

(Continued from Page 138)

attitude toward him; but that was hardly sufficient cause for him to chase her for more than a week. At the worst she was sure he would merely wish to add a few more cutting remarks about people like that. And yet this explanation was not wholly satisfactory. Why was he chasing them?

Curiously enough, almost at that moment Irick was asking himself the same question. Of course, in explaining his purpose to Faxon, he had been quite definite. He had given his secretary at least two distinct and plausible reasons for being so anxious to seek out and find again that Smith girl—her identity with the character in his play, his desire to offer an apology for his ill-considered slur. But though Irick stood by these declarations, he was conscious that neither could fully justify the extent or the absurdity of this quixotic excursion. Then there was the item of Faxon's opposition, which had made him so obstinate in his desire to continue the hunt.

Faxon, however, had ceased to oppose. He had become gloomily, dismally resigned to this freak of fate which had torn him from the orderly quiet of a Kentish rectory to make of him an amateur gypsy, careering through a strange land in a frock coat and bowler hat, in company with an eccentric young American millionaire, who not only was using his, Faxon's, letter of credit with which to pay their bills, but was requiring him to fry eggs in a skillet and rinse out a smutty coffeepot twice a day. Other indignities he had suffered, was suffering. He was thoroughly wretched. He had reached the depths. Some day this nightmare might end. Then, if he was permitted, he would hasten back to Newnham-... Tevis-on-Birkwater, and tear the map of North America from the atlas.

Although ignoring it, this low state of mind which his secretary had reached was perceived by Irick. He was beginning to be sorry for Faxon. And seldom before had Irick ever been sorry for anyone. His had not been a sympathetic nature. But since he had started on this pursuit of the Smiths—and to Irick it seemed to have endured months instead of days—he had done a number of things which he had never dreamed he would do. He had undergone new experiences, established new contacts with his fellow beings; and his reactions had astonished even himself.

From a well-served, elaborately organized life of ease and luxury, he had stepped abruptly into a crude nomadic existence, which had at first seemed filled with discomforts and petty annoyances. But he had discovered there were compensations and a certain satisfaction, as well, in doing things for himself, in meeting and conquering difficulties, in wrestling with emergencies. Though by no means an expert, he was learning the art of tin canning. He knew that it was wise to reach a camping park well before dark and to claim and hold his space. He could boil coffee, warm up baked beans, and he had even attempted pancakes. He could pitch a tent so that it would not blow down, and he could make himself comfortable for the night on a folding cot.

Also he had found, with no small amazement, that some of the roughest looking, most ordinary appearing persons, possessed truly excellent qualities, could be likable. To him, an outsider, an absolute stranger, they had been friendly, helpful. They had done kindly acts, without thought of recompense, without expecting even to be thanked. And Irick's arrogance had softened, his ego had become tamed. That is, in a degree. No miracle had been wrought. But he had changed, was changing. He had sat about evening camp fires with motor tourists from every part of the country—small-town storekeepers, corn belt farmers, dairy farmers, boss carpenters, undertakers, retired ministers, baseball players, dentists, insurance agents, garage owners. He had heard them talk politics, tell stories, recite their ills, brag of their children and grandchildren, speculate on the life to come, and recall the days that were gone. Some were conceited, dogmatic, bigoted, contentious; some were mild mannered, broad minded, modest; some were keen witted, some dull. In other words, they were quite as human as the folk he had known in the limited New York and Newport set into which he had been born. He was drawn into their conversations, he joined in their jokes, helped sing the chorus of their songs. He had taken part in the tin canners' chief games. He had played checkers and he had pitched horseshoes. To all intents and purposes he had become, for the time being at least, a tin canner himself.

Precisely why, he could not say. Yet his purpose seemed fixed and definite. It had something to do with talking again with that Smith girl. With Yvonne. A musical name, he thought. Occasionally, when by himself, he had spoken it aloud. Yvonne. Yes, a charming name. A fitting one too. For as she had stood there, framed in the doorway of the van, she had certainly presented a charming picture. He remembered every detail of it—the rippling glory of her corn-colored hair, the liquid amber of her eyes, the gracious curves of her Dianalike figure.

Also he recalled the quizzing impudence of her radiant smile when she had flouted him. Yes, flouted. Why had she done that? No girl had ever before actually treated him with contempt. Since she had done it, while he had been mingling with persons of all sorts, among them women young and old, he had met not a single one who had so treated him. Rather, they had behaved much as the girls he had formerly known, the ones he had met at dinners and balls, and at country clubs. Either they had openly ogled or shyly invited his notice. But Yvonne had been different. Would she continue to flout him if he could meet her again? He wondered if this was why he was trying so hard to find her. Of course not. That would be ridiculous. A girl who wandered around the country in a yellow touring van!

Yet a few moments later he was strangely thrilled at hearing news of her. An entirely unknown youth came tramping through the sandy street of a populous tent city to search him out.

"Say, ain't you the feller that's huntin' for a yellow outfit with red geraniums? Well, it's parked out the other side of Seminole Bridge, about twelve miles up the line. I seen it this mornin' as I come by."

Having thanked him cordially, shaken him by the hand, pressed upon him his last dozen cigarettes, gold case and all, Irick impetously announced to Faxon that their luncheon was finished.

"Don't stop to wash up," he urged. "Just throw things in as they are. And then lend a hand, will you, with this tent? I mean to catch 'em this time."

Willingly Faxon threw things into the tonneau of the big touring car. It was no longer shiny. Mud and dust had dimmed its luster. Its once glistening sides had been scarred by the rubbing of tent poles and hastily strapped-on baggage. The windshield was grimy. Faxon, too, showed signs of wear. The secretarial frock coat had accumulated spots of bacon fat, the bowler hat had become hopelessly caved in. Nor was Irick the immaculately groomed young man who had left El Miramar less than a fortnight before. The well-tailored riding suit was wrinkled and splotched. His classically molded chin was in need of a shave. But little he cared. He was going to see Yvonne again. Very soon he was speeding toward her.

Meanwhile in the yellow van preparations were being made to knock old Schroder's eye out. To this end Yvonne had scrubbed and dusted and put to rights the interior of her rolling home. She had made dainty sandwiches, laid the folding table with a treasured set of Brittany ware, dug from a locker a silver tea service. Then she had arranged and confined the cascade of corn-colored hair after a fashion all her own, forming it into an aureate frame for her face, and she had pressed and put on the one dress-up frock which her wardrobe contained. It was a soft, silky, short-sleeved affair of sea green, which did not conceal her dimpled elbows and which harmonized well with her coloring. She was trying to get a comprehensive view of herself in a small mirror when she heard a motor give a final whir outside and stop. Casually she walked to the rear door of the van and glanced out. And there, with an eager look in his brooding brown eyes, she saw her pursuer.

Cap in hand, Irick came towards her. "I say, but I've had a deuce of a time finding you, Miss Smith," was his greeting.

"Have you?" she asked coolly. "I thought you would. I tried to make it as difficult as possible."

"Then you'd heard?"

She nodded. "Naturally, with all the hue and cry you raised. You didn't think of bloodhounds, did you?"

"Oh, I say! But really, it was like a game of hide and seek."

"I felt like Eliza escaping across the ice in Uncle Tom's Cabin. But what was the big idea? Weren't you satisfied with chasing us off your grounds?"

Irick made a gesture of appeal. "That is what I wanted to talk to you about. I was hasty and rude that morning. I've regretted it very much. I I wish to offer you an apology."

For an instant Yvonne stared at him curiously. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "If that is all, I accept your apology."

She was turning to reënter the van when Irick held out a detaining hand. "But, Miss Smith ——"

"Well?"

"That isn't all, you know."

"Really? What's the rest of it?"

Irick was fumbling with his cap. For perhaps the first time in his life he was embarrassed. Under the calm coldness of her gaze his half-tamed ego was squirming.

"Couldn't we—er—sit down and talk things over?" he asked lamely.

"I know of nothing more that we need to talk about, Mr. Weems. I am still one of that kind of people."

"I was rather an ass to say that."

"Perhaps. I'm afraid I thought so at the time myself. But you have apologized. So that's that."

"No," he protested. "I haven't done it very well, have I?"

"I'm satisfied. Of course, that you should do it at all is a bit surprising; especially that you should follow me for more than a week. You must have a troublesome conscience. And while I've accepted your apology, I will say that it all sounds a little fishy."

"I know," he agreed. "It must. But perhaps you'll understand better why I followed you for so long if you'll let me explain the rest."

"Briefly, then."

Irick was turning his cap in his hands. "I don't believe I can be very brief about it. You see, I'm not quite sure myself just why ——"

"In that case," broke in Yvonne, "I'd rather not listen to any more. People who don't know just what they want to say are always bound to be long-winded and tiresome. Besides, I am expecting guests for tea soon. Good afternoon, Mr. Weems."

She had almost disappeared within the door when Irick dashed up the landing steps. "Miss Smith! Why are you so curt with me?"

"Well, why not?" she demanded.

He winced. "But if—if I can think of a way to tell you briefly? Perhaps tomorrow?"

"Oh, very well."

"Thank you. And you'll not mind if I camp here tonight?"

"I don't own the land, and campers can't very well choose their neighbors." With that she closed the door between them.

As Irick walked back to his car, with little buoyancy in his step, he found Faxon beaming mildly.

"I'm rather glad it's all over," said the secretary.

"But it isn't," grumbled Irick.

"Oh!" And the exclamation came from Faxon almost like a groan. "You didn't apologize?" he added accusingly.

"After a fashion. But there was something else I wanted to tell her. I must think it out. Let's make camp."

Wearily Faxon began the now familiar process—setting up the poles, stretching the tent over them, driving in the pegs, hauling out the folding cots. As he trailed off to the edge of the bayou with a greasy frying pan in one hand and a sooty coffeepot in the other, he might have been heard to mumble, "Secretary to a dramatist! What rot!"

About four o'clock, when Daddy Smith came in with old Schroder, chatting chummily, he saw the touring car and the tent, and a young man who sat on a camp stool and gazed moodily out toward the Gulf of Mexico.

"That fellow, isn't it?" he asked of Yvonne.

She admitted that it was.

"What's he want?"

"Nothing much, daddy. He came to say he was sorry, and he's said it."

"Well, what's he hanging around for now?"

"I'm sure I don't know, daddy. It's a free country, isn't it? Let's have tea."

As a huge tomato-red sun sank theatrically into the gulf, Yvonne, peering through the windows of the van, could see Irick and his satellite pottering unskillfully over a smudgy camp fire. Later she noted them messing about by lantern light with a tin pail and some dishes. Pulling down the shades she chuckled.

"What's so funny?" asked Daddy Smith.

"Men—when they're not nuisances," said Yvonne.

Irick indulged in no chuckles. Long after Orion had swung splendidly up through the blue-black heavens he sat staring into the smoldering embers of the camp fire, lighting and relighting a brier pipe which his chauffeur had left in a pocket flap of the car; and thinking, thinking.

At least, Irick thought he was thinking. He was rehearsing his disappointing interview with Yvonne. Yes, it had been a failure. He had been clumsy, inept. But why could he not let it go at that? Why should he wish to stay and perhaps repeat such a dreary performance? Why invite another humiliating episode of a similar nature? If he did have another talk with her, what was it that he was so eager to say? To none of these queries could Irick give an adequate, logical answer. Finally he yawned, put the pipe in his pocket, and groped his way into the tent. Perhaps he would leave in the morning.

He did not leave. After breakfast he fussed around the car, making pretense of cleaning it, until he saw Daddy Smith start off with his sketching outfit. Then he wandered over to the yellow van. Yvonne, once more attired in the pink-and-white-checked dress which was so becoming, was sitting on the back steps in the sunshine with a book in her lap. She looked up without word or nod.

"I trust I'm not intruding?" said Irick.

"That depends," she answered. "You've thought out a condensed version?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid I haven't. I would like to talk to you for a while, however, if I may."

"I'll stand it as long as I can."

"Then you really dislike me?"

"You don't expect me to be crazy over you, do you? Or perhaps you do?"

He bit his lip, as if checking a reply. Then, after a moment, he asked, "Will you tell me where it was that I might have seen you before, two or three years ago?"

"I might if I knew. Where were you two or three years ago?"

"Why, in college."

"Which college?"

He named the institution which had grudgingly conferred on him an A. B.

"Then that's the answer," she said.

"I beg pardon?"

"I was the girl in Smith's book shop."

"By George!" His brown eyes lightened. "You don't mean that—er ——"

"Yes, the little one with the dingy windows on Oak Street. You may have strayed in there occasionally. A lot of them did."

"Well, well! I do remember, although I couldn't have seen you often. Odd, isn't it?"

"Not so remarkably odd. I was brought up in that book shop. We lived upstairs, you know. And when I wasn't at school I used to help daddy behind the counter. So I saw thousands and thousands of college boys. I'm always running across them, so you'll forgive me if I'm not thrilled at meeting another."

"But it is quite—well, interesting to me to meet you again."

"Oh, is it?"

"Truly it is," he insisted. "Why, I must have seen you several times. And I don't see how I could have failed to remember you. Especially your eyes. Do you know, Miss Smith, you have ——"

She made a gesture of impatience. "Yes, I am quite aware," she broke in. "Two of them—two perfectly good eyes. They remind you of something or somebody, don't they; perhaps the Countess Potocka, or Mary Pickford? And they are of the color of strained honey, or is it bottled maple sirup? Anyway, that is the usual college-boy opening. Even the more ambitious freshmen usually began by telling me about my eyes."

"I wish I had when I was a freshman," said Irick. "But to me your eyes are like liquid amber. I hope that isn't a stale simile."

"It's just as tiresome, stale or fresh."

Irick was gazing at her somewhat incredulously. Rarely had he paid compliments to young women, and when he had his words had been received quite differently. Was this a feminine trick with which he was unfamiliar? Or was it a pose?

Continued on Page 144

Making Homes *in the Country*

In hundreds of thousands of homes, users of Delco-Light Products have learned this: the Delco-Light idea means something more than merely the appliances that bring modern electric refrigeration to the home—light, power and water to the farm.

It means—that back of the largest manufacturing organization of its kind in the world is the steadfast desire to make homes out of houses; to make city life more comfortable—to make farm life pleasanter and more profitable—in short, more worth living.

And, today, over two hundred thousand Delco-Light homes attest the soundness of the Delco-Light idea. And in these homes, both country and city, the downright serviceability of Delco-Light Products has been demonstrated beyond question.

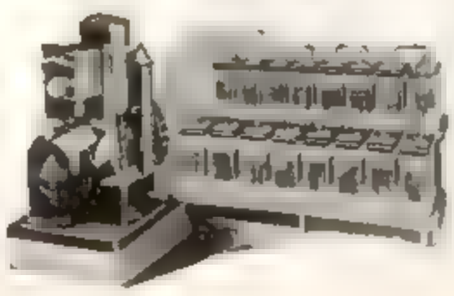
In the country—Delco-Light has done much to put farming on a better profit-producing basis.

Delco-Light water systems afford a supply of fresh water at the turn of a tap, banishing the back-breaking drudgery of pumping and carrying water.

Delco-Light washing machines are doing mechanically just what the expert laundress does by hand. They have been developed in the great General Motors Laboratories after the most rigid tests of all types of machines.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

DELCO-LIGHT



Electric Plants

An individual electric generating outfit for homes, made in twenty-five styles and sizes to meet the requirements of any home.

Washing Machines

An exceptionally simple and remarkably efficient machine, combining many new principles and sold at a very moderate price.

Out of Houses
—and the City

Frigidaire—electric refrigeration—is the greatest advance in home refrigeration that has been made in half a century. It does away with the inconvenient, uncertain and inefficient method of preserving food by melting ice.

It provides a dry, constant cold that both the United States Government and independent scientists agree is the only truly efficient method of keeping food in a proper condition.

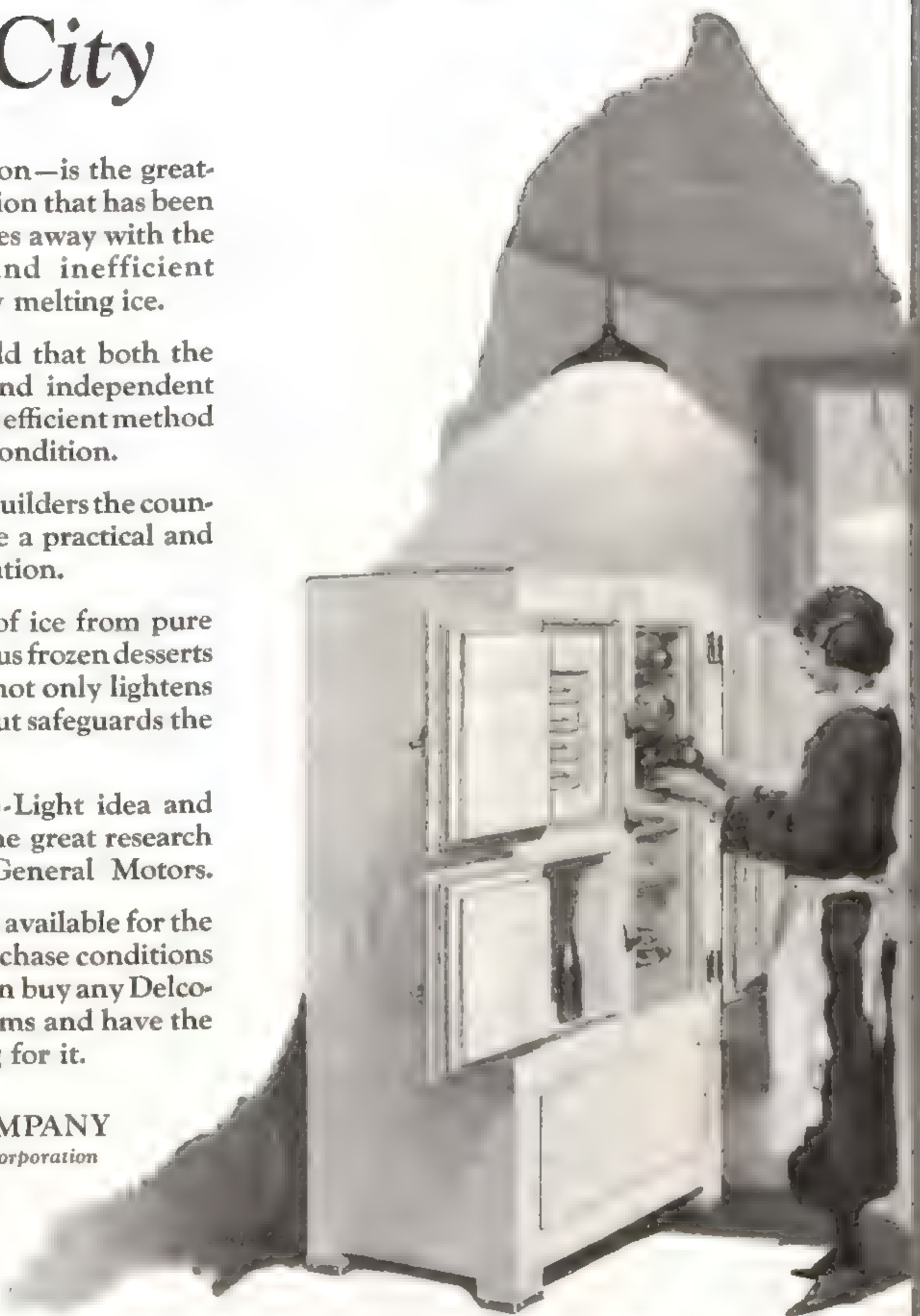
Home owners and apartment builders the country over have found Frigidaire a practical and economical means of refrigeration.

Frigidaire freezes clear cubes of ice from pure drinking water—makes delicious frozen desserts and keeps food at its best. It not only lightens household labor materially—but safeguards the health of the entire family.

And in support of the Delco-Light idea and Delco-Light Products stand the great research and financial resources of General Motors.

To make Delco-Light Products available for the largest number of families, purchase conditions have been made so that you can buy any Delco-Light product on very easy terms and have the use of it while you are paying for it.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY
Subsidiary General Motors Corporation
DAYTON, OHIO



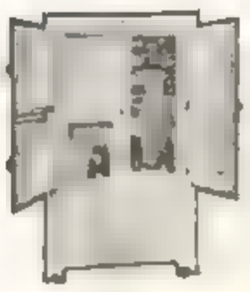
PRODUCTS

Pumps

Both shallow-well and deep-well types, to accommodate any water lift up to 250 feet; electrically operated from any home current.

Frigidaire

Electric refrigeration, sold as a complete unit with cabinet made specially for this purpose, or adaptable to your own ice-box or any ice-box you may buy.

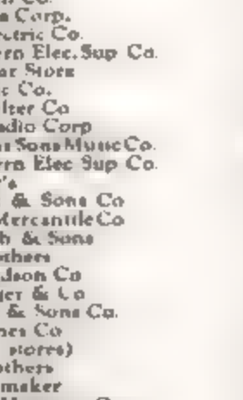


The Phones with the Wonderful Tone!

TRY a pair of N & K Imported Phones on your own radio set at home. Listen first with your old phones, then with N & K. Notice the wonderful difference. See how much *clearer* every sound comes in on N & K. How mellow, how rounded the tone is. Just as if the speaker or singer were right in the room with you. That is the way N & K Phones are sold. Compare them with any other phones made. If you don't prefer N & K's clearer, mellower tone, and greater comfort—*your money back*

Sold on this positive money-back guarantee at the following leading stores and many others now stocked

Athol, Mass.	M. Steinert & Sons Co.
Atlanta	M. Rich & Bros. Co.
	Carter Electric Co.
Baltimore	Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
	Little Joe Wiesenfeld Co.
	Joel Gutman & Co.
	Jones Electric Radio Co.
	The Hub
	Hecht Bros. & Co.
Bangor, Me.	M. Steinert & Sons Co.
Birmingham	Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Bloomfield, N. J.	United Cigar Store
Boston	Shepard Stores
	M. Steinert & Sons Co.
	A. P. Merchant Co.
	Iver Johnson Sport Gds. Co.
Bridgeport	M. Steinert & Sons Co.
Brooklyn	Abraham & Straus
	Frederick Loeser & Co.
	A. J. Namm & Son
	Royal Eastern Elec. Sup. Co.
	20th Century Radio Corp.
	United Cigar Store
Chicago	Marshall Field & Co.
	Radio Instr. Co. of Chicago
Cleveland	The May Company
	H. Lesser & Co.
Colorado Springs	Kaufmann & Co., Inc.
	Tesson Bros.
Denver	Daniel & Fisher Stores Co.
Des Moines	Younker Brothers
Detroit	J. L. Hudson Co.
	Crowley, Milner Co.
	Detroit Electric Co.
E. Orange, N. J.	United Cigar Store
Elmira	Barker, Rose & Clinton Co.
Fall River	M. Steinert & Sons Co.
Fitchburg	M. Steinert & Sons Co.
Harrisburg	Pomeroy's Inc.
Hartford	Sage, Allen & Co.
Houston	W. C. Munn Co.
Indianapolis	Alamo Sales Corp.
Jamaica, L. I.	Bangert Electric Co.
	Royal Eastern Elec. Sup. Co.
	United Cigar Store
Johnstown	Penn Traffic Co.
Kansas City	The Schmelzer Co.
	Western Radio Corp.
	J. W. Jenkins Sons Music Co.
Long Island City	Royal Eastern Elec. Sup. Co.
Los Angeles	Hamburger's
Lowell	M. Steinert & Sons Co.
Memphis	Bry Block Mercantile Co.
	J. Goldsmith & Sons
Milwaukee	Gimbel Brothers
Minneapolis	L. S. Donaldson Co.
Newark, N. J.	L. Bamberger & Co.
New Haven	M. Steinert & Sons Co.
New Orleans	D. H. Holmes Co.
New York City	Davega (11 stores)
	Gimbel Brothers
	John Wanamaker
	Herbert & Huessgen Co.
	United Cigar Stores (10 st'res)
	David Kulloch Co.
	Royal Eastern Elec. Sup. Co.
	J. J. Lewis, Inc.
	Hanes-Zener Co.
	Haynes-Griffin Ra. Serv., Inc.
Oklahoma City	J. W. Jenkins Sons Music Co.
Omaha	Oakford Music Co.
	Richard M. Shlaes
Paterson, N. J.	Paterson Radio Co.
Pawtucket	M. Steinert & Sons Co.
Peoria	Block & Kuhl Co.
Philadelphia	Gimbel Brothers
	John Wanamaker
	Lit Brothers
	N. Snellenburg & Co.
Pittsburgh	Bugga & Buhl
	Kaufmann & Baer Co.
	Ludwig Hommel & Co.
Pittsfield, Mass.	Holden & Stone Co.
Portland, Me.	M. Steinert & Sons Co.
Portland, Ore.	Meier & Frank Company
Providence	The Outlet Co.
	M. Steinert & Sons Co.
Rochester	Kelman Electric Co.
San Francisco	The Emporium
Sioux City	Davidson Bros. Co.
	Radio Exchange
Springfield, Mass.	M. Steinert & Sons Co.
St. Louis	Famous & Barr Co.
	Van Ashe Radio Co.
St. Paul	Pioneer Electric Co.
Syracuse	Alexander Grant's Sons
Tulsa	J. W. Jenkins Sons Music Co.
Washington	Woodward & Lothrop
Waterbury	M. Steinert & Sons Co.
Worcester	M. Steinert & Sons Co.



ASK for N & K at your regular radio dealer's or at any of the stores listed here. Folder showing *why* N & K have such wonderful tone *free*, write us

TH. GOLDSCHMIDT Corp.
Dept. 84, 15 William St., N. Y.

(Continued from Page 141)

"Do you really mean that you dislike to be told that you are—well, to put it mildly, good-looking?"

"By persons who haven't the slightest excuse for doing so, yes. Absolutely yes. I've had to listen to that sort of thing ever since I was fifteen. And after I started helping daddy in the shop—perhaps you can imagine. Every day dozens and scores of 'em, from boys just out of prep school to silly old professors. Wanting to tell me about my lovely hair, my wonderful eyes. Simply sickening! Maneuvering for a chance to do it without being overheard, whispering, mumbling, writing it on wrapping paper, sending me notes. All-conquering males. And every one assuming that, solely because I wasn't cross-eyed and homely, I must be a mushy-brained moron who could be caught by their gooey flattery. They had no right. And you have no right, Mr. Weems, to tell me anything about my eyes, or how I look to you."

There was a stern gleam in the liquid amber, a defiant toss to the perfectly molded chin.

Irick noted both admiringly, then sighed and bowed his head in submission.

"That is quite true. I have no right. I wish I had."

The sternness faded from the eyes of Yvonne, a softer look, almost an amused one, flickered in.

"At least," she said, "you can understand plain English. Some of them don't seem to."

For a moment Irick was silent, thoughtful. Then he asked, rather humbly, "Miss Smith, wouldn't it be possible for me to to earn the right?"

"I don't think it would, Mr. Weems."

"But you're not positive. Then the case isn't hopeless?"

"I've given the case, as you call it, very little thought. I don't expect to give it much thought."

Again he bowed. He was finding her frankness refreshing, delightful. It was almost as charming as her looks.

"Would you resent my staying a while to talk about other things than your eyes and hair?"

"I might not, and then I might."

"I was going to ask if you liked traveling about like this?" He indicated the yellow van.

"You've tried it for a little while. How do you think you'd like more than a year of it?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid a month would be more than enough for me."

"Well, I stood it longer than that before I got tired of it. You see, I'd been almost nowhere except at school and in the shop. I was nearly as anxious to see things as daddy was to try to paint them. But after we'd been out to the coast and down into Mexico, and back again to the White Mountains; and we'd had months and months of sight-seeing—mountains, and cañons, and national parks, and cities, cities, cities; and we'd been among tourists, nothing but tourists, all that time—oh, I got fed up on it. But daddy's having a whale of a time. He's a rover and that old shop had kept him shut up for years and years. Now he's free. And he's wild about his paint daubing. I don't want to paint. And I'm sick of knocking about. I want to get somewhere and stay, for a long, long time."

"Where, for instance?"

She smiled; an unguarded, radiant smile. "This ought to give you a line on what I want most," and she displayed the title of the book in her lap.

"New England Gardens," he read. "Oh, I say! Ever seen ours, at Weemsville?"

"No. Is it one of those lovely old-fashioned kind, with borders of clipped box, hollyhocks growing against a stone wall, beds of columbine and sweet William and pink phlox?"

"I believe so. It's old-fashioned, anyway, and I think there's a stone wall around two sides. I haven't been back for five or six years. Neither Sister Marge nor I live there now, you know. But it's a bully old house, and I used to have great times in that garden when I was a kid. Yes, I remember the hollyhocks. I suppose there are mainly weeds now."

"What a shame!"

"I ought to have the garden kept up. Are—are there pictures of flower gardens in your book?"

There were. She made room for him on the steps beside her. Together they bent their heads over the pages. They had stumbled on a congenial topic. At least, Irick was giving that impression. By a desperate effort he was recalling the names of flowers and shrubs. He grew quite enthusiastic over lilacs and syringas and snowball bushes. Yvonne talked glibly about axial lines, contributive planting, bloom succession and sun dials. Irick described Weemsville, its quaintness, its elm-arched common, the charmingly simple people who lived in the old Colonial houses. Suddenly they found that they had a lot to say to each other.

They were so busy saying all these things that neither noticed the approach of a man who had stopped his car on the brick road and walked in. He was within a few feet of them before Irick looked up and discovered him.

A large, heavily built, short-necked, ruddy-faced man he was, with a projecting chin and small narrow-set eyes. He seemed displeased about something.

"Say, who owns that tent?" he demanded.

"I do," said Irick.

"And how about this bungalow on wheels?" He waved a pudgy hand at the yellow van.

"My father's," admitted Yvonne.

"Well, see here!" snorted the ruddy-faced one. "Who told you this was a public camping ground? Didn't you see those 'Posted' signs? Can't you read? Hey?"

"Is this your land?" asked Irick.

"You bet it is, and you're trespassin' on it without leave or license."

"I am very sorry," said Irick. "I am quite willing to ——"

"You'll get off it, that's what you'll do."

Irick flushed and bit his lip. "Certainly. I presume you will allow us a reasonable ——"

"I'll give you just five minutes to get your traps together and move on, and I'll stay to see you do it."

"But it happens that Miss Smith's father is ——"

"Meaning her?" said the irate proprietor. "Well, she can clear out, too, and pick up her old man wherever he is. I tell you I ain't goin' to be bothered any more with people like you. You're the third lot of tin canners I've had to run off'm here within a week, and this time ——"

"If you please," interrupted Irick, "you will walk over to my car for a moment. I want to talk business with you."

"Well, I dunno as ——"

"I do," said Irick firmly. "Come."

He went. And as they walked toward the car Irick thought he heard a chuckle from Yvonne.

His business talk with the stranger was brief but to the point. He asked the red-faced one why he had bought the land, and when told it had been purchased as an investment Irick proceeded to offer the speculator an opportunity to double his money. The offer was accepted. Having borrowed a fountain pen Irick wrote a message to Ned Compton, directing him to send a check and a confirmatory wire. And within five minutes the ex-proprietor had been soothed and shunted on his way.

Irick was assuring Yvonne that she was at liberty to park where she was indefinitely. With her thanks she gave him a dazzling smile.

"Now you know what it's like," she added.

"To be people like that, eh?" And he smiled in return.

"But you were perfectly splendid about it," said Yvonne. "You behaved much better than I did when ——"

"When I was the hoggish landlord? Well, I'm not so sure. I found no fault at all with your behavior, if you remember."

"Didn't you chase me all over the state?" There was a merry gleam now in the amber eyes, a friendly one.

"But you know why," protested Irick.

"Oh, no, I don't. You were going to tell me, but you weren't quite sure."

"May I have another day?"

"Perhaps. You might order me off if you didn't get it. Will you and your Mr. Faxon come over and have supper with us and meet daddy?"

Well, that was the beginning of what diplomats would term the *entente cordiale*. Irick had another day, and yet another. It was during the second day, when he found it necessary to drive into the county seat to conclude the deal for his thirty acres of shore frontage, that he was accompanied by Yvonne and Faxon. The latter, armed with a note to Ned Compton which would liberally compensate him for a broken contract, was being shipped back to Newnham, Tevis-on-Birkwater, Kent. He was going beamingly.

On the return, after Yvonne had shopped and marketed, they talked about Daddy Smith.

"He and old Schroder are getting to be great chums," said Yvonne. "I think daddy wants to tack an addition on the van and take him with us."

"Bully!" said Irick.

"Really, I don't see that. Why bully?"

"Because he isn't going to need you any more, and that makes it easier for me to tell you something I've been thinking out."

Yvonne made no reply, not even when he swerved the car to the side of the road and stopped the motor.

"I know now," went on Irick, "why I followed you for so long. I did want to tell you that you had lovely eyes, Yvonne. May I?"

She smiled at him, a radiant, dazzling smile, and a very intimate one.

"You are more persistent than most of them, and somehow I don't find it tiresome. I—I think you may, Irick."

"And will you go to Weemsville and tell me how to restore the old-fashioned garden? Will you, Yvonne?"

"No, Irick. I think I shall boss that job myself."

And early that next May young Mrs. Irick Horton Weems was carrying out her promise.

COPYRIGHT BY A. R. PRATHER, PORTLAND, OREGON

A Lighthouse at Newport, Oregon

Quality in workmanship

YOU'VE seen houses that quickly needed repairs; maybe you've lived in one. Good design; good materials, poor workmanship.

Loose-leaf binders are sometimes like that; the main thing wrong with them is the workmanship.

We've been making binders for 35 years. Our materials are the best we can find; our designs are the result of experience. But our workmen—some of them have spent their working lives here; own their homes; good citizens of the community.

These men put craftsmanship into their work; precise; thorough. A Baker-Vawter binder is more than a device for holding sheets together; it's the product of patient, faithful skill; made to satisfy the craftsman and the user, not to meet a price.

Figuring cost per year, you'll probably find our binders are the least expensive you can buy; in fact, we know of Baker-Vawter binders in use consecutively for 25 and 30 years. We know of concerns who will have no other; your concern may be one of these.

We make binders for every possible need in business. We have the type that will fit your needs, and any of them will give you and your employes long and satisfactory service. We'd like to send you the complete story on these binders. The coupon will bring it without obligation.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators and Manufacturers Loose Leaf and Filing Equipment

General Offices: BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN

Manufacturing Plants at Holyoke, Mass. · Benton Harbor, Mich.
Kansas City, Mo. · San Francisco, Cal.

Our products are sold direct from factory to you. Service is rendered through our own offices in 55 cities. One is near you

Attach to your letterhead and mail

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY,
Benton Harbor, Mich.

We'd like to know more about your binders. Tell us.

Name _____

Kind of Business _____

The World's "Home Away From Home"

"The Waldorf-Astoria has played a worthy part in the social and industrial progress of America and become a landmark of unrivaled prominence in the city of New York. It is the best known hotel on earth."

Thomas Lipton

PRESIDENTS, Kings, Princes and Premiers have made The Waldorf their "home away from home." But the real reason for its world-wide fame is the personal, anticipatory service that leaves but little choice between the least expensive room and the most luxurious suite.

The Waldorf-Astoria

Fifth Avenue 33d and 34th Streets. New York

ROY CARRUTHERS, Managing Director

The part played by The Waldorf in the social and industrial progress of America is shared by the other hotels under the management of

BOOMER—DU PONT PROPERTIES CORPORATION

The BELLEVUE-STRATFORD PHILADELPHIA

The NEW WILLARD WASHINGTON

PIRATE BLOOD

Continued from Page 9

rocks, flivvers, summer visitors and a passionately modern Little Theater movement. He had not yet decided where he would go this summer

"Sound View!" bellowed the brakeman, sticking his head into the day coach. "Sound View!"

Adalbert grabbed the suitcase that contained his only pair of white flannel trousers, his white buckskin shoes, his pajamas, his toothbrush, and so on, and descended from the train. Immediately he caught sight of Letitia's car, parked beside the platform, and then of Letitia herself, in a white skirt and a pale-yellow sweater, with a jaunty little yellow hat pulled down over her eyes. How smart she was! How trim! How charmingly—prosaic!

"Letitia! Here I am! Hello!"

"Hello, Bertie!"

She called him Bertie. But on her lips the diminutive was not absurd. It was merely friendly.

"Awf'lly glad you could come," she said as they walked toward the car.

"So am I," said Mr. Kidder lightly.

"Want to drive?"

"No, thanks."

She laughed and settled herself at the wheel. Adalbert stretched out his legs luxuriously beside her. They whirled away, and in three minutes were rolling smoothly through the open country, a country magically unspoiled, magically virgin in spite of its concrete roads and its flaring signboards painfully reminiscent—to Adalbert—of this materialistic age.

"I'm giving a party tonight, Bertie," said Letitia.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Kidder.

"What's the matter?"

"I forgot to bring my dinner coat"

"You won't need it," she informed him. "This is going to be a pirate party."

"A pirate party?"

"Yes; I thought you'd enjoy it, so I—I mean, you're so crazy about pirates."

"What's the—the idea?" asked Adalbert cautiously.

"Well, you see, we're all going to dress up as pirates and hunt for treasure—in couples. The men will have little maps of the place, and wherever there's a cross they'll dig, and—you see, I've buried prizes."

"I see," said Adalbert.

"Don't you think it's clever of me?"

She glanced around at him. Her brown eyes smiled. Her pretty, pointed chin—slightly suggestive of the paternal jaw—was interrogative.

"Clever, yes," murmured Adalbert.

"I thought you'd like it," she said brightly.

As a matter of fact, he didn't like it. It seemed to him an unjustifiable frivolity, a belittling of sacred tradition. He was disappointed in Letitia. No doubt she had thought he would be pleased, but—there you were! That was the whole point about Letitia. She didn't understand. She simply didn't understand.

They turned in past the pretentious lodge that guarded the portals of the Goodwin estate. The lodge was inhabited, as Adalbert well knew, by a grouchy old family retainer named Haskins, who was called generally the captain. The captain had come honestly by his title. He had been a sailor and the master of ships in his day. Indeed, he still commanded the Cormorant, the Goodwin motor yacht, when on rare occasions that sleek and expensive plaything was loosed from her moorings in the Sound. He also was caretaker of the estate and—what was more important, to Mr. Kidder's mind at least—custodian of the museum, the room in which, together with other treasures of the sea, the collection of ships' models was housed. The captain was not a friendly soul. He regarded with suspicion any person who showed an interest in the models. He was particularly suspicious of Mr. Kidder—a suspicion which the latter automatically returned. But since the captain kept the key to the museum in his pocket, it was necessary to cultivate him.

The Goodwin place never failed to impress Adalbert. A massive screen of oak trees concealed the house from the road, and there were incidental clumps of pines along the drive, which wound gracefully among them. There was an artificial lake, used as a swimming pool, with a small artificial island in the center of it. There were extensive flower beds and masses of blossoming shrubbery. A well-conditioned lawn, swirling like a green sea about the rocks that thrust their gray shapes above the level of it, led up to the house, which stood low and hugely upon the ledges of the shore itself. Before the house stretched the placid waters of the Sound

Mrs. Goodwin greeted Adalbert, as usual, with mournful reminiscence.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr Kidder Poor Charles always said that you were the one bright spot in his life He used to say you were too good to be true."

"Mother darling," interrupted Letitia hastily, "have the costumes come?"

"Yes; I've had them put in the conservatory"

Letitia turned to Adalbert.

"Shall we go look at them?"

The young man hesitated. There was an ill-concealed hunger in his eyes.

"I should like ——" he began. "That is, if it isn't too late ——"

"Oh, yes, the museum, of course!" laughed Letitia. "I'll telephone for the key. But in the meantime ——"

"In the meantime ——" agreed Adalbert.

Letitia called the lodge and told Captain Haskins to fetch the key. Then she and Mr. Kidder went into the conservatory and opened the box of costumes she had ordered for her party.

"Here's yours," said Letitia, pulling out a pair of blue pantaloons and a blue jacket.

"I should prefer to wear red," replied Adalbert.

"Why?"

"I—I like it better," he evaded.

How could he explain to her that Captain Kidd always was described as a tall, nervous man in red velvet and lace?

"All right, red it is! Here's mine," said Letitia, displaying a collection of garments vividly black and orange. "Think I'll look dazzling?"

"Yes," said Adalbert. "But I've never heard of—of feminine pirates."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing," he murmured; "nothing."

Letitia had risen from her knees beside the box of costumes and had walked to the end of the conservatory, whose wide windows overlooked the Sound.

"Bertie!"

He came and stood beside her.

"Yes, Letitia?"

"When are you going to take your vacation?"

"In about two weeks."

"Where are you going?"

"I haven't decided. Somewhere on the Maine coast."

"I was thinking," said Letitia, "that mother and I might take a cruise in the Cormorant—to Bar Harbor and back. Mother needs the sea air. And I—I was wondering whether you wouldn't like to go with us."

"Why—why—that's very kind of you," stammered Adalbert. "But I really—I really couldn't. I'm planning to do some—some work during my vacation, and I ——"

"Oh, of course, if you don't want to."

"I do. I mean—I'd love to. Only, you see ——"

At this moment Captain Haskins entered the conservatory. He was a dour, grizzled man of sixty-five, with a face that looked as if it had been carved out of mahogany. His voice was a bass growl.

"My compliments, Miss Tishy, and here's the key."

"Ah," sighed Adalbert, "good evening, Captain Haskins."

"Evenin', sir," growled the captain.

"Come along," said Letitia.

She and Adalbert, closely followed by the captain, went through the conservatory and up a short flight of steps which led to an oak door constructed of ships' timbers. This door the captain unlocked; it opened on a long, narrow room set with iron-barred windows, through which the light of sunset came warmly, casting a pink glow. Along the walls, on stands built to accommodate them, were the models of the Goodwin collection.

The captain stood in the doorway. Adalbert, with Letitia, went straight to the rear wall where, on its pedestal, rested the precious model of Captain Kidd's sloop the Adventure Galley.

(Continued on Page 149)

ROLLIN

Why Buy a Car With Less?

Many authorities hold that an automobile without 4-wheel brakes is not abreast of the times.

Believing this also, we designed the new Rollin from the ground up with 4-wheel brakes—the same type as is found in the most expensive cars

Other experts state that balloon tires provide the last word in luxurious riding comfort. This is another advanced thought with which our engineers concur. Consequently the new Rollin comes equipped with the finest Firestone Balloon Tires.

Prominent engineers claim that the most efficient power plant ever designed is the European type motor. Rollin White believes likewise.

That is why he spent years in developing his latest Rollin motor, which is patterned after the high compressioned, light weight, highly efficient, European type power plants.

Force feed lubrication through drilled crankshaft is another big advantage

So that is also incorporated in the new Rollin—although usually found on only the higher priced automobiles.

Twenty-five to thirty miles per gallon of gasoline is not unusual with this car, due to Rollin White's new manifold and carburetor developments a step decidedly in advance of the times.

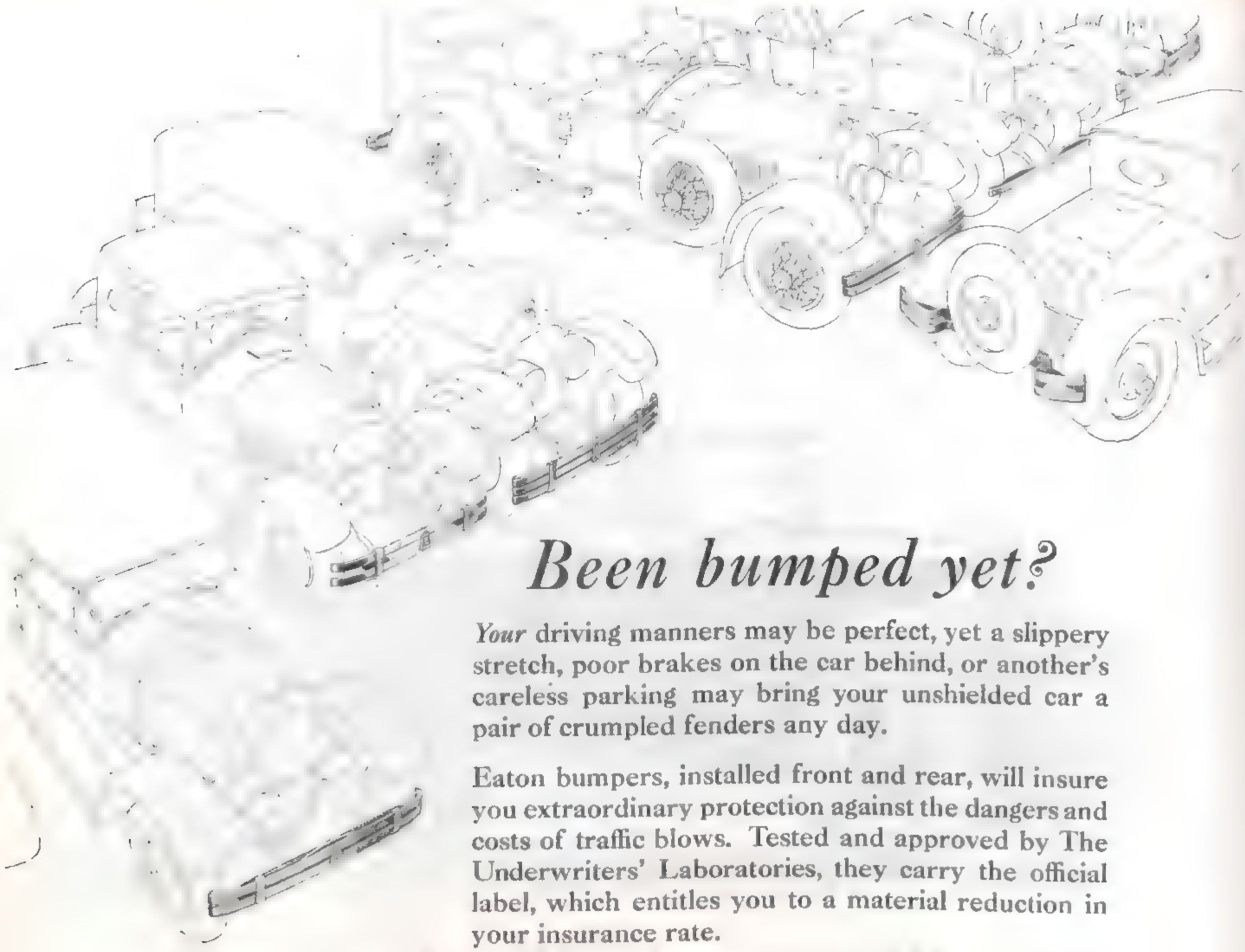
So why buy a car with less when in the Rollin you get so much more automobile for so much less money?

See the Rollin dealer in your town.

THE ROLLIN MOTORS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Touring Car De Luxe - -	$ 9[illegible]5
Three Seated Coupe Roadster	11[illegible]5
Five Passenger Sedan - -	127[illegible]5

Prices f. o. b. factory



Been bumped yet?

Your **driving manners may be perfect, yet a slippery stretch, poor brakes on the car behind, or another's careless parking may bring your unshielded car a pair of crumpled fenders any day.**

Eaton bumpers, installed front and rear, will insure you extraordinary protection against the dangers and costs of traffic blows. Tested and approved by The Underwriters' Laboratories, they carry the official label, which entitles you to a material reduction in your insurance rate.

Improved designs, coupled with the use of finest oil-tempered steel, give these good looking bumpers maximum cushioning power with minimum weight. Custom-built attachments insure a perfect fit on every make of car.

The EATON AXLE & SPRING COMPANY, CLEVELAND

EATON
AXLES

PERFECTION
SPRINGS

EATON

BUMPERS

(Continued from Page 146)

The Adventure Galley, two hundred and eighty-seven tons, thirty-four guns, William Kidd master!

Mr. Kidder gazed at the tiny vessel in profound meditation.

Letitia, for her part, gazed at him. And it may be that she began faintly to understand, for a smile, infinitely gentle, came presently to her lips. She put her hand on his arm.

"Does it mean so much to you?" she whispered.

"It means—it means——" he murmured helplessly.

From the doorway came the captain's hoarse growl.

"My compliments, Miss Tishy, and it's gettin' late."

The spell was broken. Adalbert, with Letitia's hand still on his arm, turned and walked slowly from the room.

The pirate party was a great success. Letitia had invited about twenty young people, most of whom Adalbert had met before and whom he personally thought silly. Adalbert, as the reader may have gathered, was a pretty serious-minded young man—a young man with a purpose. He looked down upon these sons and daughters of wealth as the very froth of a materialistic age.

But they had a gift for enjoying themselves, these frothy ones had. They plunged into Letitia's box of costumes—after a cocktail or two—with shrieks of delight, and proceeded to robe themselves at once, in the conservatory, tucking up skirts and trousers and putting on the habiliments of buccaneerdom cooperatively, so to speak. Adalbert was somewhat disturbed. He had never seen so many neatly turned, silk-stockinged girls' legs before—except in musical comedy—and it embarrassed him. However, he bore himself admirably, neither looking too much nor too little. He did not want to appear gauche; and, of course, seriously, he was above all this sort of thing. Adalbert Kidder was a young man living in the iridescent world of a dream.

When the costumes were on and the party was assembled, Letitia led them all out-of-doors and arranged them in couples. To each man she gave a lantern, a map of the place and a bright new garden hoe.

"Hunt till you find treasure!" she called, and the couples departed, shrieking. Adalbert had found that the shriek was the most current form of social expression.

Soon the lanterns were twinkling over the wide lawn and in the shrubbery. The still night air held voices, subdued and suddenly laughing; will-o'-the-wisp lanterns, flower smells, faint shrieks, laughter.

Letitia had chosen Adalbert as her partner. He, studying his map, discovered that they were to search the island in the center of the artificial lake. They went in that direction.

"You look stunning in that costume, Bertie," said Letitia.

July night, flower smells, the lingering exuberance of a cocktail—Mr. Kidder all at once felt reckless.

"So do you," he whispered, pressing her arm.

They climbed into a small flat-bottomed punt that was drawn up on the shore of the lake. Adalbert rowed. With half a dozen strokes they reached the island. He helped her out; her hand was warm in his.

In the center of the island was a tree, and at the foot of this tree—after another consultation of the map—Adalbert began to dig. As he drove the hoe into the soft sweet-smelling earth a certain excitement filled him. He knew that it was a fictitious excitement, but it was pleasant nevertheless. He could feel the urge of it in his blood.

"If this only was real!" he said to Letitia, holding the lantern above him.

"Keep on, Bertie. I think you'll strike treasure pretty soon." Her laugh floated off across the waters of the little lake. "I hope you'll like it."

The edge of the hoe struck something solid. He dropped to his knees beside the hole, and scraping away the dirt, lifted out a large wooden box stuffed with excelsior.

"Did you bury this all alone?" asked Adalbert.

"Oh, no; the captain helped me—under protest." Again she laughed; there was a strong fund of laughter in Letitia. "Pull out the excelsior," she directed.

He did so, and came finally to the heart of the treasure—a small leather box marked with the name of a famous jeweler. He opened it. The box contained an exquisite—and expensive—pearl scarfpin. He looked at it by the light of the lantern.

"Why, Letitia!" he exclaimed. "You—you shouldn't have given me anything so—nice! I——"

"Piff!" said the girl. "Don't you always find jewels when you dig for treasure? Besides, I wanted to give you—something nice."

"Well, I—I'm very much obliged," said Adalbert.

He looked at her kneeling beside him. How pretty she was, and how her eyes shone! The streak of light on her orange jacket seemed to exude a physical warmth; the glow of it enveloped her, flushing her smooth cheek and giving luster to her brown hair. She was very close to him. Adalbert put his arm around her waist. The slimness of it, the pliant yielding of her body intoxicated him. He kissed her.

"Bertie!" she murmured.

"Letitia!"

Then somehow they were sitting at the foot of the tree and Letitia was in his arms. From time to time Adalbert kissed her. It was a beautiful night, and he was only twenty-five.

But at the same time it must be said that in his heart and soul he was not committed to this adventure. Something within him deplored it.

"What," said this shadowy something—"what have you to do with this idle dalliance, this phantasmagoria of love? You do not belong to the froth of a materialistic age. Your life is pledged to greater projects. Beware! You are being betrayed. You are indulging, Adalbert Kidder, in nothing more nor less than a petting party!"

He had read of such things in the popular magazines. All magazine writers were united in condemning—at great length and in detail—the institution known as the petting party. And now he, Adalbert Kidder——

"What's the matter, Bertie?"

"I—I was sitting on a stone."

What if the ghost of his illustrious forbear, Captain Kidd, should come wandering through the night and catch him in this ignominious situation? He could imagine that tall, nervous figure in red velvet and lace standing vague in the shadows. He could see it. It looked at him with a reproachful eye. He gently withdrew his arm from Letitia's waist.

"Isn't it time we were getting back to the house?" he asked.

She looked up at him dreamily, with an odd little smile.

"It was for me to say that, Bertie. But since you've suggested it——"

She rose, and he with her. For a moment they stood facing each other, and then, in spite of the ghost of his forbear, Adalbert took her in his arms and kissed her once more.

"I shouldn't do this," he groaned.

"Why not?" demanded Letitia with feminine frankness. "Don't you like it?"

Adalbert did not know what to say, so he said nothing. He was dumb.

When they got back to the house they found the others just straggling in, with flickering lanterns, with faint shrieks, with exclamations over their treasures, with subdued and reminiscent laughter. Afterward there was a dance in the ballroom. Adalbert enjoyed this. He was grateful for the strong light and the protecting throng.

The next morning he slept late, and he was a long time dressing, so that it was quite noon before he came downstairs. He found Letitia having coffee on the wide stone veranda overlooking the Sound. He joined her.

"Where's your mother?" he asked somewhat nervously.

"She hasn't got back from church. What shall we do this afternoon, Bertie? Tennis? Or—loaf?"

"Whatever you like, Letitia."

"Then we'll loaf. I don't feel very strenuous. Did you have a good time last night?"

"Oh, yes," said Adalbert hastily. "Oh, yes . . . . You see, I've got on my stick pin. I—whenever I wear it I'll think of you, Letitia."

She smiled enigmatically. He was rather puzzled by her smile. He had a sense of apprehension not altogether unpleasant, but disturbing—extremely disturbing.

Half an hour later they were sitting on a bench in a remote corner of the Goodwin rose garden. It was a warm, sunny afternoon. The scent of roses was heavy on the air—an aroma of riches, the very smell of the Goodwin millions, infinitely seductive.

"You see, Bertie," said the girl, "I knew—I sort of felt you'd never propose to me, so I"—with a laugh—"so I had to propose to you."

Adalbert was silent a long time.

Finally he said, "Letitia, I—I'm sorry I kissed you last night, because I can't marry you. I can't—for two reasons."

"What are they?" she asked quickly.

"Well, one is because you're rich and I'm——"

"Oh, good Lord, Bertie! Don't be ridiculous! That might be a reason if I had only a little money. But I've got stacks of it—wads of it! Why, my income is almost a quarter of a million dollars a year! Now you know that that much simply doesn't count at all. You can't even imagine it."

"It does count," said Adalbert stubbornly.

(Continued on Page 152)

"Well—Hand Over That Map, My Lad, and I'll Show You What I'm Drivin' At"

DRAWN BY C. P. HELCK
for The Electric Storage Battery Company
Manufacturers of Exide Batteries

To stay in your car and out of the repair shop

When you get down to brass tacks, that's about all you ask from a battery.

You do want dependable, plentiful power whenever you need it, and you *don't* want worry and inconvenience and repair bills.

You don't want to be wearied with long, technical talks on battery construction, but *you do want to experience results.*

You don't want to be told—you want to be shown! Exide Batteries are made for such as you.

They are built to yield the maximum in time and dependability of service at a minimum in upkeep. Many thousands of the Exide Batteries now in use have been on the job for unbelievably long periods.

EXIDE PRICES are from $17.65 up, according to size and geographical location. You can get the right battery for your car at a nearby Exide Service Station.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

In Canada, Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, 133-157 Dufferin St., Toronto

Exide
BATTERIES

FOR YOUR RADIO

After you tune in some distant station, you want to get what you get with greatest clearness—and this means a storage battery with uniform current. There is an Exide Radio Battery made for each type of tube—A batteries for 2-volt, 4-volt and 6-volt tubes, and the 12-cell B battery. Exide Radio Batteries give uniform current over a long period of discharge and enable you to get the most out of your set. You can get an Exide at any Radio Dealer's or Exide Service Station.

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR

For Business: Ask for Shur-on Rimless Spectacles

For Sport: Ask for All Shelltex Shur-on Spectacles

For Dress: Ask for Shur-on Oxfords

You can't take style for granted!

YOU can't take it for granted when you select business suit, tuxedo or golf clothes.

You can't take style for granted when you buy glasses. Properly chosen, they contribute much to your personality and your *effectiveness*. Improperly chosen, they will be not only an annoyance, but a handicap to your appearance and your personality.

The sensible thing is to ask your optical specialist to fit you with Shur-on spectacles and eyeglasses appropriate for dress, work and play. Then you can see for yourself how Shur-ons agree with your personality and the occasion. For sixty years the name "Shur-on" has stood for quality and scientific precision. Look for it when you buy.

Shur-on

SPECTACLES & EYEGLASSES

SHUR-ON OPTICAL COMPANY, Inc.
Rochester, N. Y.
Established 1864

(Continued from Page 149)

"Well, what's the other reason?"

"That's not so easy to explain. But I - to tell you the truth, Letitia, I don't feel that I'll ever marry. I like you better—I mean, I think more of you than of any other girl I've ever known; but, you see, I've sort of—dedicated myself."

"Dedicated yourself?"

"Yes."

"To what?"

Adalbert's eyes were fixed on the garden walk.

"To to finding Captain Kidd's treasure."

"Bertie!"

"You can laugh if you want to. But I mean it. I know that somewhere along the coast—probably north of Boston—that treasure still lies buried, and I intend to find it. I feel that I will succeed. I feel it—in my blood."

Letitia looked at him, and her brown eyes were suppliant.

"Bertie, I understand, really I do; but—is it so important ——"

"It's the most important thing in my life!" he cried passionately.

She made a little gesture.

"All right then, that's that. But—we're still friends, aren't we?"

He caught her hand in his.

"Yes, Letitia, always."

"You'll come out to see me occasionally?"

"I will. I'll come as soon as I get back from my vacation."

"When did you say you were going?"

"In about two weeks."

"Two weeks." She got up from the bench abruptly. "I suppose you'll want to have another look at the Adventure before you go back to town."

"I should like to," confessed Adalbert.

"Come along then. We'll walk down to the lodge and get the key."

They walked down to the captain's quarters and induced him, after some persuasion, to part with the key. It was Letitia who persuaded him. The old sourbones apparently was helpless in her hands. He could have eaten Adalbert—gulped him down in one mouthful and thought nothing of it. For that matter, Adalbert could have eaten him, though hardly at one mouthful. It was extraordinary how completely the two distrusted each other—and on such slight acquaintance too.

To Mr. Kidder, that last glimpse of the Adventure Galley, resting jauntily upon her cradle blocks, was too precious for words. He stood silent, as always, before the miniature vessel, which was just two feet over all, yet which contained, for him, a world of associations. In imagination he saw the tiny hold crammed with treasure—silks and jewels from the Orient, bars of silver and gold, precious ornaments, pieces of eight! He peopled the toy decks with picturesque figures wearing cutlasses and muttering round oaths into their beards. And, on the raised poop, a single figure, distinctive, elegant, clothed in red velvet and lace.

"I don't like to remind you of it, Bertie. But—your train, you know."

It was Letitia, summoning him back to the world of materialistic reality. He sighed and relinquished his dream. But he could not shake off a certain emotional exaltation.

"Letitia," he said as they left the shrine, "yesterday you asked me what this meant to me. Today I think you must know."

"Yes, I know," said the girl, and for some reason she smiled.

Monday morning found Mr. Kidder back at his desk in the Broadway offices of the Stellar Six, and for the next week he was occupied with the distasteful commonplaces of life. His evenings he spent at home, planning his vacation. He would sit with the treasured cutlass across his knees and, notebook in hand, would consult various maps of the New England coast that he had collected. He had not yet decided where he would go—Adalbert was not a man to commit himself to decisions. In all things he depended chiefly upon inspiration to guide him.

He was in his room thus engaged one evening when there came a loud knock at the door. At the same time a rough and uncultured voice shouted "Kidder?"

Adalbert jumped up and, hastily concealing the cutlass, opened the door. An expressman confronted him, a large and businesslike expressman, who bore in his arms a mysterious wooden crate.

"Kidder?"

"Yes, I am Kidder."

"Fine! I t'ought mebbe it was a joke. . . . Sign here."

Adalbert signed. The expressman put the receipt in his cap and departed whistling. Adalbert stood staring at the mysterious crate. There was a tag on it and he looked at the tag. It informed him that the mystery was from Miss L. Goodwin, Sound View, Connecticut. A subtle excitement that was more than curiosity seized him. He took his cutlass and pried off the top boards of the crate. There, wedged into a protecting mass of newspapers, was the model of the Adventure Galley.

How—why—what—was it for him? Had Letitia sent him this rare treasure as a gift? Perhaps there was a note

He carefully, with trembling hands, lifted the model from the box. Yes, there was a letter. It was fastened to the foremast with a bit of pink ribbon—how like Letitia! He read:

Dear Bertie: I am sending you the Adventure model because it means so much more to you than it could ever mean to mother or me. Please accept it with our love. I'm sure that father would want you to have it. Mother agrees with me in this.

As always,
LETITIA

Adalbert was almost overcome with emotion. He could hardly credit his good fortune. He stood holding the model in his arms, as a fond parent might hold a newborn baby and, gazing about the room, wondered where to place his treasure. Instinctively he moved toward the bed; but that was impractical. He couldn't very well sleep with it. The mantel offered the most logical solution, but he rather disliked the idea. It had ornamental implications. Later, perhaps, but ——

Suddenly he was seized by an impulse - an irresistible impulse. A whimsical smile, ingenuous and youthful, drew up the corners of his lips.

"I'm going to!" he said aloud. "I'm simply going to!"

He went to the door and peered up and down the hall. No one was about and the door of the bathroom stood ajar. Quickly, and with a sense of delight that was almost guilt, he stole through the hall and into the bathroom, with the model in his arms.

He locked the door and filled the bathtub with water. Then solemnly, delightedly, he launched the Adventure Galley. The model floated bravely in the tub. He gave it a little push. It traveled beautifully through the water until its bowsprit touched the porcelain. He drew it back and pushed it forward again.

Nothing that he had ever done in all his life before had given him so much pleasure. He remained locked in the bathroom for half an hour navigating the gallant Adventure. At the end of that time he thought it discreet to withdraw, but he promised himself that he would repeat this ceremony again and again.

"Ships are meant to be floated," he told himself. "What if it is only a bathtub? To a person of imagination ——"

Adalbert Kidder was a rare being. Yes, he was. At twenty-five he still retained the glorious mental prerogative of childhood, the ability to pretend and to make that pretense real. He had the eternal child mind. He could ignore the cold facts of life with a completeness that would have done credit to a poet or a clergyman.

But this queer restless old world has a way now and then of producing facts that are stranger and more thrilling than any pretense—facts that are compelling; facts that cast into the shade the most extravagant fictions of the child mind. It was so in the case of Adalbert Kidder.

He had floated the Adventure, say, half a dozen times when the thing happened. It happened on a Saturday night, the night before he was to set forth on his vacation.

He had spent the early part of the evening packing his suitcase. He had put in, as a starter, his beloved cutlass—thank heaven it fitted into the bag—he had put in his shirts, his flannel trousers, his white buckskin shoes and an old suit that he intended to wear while prospecting for treasure. He had got to the point of wondering how much he had forgotten to put in, which, as everyone knows, is the precise point in packing where one's morale breaks down, when he thought suddenly, "I'll have a last fling at the bathtub with the old Adventure."

So he sneaked into the bathroom, filled the tub with water and launched the little vessel. He had made a small flag of white cloth on which he had painted the conventional skull and crossbones. This flag, cut out of an old handkerchief, he now ran up to the foretruck. He blew on it so that it would flutter. It fluttered and he was happy. He laughed.

For the next twenty minutes he had a glorious time. He imagined himself a pirate captain. He saw himself as Captain Kidd. Presently he became curiously merged in that of his forbear attacking some East India treasure ship belonging, say, to the Great Mogul. It was this engagement which the apologists for Captain Kidd had tried to explain away. They said he had been forced into piracy by his men.

"A lie, a lie!" cried Adalbert, making waves in the bathtub with his hand. "As if my ancestor could ever have been anything but a pirate! He was born to it. It was his destiny, just as it is my destiny to prove his fame!"

He began to let loose a string of round sea oaths against the enemy. Whether these oaths were intended for the seamen of the Great Mogul, the ancestral apologists or Adalbert's contemporaries of this materialistic age doesn't matter. He loosed them, and loosed them so violently that Mrs. Buttersworth soon came pounding at the bathroom door.

"Mr. Kidder, Mr. Kidder; Lord sakes, is that you?"

A moment of silence; then—"Yes, Mrs. Buttersworth, it's me."

"What are you a-doin' in there, Mr. Kidder? Takin' a bath or committin' suicide, I'd like to know."

"I—I'm not committing suicide, Mrs. Buttersworth."

"Well, I wisht you'd hurry up and get out of there, Mr. Kidder. Third Floor Rear says she's heard langwidge a-comin' up through the floor that would of exploded her alcohol stove if she hadn't of went and put the cover onto it."

A sigh floated through the bathroom transom.

"Very well, Mrs. Buttersworth, I'll be out in a minute."

The landlady replied that it was a hard world, which was irrelevant, and went stumping back downstairs. Mr. Kidder, when the field was clear, lifted the Adventure Galley from the water, pulled the stopper out of the tub and dashed back to his own room. He had just entered it, carrying the model in his hands, when he heard something drop to the floor. He glanced down and saw lying on the carpet a small piece of wood about six inches long. Examination proved that the piece of wood had fallen from the Adventure's keel.

"That's funny," said Adalbert. "The keel must have been put on in sections—mortised together. The water has caused the wood to swell and has loosened the joints."

This explanation was simple enough. But as he lifted the Adventure Galley to its place on the mantelshelf something else dropped from the little vessel's hull. Adalbert saw this something vaguely, felt it touch his chest as it fell, heard it strike the tile hearth with a faint ring. He gave a cry, and falling to his knees snatched up the strange object.

It was a small silver tube, so tarnished as to be almost black, with a screw top that once apparently had been sealed. Some flakes of sealing wax still clung to the metal. Adalbert sat crouched on his haunches, clutching the miraculous tube. Good God! How long ago —— Wait! He must think—he must be calm.

The model of the Adventure Galley had been made by one of Kidd's men—one of his crew condemned to be hanged with him—while lying in prison awaiting execution. That was in 1700 or 1701. Two hundred and twenty-two years ago!

For a moment Adalbert was overcome by the mere weight and dignity of elapsed time. That little tube was almost nine times as old as he was! Almost nine times ——

"Merciful heaven!" he exclaimed suddenly. "What's that got to do with it? Open the tube, you idiot!"

He tried to unscrew the top. It was stuck and wouldn't turn. He twisted and twisted at it—then all at once it started; he twirled it in his fingers; it came off.

He shook out into his hand a tightly rolled and very ancient piece of silk, perhaps six inches square. This he unrolled and stared at while the color drained slowly from his face.

"I knew it," said Adalbert, speaking calmly, though his teeth chattered; "I knew it. It's exactly what I'd expected to have happen to me. . . . My own ancestor! I knew it!"

(Continued on Page 154)

Airplane view of Watertown, N. Y.

The Lengthened Shadow

SOMEWHERE to-night, in a quiet home, a young man will sit down beside a friendly lamp and dedicate precious hours to self-improvement.

He is one man, and yet he is many men. For wherever ambition dwells—wherever men go home from their work resolved to learn more about that work—wherever the desire for achievement is most keen—there, too, you will find the inspiring and inspired figure of the student before the lighted lamp.

In Boston, a prominent architect of 1930 or 1935 will touch his drawing pencil to paper for the first time. In New Orleans or San Francisco, a young man with inventive genius will study the rules and formulae that will help him glimpse the vision of his first great discovery. In New York an advertising man will write his first copy. A farm boy in Iowa will work out the engineering mathematics that will some day enable him to build a great tunnel. In Cleveland or Philadelphia or Detroit, a chemist will hold his first test tube to the light. In Chicago, the potential president of a great manufacturing company will study his first lessons in accounting and business management.

For thirty-two years, ambitious men and women have been studying just so through the International Correspondence Schools. They have given their spare time to a sincere study of their work, and by reason of this preparation and training have not only brought success to themselves, but have made a definite contribution to the progress of the organization in which they work and the community in which they live.

For as every institution is the lengthened shadow of one man, so every community is the far flung shadow of many men.

It is not only interesting but surprising to check over the names of leading men in any business or any city, and find how many of them laid the foundations for successful careers through home study with the International Correspondence Schools. In almost any city or town in the United States you will find that these schools have taken an important part in training the individuals whose success is reflected in the prosperity of that community.

Take, for example, Watertown, N. Y.—the home of important manufacturing interests—and, significantly enough, the richest city of its size in the United States.

In the panel at the right are the names of some of the representative men in just this one city who at one time or another have secured special training through spare-time study with the International Correspondence Schools.

Such a list of men and the positions they occupy is a tribute to the practical value of the instruction they received and an indication, too, of what the International Correspondence Schools are doing everywhere in developing men—real men—capable men—for the larger positions in business and in life.

Prominent students of the International Correspondence Schools in Watertown, N. Y.

ROBERT E. CAHILL
Mayor
Jan. 1, 1920 to Jan. 1, 1924. Partner Watertown Engine and Machine Co.

HARRY C. KINNE
City Commissioner
Assistant Sales Manager
Bagley & Sewall Co.

HENRY EAGER
City Commissioner
President, Eager Electrical Company

R. A. WETTERHAHN
City Commissioner
Manager, North Side Branch
Jefferson County National Bank

CHARLES E. DEWEY
Architect and Civil Engineer

WARREN J. GREEN
President
Warren J. Green, Inc.

CHARLES E. OLLEY
Vice President
Buck Terminal, Inc.

JOHN GALLAGHER
Foreman
Machine Shop
Bagley & Sewall Co.

JAMES W. MUNRO
Advertising Counsel

GEORGE A. FAIRBANKS
Designing Engineer
Bagley & Sewall Co.

ALVIN D. FOX
Foreman
Pattern Department
Bagley & Sewall Co.

P. F. CHAMBERS
City Assessor
Bagley & Sewall Co.

CARROLL L. THOMPSON
Assistant Treasurer
Bagley & Sewall Co.

WILLIAM P. DARBY
Engineer and Manager
H. H. Babcock Co.

J. D. CARTIN
General Superintendent
New York Air Brake Company

GEORGE H. TOMPKINS
Chief Electrician
New York Air Brake Company

D. D. KIEFI
Architect

GEORGE F. PHILLIPS
City Assessor

EDWIN F. MARTIN
Chief Draftsman
Bagley & Sewall Co.

CLARENCE E. KINNE
Secretary and Chief Engineer
Bagley & Sewall Co.

CLARENCE C. SMITH LL.B.
Managing Secretary
Watertown Chamber of Commerce

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Scranton, Pennsylvania

Offices in leading cities of the United States and Canada, and throughout the world

MOTORISTS ARE FINDING THAT SAME 36 YEAR QUALITY *in* DUNLOP BALLOONS

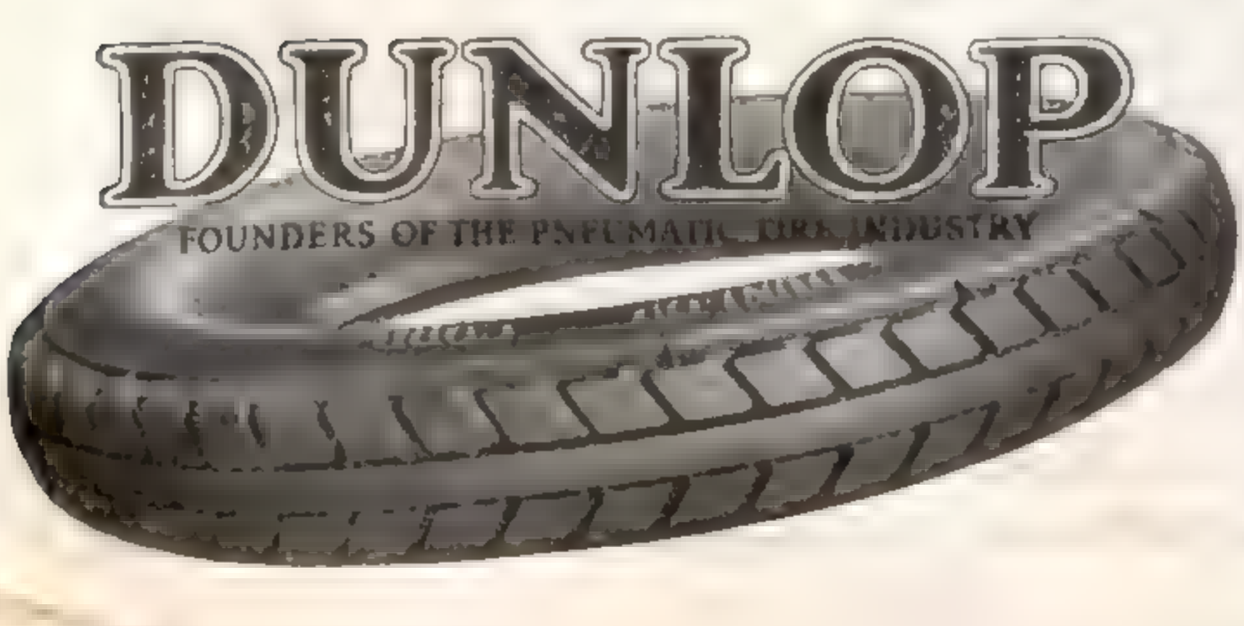
This automobile, in the service of the Dunlop experimental division, was one of the first, if not the first car in the world to be equipped with true balloon tires.

IT is only natural that the many people, who have found extra miles in Dunlop Cords, should turn to Dunlop, in choosing the latest development in transportation, the balloon tire.

Into the making of Dunlop Balloons, goes the ripe experience of 36 years of tire-building.

Balloons made in the ninth and greatest Dunlop plant, at Buffalo, N. Y., have earned their right to the name Dunlop.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO.,
Buffalo, N. Y.



(Continued from Page 152)

On the square of silk was drawn crudely the map of an island and in the margin below it was printed in childish letters "W. K. his Tresure."

Adalbert sat down in a chair with the map in his hand. He sat there a long time. If the contents of his mind had been spilled out just then the resulting jumble would have registered something like this:

"'W. K., his Tresure.' Of course! I told you so, Mrs. Buttersworth. . . . No, I won't get out. I have as much right in the bathroom Captain Kidd himself made that model! Yes, yes! And drew the map, and concealed it—oh, so cleverly!—in the hull of the Adventure. . . . His own handiwork! You tell Third Floor Rear for me, Mrs. Buttersworth, that she can go to hell. . . . Lucky I thought of floating the model in the bathtub, otherwise that section of the keel might never have come loose. Pure luck, that! Lucky, too, that I'm all packed—cutlass and everything—to go away on my vacation."

What was that bit of cloth in his hand? Oh, yes, the map! Good heavens! Had he forgotten it? What was he thinking of? He must study it. He must act. He must form an expedition. But if he formed an expedition that would mean to include others. He didn't want to include others. Not that he cared so much about the actual treasure. It was the honor of the thing—the principle, not the principal.

Still, he mustn't overlook that either. There'd probably be a good deal of treasure—a million dollars' worth at least. At 6 per cent the interest on a million dollars would be sixty thousand per annum. Five per cent was safer. What was the use of being greedy?

"I can live very nicely on fifty thousand a year," decided Adalbert.

What would he do with it? He would repaper this room for one thing. . . . No, he would give most of it away. He would slip hundred-dollar notes into the hands of deserving persons who were on the verge of suicide and say, with a deprecatory smile, "It's nothing. I have more than I need. Take it, and God bless you!"

He often had wondered why rich people didn't do such things.

He would buy a hotel for Mrs. Buttersworth, the entire top floor of which he would reserve for his own use. Every now and then he would give little dinners—on the roof—for Letitia and her mother—for Letitia.

He owed everything to Letitia. He must not forget that. If she, in her friendly innocence, her generosity, had not sent him the model of the Adventure he never would have been able to float it in the bathtub, and if he hadn't floated it in the bathtub——

The map! He must study the map! Spreading out the bit of silk on his writing desk, he bent over it intently. The drawing was that of an island roughly elliptical in shape and apparently uneven in profile, as suggested by parallel wavy lines sketched across the top of it. The lower part was roughly lettered, "Sand Beech." To the left of the beach a point of rocks thrust out into the water, which was marked at this point by a symbolic anchor.

"Evidently the harbor," commented Adalbert.

The treasure was plainly indicated by a cross placed against the second convolution in the lower wavy line. What the cache consisted of, or how valuable it might be, Adalbert, of course, could not tell. His forbear had made the map merely to refresh his own memory. He had not been taking an inventory for the purpose of figuring out his income tax.

The thing that puzzled Adalbert chiefly, however, was the actual location of the island itself. Latitude and longitude were given in degrees, minutes and seconds, to be sure; but Adalbert possessed no map to which he could refer thus exactly. He made a rough calculation which informed him, not very satisfactorily, that the island was somewhere off the coast of Maine.

It was not far from the mainland. That much was certain, because to the left, or to westward of the island, appeared a diagonal line along which were printed the words: "Shor of Com. Mas."

What "Shor of Com. Mas." might be, Adalbert could not guess. But why try to guess? Why not go to bed and, as one undressed, resort to logic—and inspiration—both of which are most readily invoked at such moments?

"I will be logical," said Adalbert, taking off his shirt. "I will go over in my mind the movements of Captain Kidd and the various incidents of his career which might tend to throw light upon the location of the island. . . . This shirt is absolutely ruined. They have a special machine at the laundry called a mangler which chops up gentlemen's shirt fronts. . . . In the first place, William Kidd's father was a nonconformist minister. But I doubt whether that has any bearing on the matter. . . . Let me see. In 1696 the captain sailed in the sloop Adventure under a commission bearing the Lord Chancellor's great seal to hunt down pirates and Frenchmen. Pirates and Frenchmen—ha!

"He was to divide his profits among a syndicate including the Lord Chancellor, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretary of State, the governor of New York and the King of England, whom personally I shall never consider worthy of having worn the British crown.

"Yes, you darn socks free of charge! Look at that, you bozos! The whole heel—you might just as well have kept the remains.

"In July, 1699, Captain Kidd returned to Boston, relying upon the false assurances of protection offered by the dastardly Earl of Bellomont, governor of New York and Massachusetts.

"Ah!" cried Adalbert, interrupting his own train of thought. "That's it! 'Shor of Com. Mas.' means shore of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

But that was contrary to his calculation, and most confusing: He decided, like a wise man, to sleep on his confusion. He slept soundly that night. His first thought on arising was, "The island is located off the New England coast. That's sure—and just as I had always supposed it would be. Evidently my forbear stopped to bury his treasure before surrendering himself to the dastardly Earl of Bellomont."

Adalbert's second thought was that he must catch the ten o'clock train to Sound View. He must see Letitia, and that as soon as possible. He dressed, closed and strapped his suitcase, put on his new straw hat, and stepping rather solemnly into the hall locked the door of the bedroom behind him.

"I'm off," murmured Adalbert, thrilled.

On his way downstairs he met Mrs. Buttersworth.

"So you're a-goin' away on your vacation, Mr. Kidder?"

"Yes, Mrs. Buttersworth, I am."

The motherly landlady looked at him, her head on one side, like a canary's—no, like a pelican's.

"I dunno, Mr. Kidder, I swear I dunno why it is, but I got a sort of a feelin'."

"I dare say you have, Mrs. Buttersworth. It's probably the pancakes you served for dinner last night. They were awful."

"Were they so? Well, it ain't the pancakes, if you want to know. It's another kind of a feelin' entirely. It's a feelin' I have that I'd like to kiss you, Mr. Kidder."

"What? Really, Mrs. Buttersworth, I appreciate your—but I mean, I ——"

"I had the same sort of feelin' the day my last husband fell off a street car and was killed by three taxicabs runnin' over him one after the other. At Forty-fourth Street and Broadway it was, Mr. Kidder, and I couldn't do a thing about it, nor collect a cent of insurance on account the yellow light was on. He should of waited for the green."

"Undoubtedly, Mrs. Buttersworth, but ——"

"I feel the same way about you, Mr. Kidder. You're so reckless and innocent you just go a-hoppin' off on your vacation without a single thought for what might be a-waitin' for you in the shadders of the future, so to speak."

"Well, I know something that won't wait for me," cried Adalbert. "And that's my train!"

He darted for the door, but the motherly soul stepped in front of him and, since there was a good deal of her, all told, received his charge upon her resilient bosom. Adalbert felt himself clasped, amazingly pillowed, kissed! It was like being embraced by a feather bed.

"Good-by, Mrs. Buttersworth!" he exclaimed forcibly, and dashing about the lady's right flank ran out of the house.

"Good-by, Mr. Kidder! Take care of yourself. . . . Look out for that automobile!" shrieked the landlady a moment later as she stood on the stoop watching

(Continued on Page 157)

Are your feet good "collateral"?

STEP up to the counter, shove a lot of ruddy health and vitality towards your banker—and your loan is half made. The best "collateral" in the world is a clean, hard-fighting man—a man who goes through with things, a man who measures up to every emergency!

Men who stand well with bankers today are chaps who have snap in their eyes, vigor in their attitude, spring in their step. The "go-getters"—with clear heads, ready bodies and active feet—are the fellows who put over the "front-page" deals.

They are wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe, the shoe with a real "chassis," because they have learned that this shoe gives the correct natural support for the delicately-formed weight bearing structure of the foot. They also have found that this shoe does not cramp the bones, nerves or blood vessels. And they have attained a new and greater foot usefulness, a foot happiness, that often means the difference between winning out and failing.

The Arch Preserver Shoe supports the foot where support is needed, yet it bends freely in the forepart, the only place the foot itself bends. And there is smart appearance, too. Perfect style, fine leathers and precise workmanship.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Look for this Trade-Mark
on sole and lining

The genuine Arch Preserver Shoe for men is made only by E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass., and for women by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio

THE JUST WRIGHT SHOE

is also an E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., product

E. T. WRIGHT & COMPANY, INC.

Department S-15, Rockland, Massachusetts

Makers of the "Just Wright" Men's Fine Shoes since 1876

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

The Man's Styleful Shoe on a Real Chassis

Send for this booklet

Your feet can help you to a bigger, better success! Or, they can hinder you. Send for the booklet "The Footpath to Success" and read about how to make your feet help. Straight-from-the-shoulder facts about foot comfort. Write today.

E. T. Wright & Company, Inc.
Dept. S-15, Rockland, Mass.

Gentlemen: Please send me your booklet, "The Footpath to Success." I want to learn about the real "chassis" in the Arch Preserver Shoe.

Name

Address

City State

Stutz Speedway Six

THE CAR THAT MADE GOOD IN A DAY
STUTZ
The Sign of the Genuine

Built Well— Sold Right

THE time has come for plain speaking concerning the buying and selling of motor cars. The man or woman who seeks primarily unreasonable trading allowances, the buyer dazzled by glittering superficialities, should not reckon with the Stutz.

Stutz Speedway Four

Stutz motor cars are sold on the basis of sane and safe merchandising, just as they are built to conform to standards of engineering which cannot be questioned.

There are in Stutz prices no hidden trading margins. You get a just price for your old car and full value in your new car when you patronize a Stutz dealer.

Any Stutz dealer will gladly show you to a penny what his profits are on the Stutz you buy and an investigation will convince you that they are wholly consistent with the splendid quality of the merchandise he places in your hands.

Perhaps you, along with other thousands, have not realized that today you can own a Stutz—a genuine Stutz—for as little as $1995, f. o. b. Factory. "Never were cars so fine priced so low."

Stutz Special Six

From
$1995
to
$3785
f. o. b. Factory

14 Models
3 Chassis

Fourteen body types. Three exclusive chassis. Scores of notable mechanical advancements. Lockheed-type 4-wheel Hydraulic brakes and Air Cushion tires optional at a slight extra charge.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY of AMERICA, *Inc.*
Builders of the Original and Genuine Stutz Motor Cars
Indianapolis, Ind.

STUTZ SIXES

(Continued from Page 154)

Mr. Kidder cross the street. "Oh, my Lord! If he wasn't a'most run over—by a hearse!"

Letitia thought at first that Adalbert was joking.

"You know perfectly well you're making up every word of it," she said as she leaned back in a wicker porch chair.

It was a glorious morning. The sun shone brightly. The waters of the Sound, ruffled by a slight breeze, lapped the rock at the foot of the veranda wall. Letitia was happy. She had not expected to see Bertie for two weeks more at least, and now here was Bertie actually sitting on the porch beside her.

"Making it up, am I? Well, then, look at this!"

He drew from his pocket the tarnished silver tube; took from it—slowly and impressively—the precious square of silk on which was drawn the map of Captain Kidd's island and handed it to Letitia.

The girl stared at the map, then at him.

"Why, Bertie!" she said. Then she sat up, clutching his arm. "Bertie, it can't be! You don't think —— What does it mean?"

"It means," he answered impressively, "that I am right. There is a treasure, and I'm to be the one to discover it. That may seem like mere coincidence to you, Letitia. But I assure you it's not. There's a kind of law about such things, I firmly believe."

"So do I," agreed Letitia. "I really do, Bertie. It would be too uncanny to have such a thing just happen."

"Nothing happens. Everything is the result of some logical process," announced Adalbert seriously.

Letitia sighed. There was something about Adalbert when he was serious that made her heart ache.

"It's wonderful, Bertie! If you find that treasure you'll be a rich man."

"Possibly. But you—of course, you must accept your share of it, Letitia."

"I? Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort! Not one penny, or—Spanish doubloon."

"We'll discuss that later," said Adalbert. "The immediate problem is to find out just where the island is, and then ——"

"Don't you know where it is?"

"Not exactly."

"Then how are you going to discover it?"

"The latitude and longitude are given," explained Adalbert; "but there's some mistake. I haven't been able to work it out."

"Why not consult the captain?" suggested Letitia.

"Captain Haskins?"

"Yes; he's been a sailor all his life. He could figure it out for you in no time."

Adalbert considered this proposition.

"No," he said finally, "I don't think we'd better."

"Why not?"

"Well, I — " Mr. Kidder hesitated. He did not want to tell Letitia that he distrusted the captain. He said, "Well, I don't think it's wise to include too many people in this affair."

"Perhaps you're right," mused Letitia. "I only thought it would save time. Of course we needn't let the captain know the map's genuine. We could copy it—on paper—and pretend we'd got it out of a book. Really, that isn't a bad idea."

"It's a wonderful idea!" cried Adalbert, who, to tell the truth, had no heart for the mathematics of the business. He felt instinctively, as most high-minded persons do, that there is something vulgar, something slightly degrading in any contact with mathematics. So they got to work with pencil and paper and copied the map.

"Just think," said Letitia, "only two weeks ago I was doing this same thing for a perfectly silly reason—my party! And now I'm doing it in earnest. Do you think that's coincidence, Bertie?"

"I do not," replied the latter. "I believe that you were influenced ——"

"Influenced?"

"Yes." Adalbert looked deeply into her eyes. "I'll tell you something, Letitia. I—as a rule I don't believe in ghosts; but that night on the island—do you remember?"

Letitia nodded, blushing.

"I've kept the map we used that night," she confessed softly.

"Well, I distinctly saw that night—in the shrubbery—a tall, nervous figure in red velvet and lace."

"Oh, Bertie! How awful! Who was it?"

"The ghost of my forbear."

"You mean—Captain Kidd?"

"Captain Kidd."

"I see," murmured Letitia with relief. She had been rather indiscreet that night. She was glad it was only a ghost that Adalbert had seen in the shrubbery. "And you think"—she asked—"you think that he——"

"I think that he, or his spirit, has had a hand in all this," stated Mr Kidder solemnly.

"Do you really, Bertie?"

"Yes, I do. Because, look, you never can tell what forces are vibrating around you in the air. The whole trouble with us nowadays is that we're living in a materialistic age which acts as a nonconductor for the forces that are vibrating around us in the air. So we don't feel them. But we're influenced by them all the same."

"I believe you're right," said Letitia thoughtfully. "I sort of felt something while I was copying this map just now—a kind of electric quiver that seemed to shoot up through the pencil into my hand."

"Honestly, Letitia?"

"Yes, honestly."

"Do you think it was a warning?"

"Oh, no; it didn't feel like a warning. . . . Shall I take the map to the captain, or will you?"

"I think you'd better take it to him. You know him. I mean ——"

"All right," said Letitia.

Adalbert walked with her from the house to the entrance lodge where the dour old captain lived. Letitia went in alone. She reappeared a few minutes later, giggling.

"He says it's all dumb foolishness, but to come back in a few minutes and he'll have it worked out."

"You didn't tell him it was a real treasure map?"

"Oh, no!"

Adalbert said nervously, "I have a feeling that perhaps we shouldn't have made a duplicate."

"It's all right, Bertie. Really, it is. The captain's quite safe. . . . Come look at my new rose garden."

They wandered off to the garden, but Adalbert had never been less interested in roses. In fifteen minutes they were back at the lodge, and this time both entered the captain's living room.

The old sea dog greeted Adalbert with a gruff and hostile "Mornin', sir." To Letitia he said, "My compliments, Miss Tishy, and from my reckonin' this here island is a-located in Buffam's Bay offen the coast of Maine."

"That's what I thought. But it isn't," objected Adalbert. "It's located off the coast of Massachusetts. It says so on the map."

"So I see," growled the captain; "so I see. 'Shor of Com. Mas.' It didn't take me long to figger that out." He paused, seemingly at a loss; then glared belligerently at Adalbert. "Jest the same, accordin' to my reckonin' ——"

"Wasn't Maine a part of Massachusetts in those days?" suddenly asked Letitia.

The captain's face brightened.

"So it was, Miss Tishy. By gorry, so it was!"

"In that case ——" cried Adalbert excitedly, but Captain Haskins interrupted with a kind of roar.

"In that case this here island is one I've passed a hundred times, fishin' out o' Buffam's Bay, and I know it well, Miss Tishy. The name of it is Sandy Island, or jest the Sandpile, and I could go to it with both my eyes shut and one hand tied behind me, so help me!"

"Oh, but no one's going to it," hastily dissembled Adalbert.

"No," murmured Letitia. "We just wanted to know where it was—out of curiosity."

"Well, my compliments, Miss Tishy, and that's where it is. The Sandpile, Buffam's Bay, Maine, and I'll take my dyin' oath on it."

"Thank you, Captain Haskins."

When they got back to the house Adalbert said, "I must make my plans to go at once."

"To Buffam's Bay?"

"Yes."

Letitia had an idea.

"Tell you what let's do, Bertie. Let's go in the yacht—in the Cormorant."

Adalbert gently declined the invitation.

"If you don't mind, Letitia, I'd rather go alone."

"Oh, all right. Then you can have the Cormorant. I'll stay home."

"Letitia, you're a dear. I appreciate your sacrifice; indeed, I do. But I think it would be much better if I went by train to

FIXED~with a file!

FITTING a door catch is merely one of the thousand-and-one household jobs Mr. Handyman finds for a file.

With a file, he restores an edge to cutting implements—saws, shears, the lawn mower and garden tools. With a file, he levels warped edges on screen doors. Keeps contact points and spark plugs in his motor car clean.

He finds frequent use for Mill, Round, Half-round, Slim Taper and NICHOLSON Tungsten Point Files. Experience has taught that best results are possible only with the *right* file.

When buying files Mr. Handyman specifies "NICHOLSON" — the preferred brand among experienced file users for over sixty years. He relies on his Hardware Dealer for NICHOLSON Files and the *exact* files he needs. —A good example to follow!

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

NICHOLSON U.S.A. (TRADE MARK)

NICHOLSON FILES
~a File for Every Purpose

Buffam's Bay and and managed things from there. You see, if I went in the yacht I'm afraid there'd be— I mean I'd have to take other people into my confidence. And the most essential thing about hunting buried treasure, Letitia, is to keep your plans dark—absolutely dark—till the last moment."

"I suppose you're right," sighed the girl. "You know more about it than I do. But I would like to be there to see you dig up the treasure."

Adalbert reflected.

"Well, I'll tell you, Letitia. I'll leave tomorrow—Monday morning. You start Wednesday morning in the Cormorant. By the time you reach the Sandpile I'll certainly have located the treasure. Then well, I'll promise not to dig it up till you come. At least I'll promise not to look at it."

"Oh, Bertie, how awfully nice of you!"

"There may be a good deal of it to handle," Mr. Kidder went on. "If there is, the Cormorant will come in handy. . . . Yes, I think that's the thing to do."

"I'm sure it is!" beamed Letitia. "Now hadn't you better telephone about your train? I'm going to run back down to the lodge for a moment. I want to ask the captain whether he can get the Cormorant ready by Wednesday."

II

ADALBERT spent the night at the Goodwins'. At breakfast the next morning he heard a bit of news that gave him a decided shock. He heard that the captain had left the premises. The old sea dog had gone very suddenly to visit an ailing sister who lived in Boston. It was Mrs. Goodwin, Letitia's mother, who gave Adalbert this information.

"The captain came to me last night and told me his sister was sick. Said he'd had a telegram from Boston. Of course, I told him to go. I think he left on the midnight. . . . Will you have a pop-over, Mr. Kidder?"

"No, thank you," said Adalbert.

He seldom ate breakfast; and besides, he was too disturbed to eat. He had only some oatmeal, some scrambled eggs and bacon, a trifle of sausage, some plain toast and coffee. His appetite had been practically ruined by the news he had just heard. He wished that Letitia would come down.

Letitia came. She entered the breakfast room looking like a girl from a magazine cover—a midsummer-magazine cover. That was what Adalbert thought, and to Adalbert nothing could have been more complimentary.

Secretly, he always had intended, when he married, to marry a magazine cover that is, a girl who looked like one. But good heavens, he was never going to marry! Why should he waste thought on such irrelevancies when there were serious matters, such as the captain's disappearance, to discuss?

Letitia was quite as surprised as Adalbert at the news; but she was not so upset.

"Oh, well," she said, attacking her grapefruit, "what's the difference? I'll have to get Johnson, the first officer, to run the Cormorant. That's all."

"Are we going on a cruise, Tishy dear?" timidly asked Mrs. Goodwin.

"Yes, darling; on Wednesday. I forgot to tell you."

"You always do," murmured the meek lady, and, sighing profoundly, stole away from the table.

"Letitia," said Adalbert, helping himself to a cup of coffee and a pop-over, "I don't like it. I don't like it at all."

"The coffee?"

"No, the captain his going away like this."

"But he's only gone to see his sister."

"Ah, that's what we think. But we don't know."

"Surely you don't suspect ——" Letitia stared at him across the table. Then she laughed. "Nonsense, Bertie! Why, the captain's been working for us. He's practically been a member of the family for the last twenty years. I'd as soon suspect myself as I would ——"

"I hope you're right, Letitia," interrupted Adalbert gravely. "But I'm afraid you don't know very much about human nature. You haven't studied it as I have."

"Maybe I haven't, Bertie."

"Human nature is so frightfully human, if you know what I mean," said Adalbert with a troubled frown. He rose. "I must run up and get my bag. My train leaves at nine, you know."

Letitia nodded. Her eyes were sympathetic.

"I'll drive you to the station, Bertie. Have you had enough breakfast?"

"I seldom eat breakfast," returned Adalbert, looking both esthetic and worried.

Five minutes later Letitia was driving him to the station.

Ten minutes later they were stalled—completely and irretrievably stalled—at the side of the road. The Stellar Six roadster, apparently with malice aforethought, had chosen this moment to play tricks on its old friend Adalbert.

"Good Lord, Letitia!" cried the latter, jumping out of the car. "I'll miss my train!"

"Oh, Bertie, I'm terribly sorry. What do you suppose is the matter?"

"I don't know. But I have my suspicions!" exclaimed the young man.

He raised the hood of the motor and glanced at the spark plugs. Nothing wrong with the wiring that he could see. He pressed down the plunger of the carburetor. There was no resulting flow of gasoline. He dashed to the rear of the car and looked at the indicator on the gasoline tank. It pointed to Empty.

Mr. Kidder's voice was cold.

"You're out of gas, Letitia."

"Out of gas!" repeated the girl. "Why, I can't be! I looked at the tank last night. It was full then."

"Ah!" said Adalbert. "Exactly as I thought."

"Bertie, you don't mean ——"

"Why not? All the evidence points to the captain."

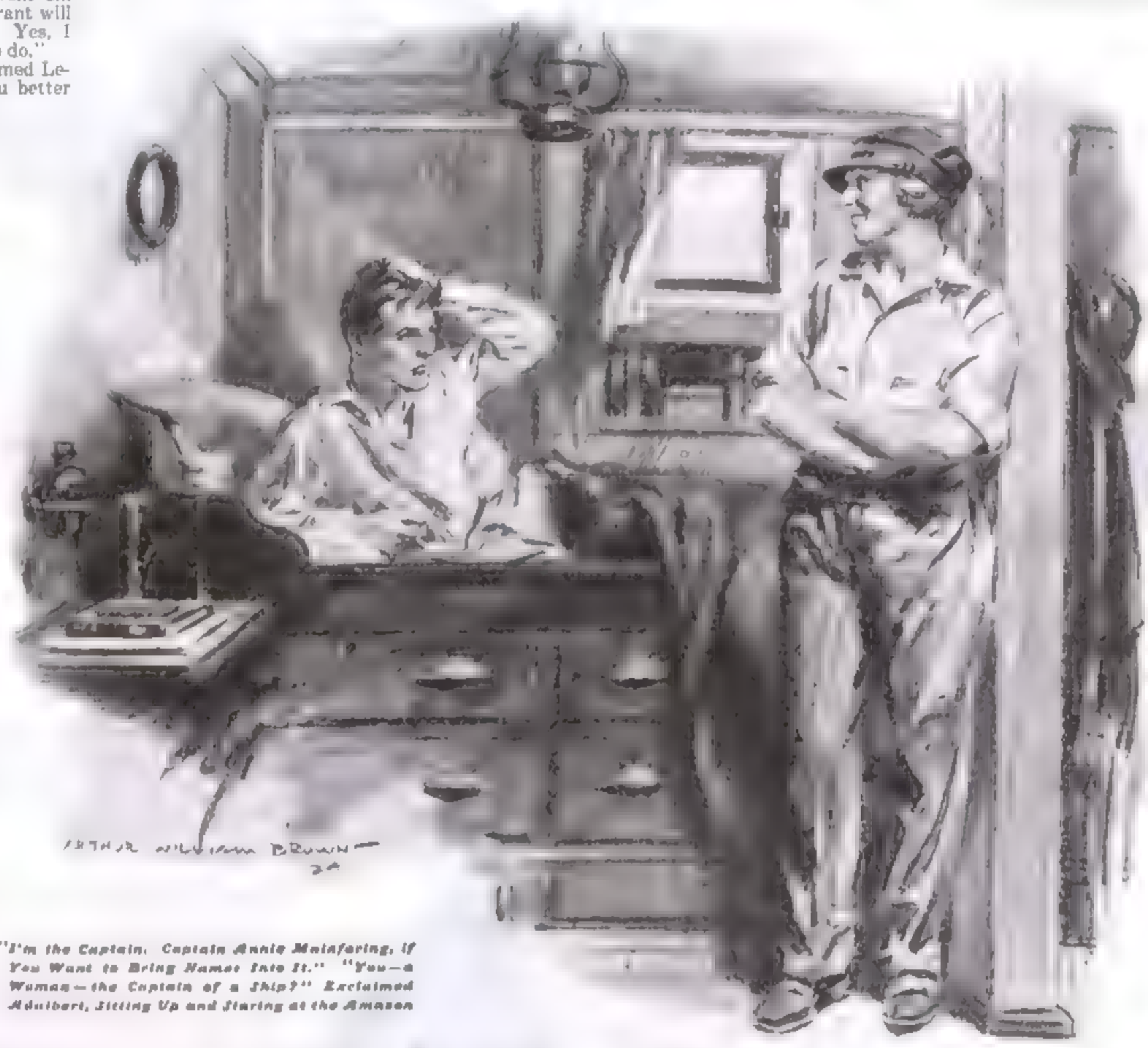
"Oh, I can't believe ——"

"Well, I can," gloomily said Adalbert. "I can believe anything."

And folding his arms, he leaned tragically against the side of the car. In the distance sounded the whistle of a train.

"Oh, Bertie," said Letitia, "I'm afraid you have missed it."

"Thereby giving the captain a day's start," observed Mr. Kidder, and he groaned aloud.



"I'm the Captain, Captain Annie Mainfaring, if You Want to Bring Names Into It." "You—a Woman—the Captain of a Ship?" Exclaimed Adalbert, Sitting Up and Staring at the Amazon

Letitia wept. "It's all my fault," she sobbed. "I should never have trusted anyone. I I didn't realize how s-serious it was, and now ——"

"Sh-h, Letitia. Never mind! Don't cry. Sh-h! Here comes a flivver."

They borrowed enough gas from the flivver to get home. Adalbert at once called the railroad station and learned that there was no through express to Maine till ten o'clock that evening. He was for taking the next train to Boston and traveling north from there on whatever local happened to be wandering toward Buffam's Bay. But Letitia urged him to wait for the express.

"You know," she said, "I have a sort of feeling that all this is for the best. Perhaps you've escaped some danger, Bertie."

"That's hardly an important consideration to me," responded Adalbert nobly, if somewhat morosely.

"No, of course not. But just the same ——" Letitia smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "We may as well make the best of it. Let's go see if there's any breakfast left. I only about half finished mine."

"I very seldom eat breakfast," said Adalbert, "but I might have a cup of coffee and a pop-over."

The day passed more quickly than he had supposed it would. Letitia had never been more charming, and though both were worried about the captain, since there was nothing to be done about it, they avoided the subject.

"I suppose you'll be famous, Bertie, when you've discovered the treasure."

"I suppose I will, Letitia. Yes, I've already thought of that. I shall write a series of articles for the newspapers articles that will prove beyond the shadow of a doubt the true nature of my ancestor's career. I shall restore the character of Captain Kidd to its former piratical glory. Every man, woman and child with an iota of romance in his or its make-up will thank me, Letitia."

The girl looked at him with shining eyes. "I'll be proud of you, Bertie. You don't know how proud of you I'll be."

"Letitia!" he murmured with emotion, and in the exuberance of the moment kissed her in his arms. He might have kissed her, but she drew away from him, firmly.

"No, Bertie, I don't want you to kiss me now."

"Why not, Letitia?"

"Because you mustn't. You have work to do. You have your ancestor's character to restore. You mustn't think of me at all—except as a friend."

"As a pal," agreed Adalbert, somewhat wistfully. "Sometimes it's hard," he said, "not to be I mean, well you take a fellow that's set aside by a great purpose from the ordinary warp and woof of mankind and he isn't so happy as the man that's just an ordinary guy with his friends and his home and all. So, you see, it means a good deal to me to know there's someone waiting for me to succeed and everything, and—I mean if I do succeed."

"Then you can kiss me," breathed Letitia softly.

Adalbert was thrilled. There was something poignantly delightful in the thought of kissing Letitia at the end of a successful adventure.

Romance is only romance when it happens as a reward—as a culmination. That is what many people in this materialistic age fail to understand.

To be sure, that night at the railroad station Adalbert kissed Letitia good-by—but that didn't count as a kiss. That was only the casual farewell of two good pals.

"Oh, Bertie," she whispered at the last moment, "I'm going to worry about you! Have you got a pistol, or anything?"

"I—there's no need to worry, Letitia. I have a weapon," replied Adalbert reassuringly.

He had his cutlass. It was in his suitcase. He was not a man to go unarmed upon such an adventure as this.

Buffam's Bay had once been a prosperous Maine summer resort. But time and circumstance had swept away its fickle warm-weather population and consequently its prosperity. Its one surviving hotel, the Buffam House, was a symbol of serene and gentle ruin. To this hotel, at ten o'clock Tuesday morning, came Mr. Adalbert Kidder, suitcase in hand. He registered, checked his bag—or rather left it with the clerk, a sprightly octogenarian who could do everything but see and hear—and then sat down to a light déjeuner of bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, biscuits, apple pie and coffee. Adalbert seldom ate breakfast.

(Continued on Page 163)

Ageing in wood does this for tobacco:

To make tobacco mild and give it flavor, many artificial methods have been used, but not one of them can compare with ageing in wood. This is the one right way to take out all the bite and all the harshness, and make the tobacco mild and mellow.

Ageing VELVET in wood costs us more—very much more—but it smokes cool and tastes better, and you can't get that good taste in any other way.

Remember—VELVET aged in wood.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

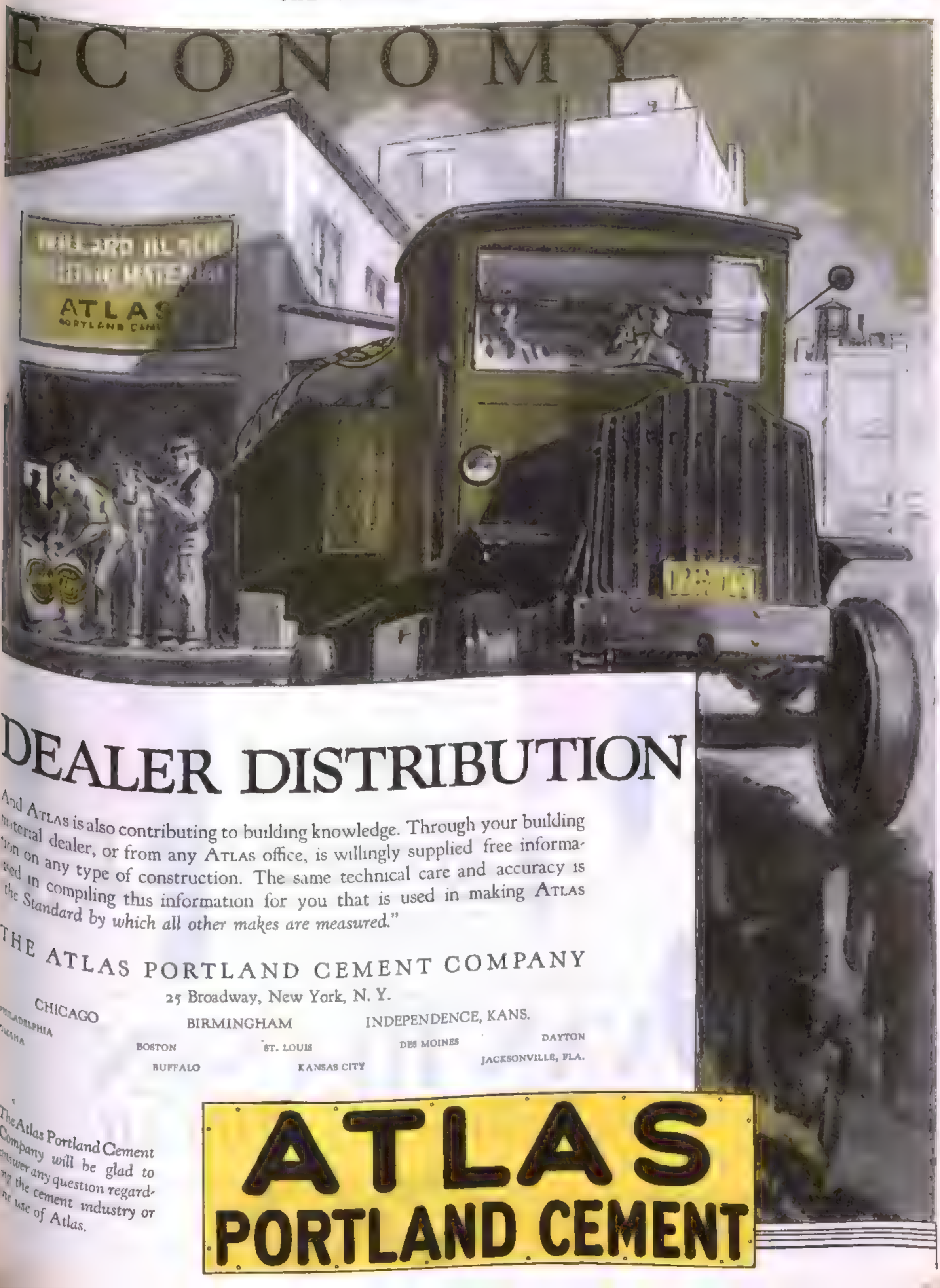
© 1924

Through ATLAS

SCARCITY and high distribution cost are two factors in increasing the price to the consumer of any product. Had old-time methods of manufacture persisted, the phenomenal increase in Portland Cement's use would automatically have raised its price. For the old-time kiln took thirty days to produce what one modern Atlas kiln turns out in a single day. Through the Atlas development of the rotary kiln, production keeps pace with demand and scarcity is prevented. As a consequence, Atlas is actually cheaper today than thirty years ago.

Distribution economy is added by the directness of Atlas marketing. Between the Atlas plants and the user there is but one distributor — the building material dealer — who, over a period of years, has justified himself as the most efficient and most economical means of supplying the public with Atlas. His warehouse stock and trucking facilities are constantly at the public's disposal and the cost of such service is spread over all the products he handles instead of being borne by a single item.

Such economy in manufacture and in distribution is singularly fortunate. For Atlas is a staple commodity, entering into every type of modern construction, contributing strength, fire-safeness and permanence.



DEALER DISTRIBUTION

And Atlas is also contributing to building knowledge. Through your building material dealer, or from any Atlas office, is willingly supplied free information on any type of construction. The same technical care and accuracy is used in compiling this information for you that is used in making Atlas *the Standard by which all other makes are measured.*"

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

25 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA
OMAHA
BIRMINGHAM
BOSTON
ST. LOUIS
BUFFALO
KANSAS CITY
INDEPENDENCE, KANS.
DES MOINES
DAYTON
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

The Atlas Portland Cement Company will be glad to answer any question regarding the cement industry or the use of Atlas.

ATLAS
PORTLAND CEMENT

THE clerk is the first Van Heusen salesman—the laundry is the last. The clerk shows you a *new* collar, white and crisp and smart. The laundry brings back to you a collar *good as new* after a hundred washings—crisp, smooth, *comfortable* as ever.

Your own comfortable neck is also a Van Heusen salesman. The woven fold and the woven-in curve of the whole one-piece collar make the neckline trim and unwrinkled and more comfortable than that of any other collar you have ever worn.

Another Van Heusen salesman—your shirt. Notice how long it lasts. The Van Heusen *never* has rough edges to wear holes in shirts and frazzle ties. That is why the World's Smartest Collar is also the *world's most economical collar.*

12 VAN HEUSEN STYLES—50c

VAN FAME
a quietly smart medium-height Van Heusen for Spring

PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION 1225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED

the World's Smartest COLLAR

Ask your dealer for Van Craft, a new negligee shirt with the Van Heusen Collar attached.

(Continued from Page 158)

A[fter] déjeuner he returned to the office [to] see the hotel register. Glancing through it he found that there had been [arrivals] on Monday, a certain Mr. John [J.] Smith, of Boston, Massachusetts. Adalbert questioned the clerk, the sprightly [old] Parisian.

"Was Mr. Smith of Boston—has he [left]?"

"Was Mr. Smith of Boston—I want to know whether he's still here."

"No, I don't hear. But if you're tryin' to [sell] some o' them patent ear tubes——"

"I am not selling ear tubes!" cried Adalbert. "I want to find out about this man Smith of Boston. Smith, Smith!" he shouted at the top of his lungs.

A gleam of intelligence came into the old rheumy eyes.

"Oh, cough drops!" he quavered, nodding and grinning toothlessly.

Adalbert gave up in disgust. But he was sure—he had a feeling—that Mr. John J. Smith was none other than the treacherous Captain Haskins. If that was true, then the thing for him, Adalbert, to do was to get out to the island, to the Sandpile, as soon as possible.

He left the hotel and walked down a tree-grown country lane to the old town wharf. From this wharf, in years gone by, had sailed many a stout vessel. Now the whole structure was slowly falling to pieces, rotting away. The fish house, or loading shed, that stood at the end of it was simply a dilapidated affair. It leaned at a crazy angle, had no door. However, the roof apparently still served its purpose, and inside it in the shadow of the loading shed lay a small fishing boat, a sloop about twenty-five feet over all, with an open cockpit in which Adalbert noticed a two-cylinder gas engine. The sloop's name, painted across her stern, was the Merry Andrew. She was very shabby and soiled—spiritually soiled, if one may use that phrase to a boat.

Adalbert was studying the Merry Andrew when two very shabby and soiled-looking men came out of the fish house and looked at him. Adalbert was sensitive to impressions. He felt a decidedly sinister vibration emanating from the two men.

"Beg your pardon," he said with diffidence, "but is your boat? I am looking for a boat to take me out to the Sandpile."

The two men, one tall, the other short, looked at each other. Then again both looked at Adalbert.

"What might ye be wantin' to go out to the Sandpile for?" asked the short one in a voice that had a curious roughly purring quality.

Adalbert smiled innocently. He had already prepared an answer to that question. "I am a naturalist," he said. "I have come to study a peculiar species of shellfish which I understand abounds in the waters of that locality and which is frequently cast up on the sandy area of the island in question."

During the second tune the two men looked at each other.

"Sorry, mister," said the tall one. "We'd like to accommodate ye, but we're fishermen and—wal, our boat ain't for charter."

"Thank you," said Adalbert; "that's all I wanted to know."

He bowed and retired from the wharf. It was quite plain that he must look for another boat to take him out to the island.

"Strange," he thought, as he walked back to the village. "Strange how I felt those two men vibrating against me. They were decidedly hostile in their vibrations. I felt toward them exactly as I have always felt toward someone —— Ah!" He stopped short and drove his right fist into the palm of his left hand. "By Jove, the Haskins!"

It was strange; but really he did feel a definite quality of psychic antagonisms in the two men, the two fishermen and Captain Haskins. Could it be possible that in some strange way they were in touch with one another—in league with one another?

Adalbert spent the rest of the day looking for a boat. But it seemed there were no boats to be had. Practically no one, he was told, went a-fishin' any more. Here! Wait a minute! Didn't Jedi Littlejohn have a boat? He used t' hire out to the summer folks. Why, shuah! So he did. Adalbert proceeded to Jedi Littlejohn's.

"Sorry, mister," said that worthy, a long, lean, blue-eyed Yankee with a permanent grin on his left cheek, "I can't hire out my boat to ye, 'cause I already hired it out to another party."

"Another party!" exclaimed Adalbert. "When?"

"Yistiddy afternoon."

"Who?"

"Wal, I don't jest remember the name. Man about sixty, I s'd say. Seagoin' man, I s'd say. Short, stocky man, rugged-lookin', gray beard."

"Was the name—Haskins?"

"Wal, I don't jest remember. Seems 's if it might 'a' been Smith."

"And he—this man Smith hired your dory?"

"Fy-ah."

"You don't know—what he wanted it for?"

The laconic Jedi shook his head.

"Ain't got the least idee, mister."

"Thank you very much," said Adalbert.

He rushed back to the hotel, where by a strong effort of will he choked down an oyster stew, a small steak, some boiled potatoes, some carrots, onions and braised parsnips, a piece of mince pie and a cup of tea.

"I'll feel better for having eaten a little something," he told himself.

He decided that he would go down to the old wharf and try once more to induce the owners of the Merry Andrew to rent him their craft. He was prepared to offer them for their services the sum of fifty dollars—which was just one-half of all the money he had in the world. But in his pocket was a small silver tube containing the key to untold riches. Not that Adalbert cared for the actual treasure. Oh, no! It was the principle of the thing.

Having paid his hotel bill, he took his suitcase in hand—it would be well, he thought, to be prepared for any eventuality—and walked down to the wharf. The tide was coming in, and the thrust of the waters caused the crazy old wharf to sway and creak as Adalbert stepped out upon it. The rail of the Merry Andrew—she was still there, thank heaven!—now showed slightly above the level of the landing stage. Adalbert noticed on the sloop's deck forward of the mast a raised hatch about three feet square. Evidently she boasted a small forehold. He was about to hail the craft when suddenly he heard voices. The voices came from the fish house. He cautiously approached the dilapidated shed and peered in at one of its broken windows.

The two owners of the Merry Andrew were lounging on the floor with their backs toward him, smoking. They had the look in the air—of conspirators. Instinctively—almost involuntarily—Adalbert named them. He named the tall one King William, after the false monarch who had failed to save his ancestor, Captain Kidd, from the gallows. The short one he named the Earl of Bellomont. The earl was talking.

"It'll be sundown in an hour and dark half an hour after that. We'd best be thinkin' about startin'."

"Eh-ah!" grunted King William. "It's a good thutty-minute run aout to the island. Soon's I finish this pipeful, b'gorry, we'll go. . . . Did ye put the pick and shovel aboard?"

"Shuah!" said the earl.

Adalbert, standing close against the side of the building, grew cold all over. His heart seemed to freeze in his breast. Then suddenly a sort of madness—a lucid madness—descended upon him. These two men were in the captain's pay; there was no doubt about it. He breathed an oath between his clenched teeth and, grasping his suitcase more firmly in his hand, stole quietly around the corner of the fish house.

The bow of the Merry Andrew was almost directly opposite the rear of the shed in which her owners lolled unsuspecting, at their ease. Adalbert in two strides crossed the intervening planking, stepped boldly onto the deck of the boat and, lifting the hatch on the foredeck, lowered himself and his suitcase into the hold. Then he pulled the hatch cover down over the coaming, and, groping about in that pinched, dark, smelly place, made himself as comfortable as possible.

"I am not afraid," reflected Adalbert. "That's certain—I am not afraid."

It was encouraging to know he was not afraid.

He sat with his back against a partition, or bulkhead, his suitcase on his knees. After a while he heard footsteps overhead, then voices. His heart began to beat a little faster, and he loosened the catch of his bag so that he could get at his cutlass if necessary. But his strongest emotion was one of irrepressible delight. He actually, after years of waiting, was launched upon an adventure worthy of his dreams—worthy of the blood in his veins!

He heard the gas engine burst suddenly into a staccato put-put, put-put-put. It was rather too bad that there must be a gas engine. Sails were so much more in keeping, so to speak. But one couldn't have everything.

The Merry Andrew began to pitch lazily up and down, up and down, like an amiable rocking-horse. Adalbert had never cared for rocking-horses. They had always made him slightly ill. . . . How warm it was! He was glad he had eaten no supper—or had he? Yes, he thought he had. He remembered now—mince pie.

He was no longer in doubt as to whether he had eaten supper. . . .

He was not afraid. He had no fear of bodily injury, or even of death. He especially was not afraid of death. He thought that death might be rather a beautiful experience, a sort of relief.

He was glad the gas engine made that loud, coughing noise.

They must be halfway to Europe by this time.

At last the mist that seemed to have settled upon his mind lifted. He felt better. He felt lighter and more capable of experiencing sensations. He was content to live.

Then, just as he was beginning to enjoy the Merry Andrew's amiable pitching, the motion ceased. The gas engine stopped coughing. They seemed to drift. Again he heard footsteps overhead, then the creaking of a wooden windlass on deck and the splash of the anchor plainly heard near at hand.

"We've reached the island!" decided Adalbert. "Now we'll see!"

He quietly drew his cutlass from the suitcase and sat holding it in his hand. But nothing happened—except more footsteps. Finally he heard a faint bumping against the side of the sloop; and a few moments afterward a voice said distinctly, "Pull away!" There came to him briefly the sound of oars creaking in dry oarlocks. He remembered to have seen a small dinghy riding astern of the Merry Andrew.

The Earl of Bellomont and King William were rowing ashore in the dinghy.

Adalbert stood up cautiously and lifted the cover of the hatch a fraction of an inch. The scene thus revealed was startling in its unexpectedness—yet it was appropriate too. It was Nature, if you like; but it was Nature in a mood of studious relevancy.

An island of white sand spread out and blown up into low dunes covered with a coarse green grass. In the foreground a smooth beach shelving up gradually toward the dunes. To the left of the beach an incongruous heap of rocks, hugely tumbled and strung out in a wide gesture like an arm put about the harbor to protect it from the sea. The whole scene bathed in a golden dusk, suffused with a light that might have been ashes of roses—or David Belasco at the peak of electrical inspiration.

But Adalbert, though subconsciously appreciating the beauty of the setting, and no doubt thrilled to find himself actually arrived at his ancestor's anchorage, still had no opportunity to enjoy these sensations. Another matter was occupying his entire attention.

His first glance shoreward had revealed to him the dinghy containing the earl and King William. But immediately he observed a third figure—a short, stocky figure—that stood motionless on the beach, obviously waiting the landing of the two others.

This third figure was clearly outlined against the sand dunes; no veil of dusk could conceal its identity.

"Captain Haskins!" exclaimed Adalbert. "I knew it!" His mind automatically clicked off the details of the progressing drama:

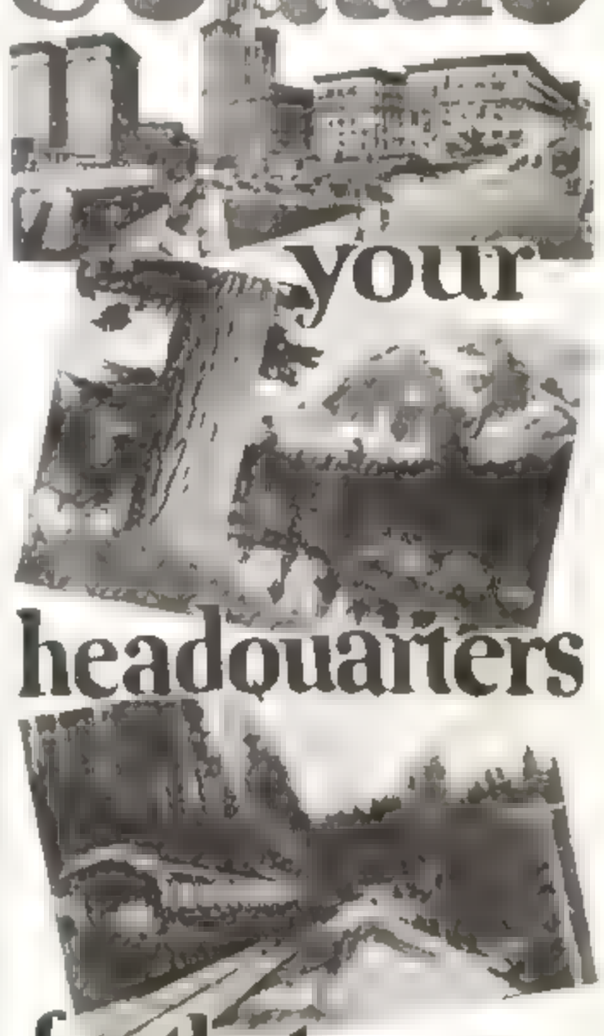
"The earl and King William have landed. What are they carrying? Ah, yes, pick and shovel. Of course! Now they've seen the captain. Why do they hesitate? Sh-h! The captain greets them. They're talking; they're discussing the location of the treasure.

"Oh, my God! Why do they talk so long? I wonder if I was seasick a while ago. No; merely a touch of ptomaine, or—or I may have been poisoned. Yes, that's it! The captain knew I'd be coming to the Buffam House. He bribed the cook to poison me—a drop of something in the oyster stew. I thought that stew tasted queer.

"Ha, they've decided! They've stopped talking! They've begun to dig!"

(Continued on Page 165)

Seattle



your headquarters for that 1924 Pacific Northwest Vacation

SEATTLE charms because it combines the attractions of a metropolitan city with an unrivaled picturesque setting.

It captivates because it is the largest city of its age in America and is an outstanding example of western initiative.

Seattle is scenically superb—nowhere in America is there an out-of-doors that compares with that of the Puget Sound Evergreen country.

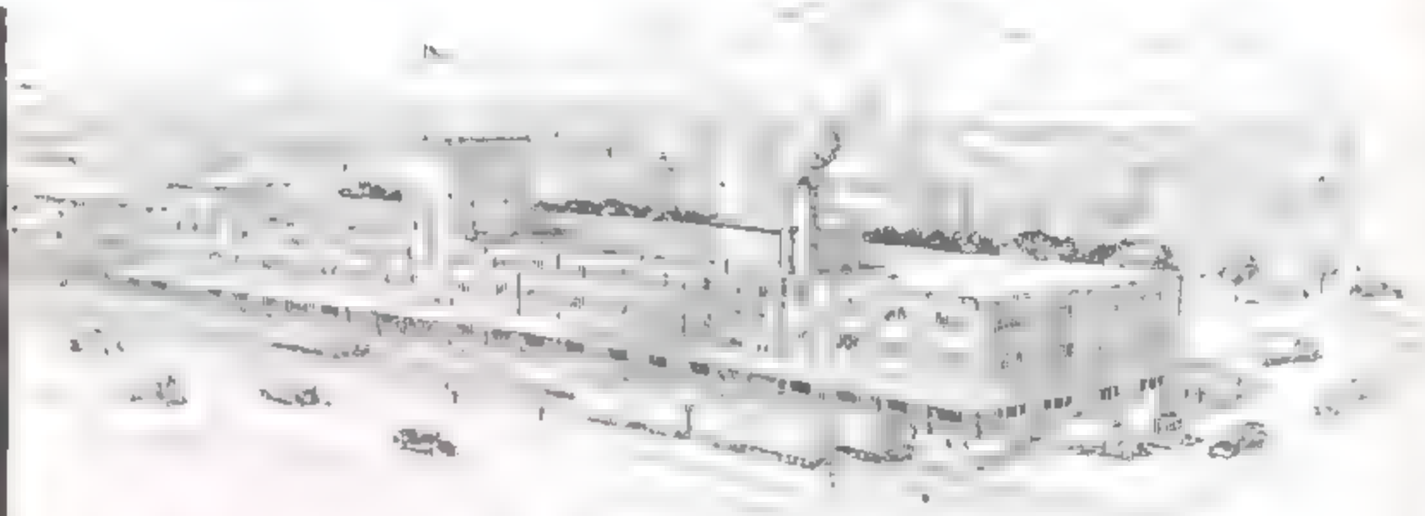
A Wonderful Vacation Land

It is the ideal summer playground with its glorious mountains so easy of access; its paved highways through evergreen forests; its sparkling rivers and sapphire lakes teeming with fish; its expansive landlocked seas for bathing, cruising and restful relaxation.

Your ticket agent will tell you how to secure the low round-trip ticket to Seattle beginning May 15—a choice of routes returning. Travellers to the Pacific Coast should route their tickets via Puget Sound.

Write today for free "Charmed Land" booklet which describes and pictures America's healthiest city, tells about the mild, green winters and cool summers. Tells why fascinating Seattle is the center of America's Summer Playground. Write Chamber of Commerce, 910 Arctic Building, Seattle, Washington, for your copy.

→Before you build a Factory or Warehouse-see Weyerhaeuser←



To the Business Man with a Building Project before him, we introduce Weyerhaeuser-*Ideal Industrial Construction*

EVERY once in a while the human race makes progress by *going back* to a thing that folks thought was "out of style."

This is what American manufacturers are doing today about their factories and warehouses.

Many are frank enough to say that in the past they have "put up too much building."

And when they build again things will be *different.*

Less initial investment. Less overhead.

More *thorough* investigation of the facts *beforehand.* More money left over for operating cash when the job is done.

* * *

Probably 50% of the proposed industrial building in 1924 can make use of Weyerhaeuser Ideal Mill Construction to a large and definite advantage.

Weyerhaeuser can tell you—and prove it—that such savings as the following are quite possible:

Save 15% on capital building cost—

Save 15% on interest charges—

Save up to 75% on insurance charges.

In one section of this country, there are hundreds of great mills built of Mill Construction, and protected by the sprinkler system against inside fires, on which the losses from fire over a recent three-year period have averaged *only* 3½ *cents per* $100.00 *of insurance written.*

One of the stock arguments against Mill Construction was the insidious whisper that "you can't get the good timbers any more."

Weyerhaeuser can tell you that this isn't true, either. It *never* has been true.

Weyerhaeuser has studied its own timber resources and distributing facilities in relation to Mill Construction needs.

The Douglas Fir Mills of the Weyerhaeuser organization are producing selected timber of the finest possible wood for Mill Construction needs.

Through the Weyerhaeuser distributing plants in the heart of Eastern and Mid-Western markets, these timbers are laid down quickly and economically in every industrial section of this country.

Weyerhaeuser did not originate Mill Construction.

But Weyerhaeuser *did* make the most exhaustive study of this type of building in recent years—and perhaps *ever.*

Weyerhaeuser went into capital investment—taxes—interest charges—depreciation—design—structural efficiency—flexibility of interior division—fire safety—insurance rates—and many more things.

And Weyerhaeuser has put its findings into two books, one, "Industrial Buildings," for the Business Man; the other, "Structural Timbers of Douglas Fir," for the Building Engineer, Architect and Purchasing Agent.

These books will be mailed without charge, on request from responsible members of industrial concerns.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 2694 University Ave., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

(Continued from Page 163)

It was true. In the slowly waning light Adalbert could see the figures of the earl and King William laboring with pick and shovel at the foot of the sand dunes. It reminded him of the sort of picture elderly female artists love to paint. He once had had an aunt who went abroad and came back with an almost unlimited supply of such paintings—paintings of old men digging or leaning on shovel handles while rosy clouds floated high overhead. He remembered, curiously enough, that the aunt in question had been run over by a flivver in Pittsburgh.

The Earl of Bellomont was resting and Captain Haskins—the traitor!—was watching him. Mr. Kidder rubbed his eyes and stared as hard as he could. Yes, there was no doubt of it. The captain actually was wielding the pick, and with energy too. Finally, however, he relinquished it, the earl resumed, and the captain, climbing the slope of a sand dune, stood ominously outlined against the graying sky.

"He's acting as lookout," thought Adalbert. "He doesn't know at what moment I may turn up. Oh, you traitor! You dastardly traitor! If you knew I was here you'd have a snake in your boots; you'd —— I've a good mind to swim ashore and—I could do it! With my cutlass in my teeth! But I must be calm. The time has not yet come for action."

Adalbert again shifted his gaze to the toilers. Ah, what was that? By heavens, the treasure!

The two men had thrown down their tools and, stooping, had lifted an oblong object from its resting place in the sand. A chest! An ancient pirate sea chest!

"K. K. K. Treasure!"

Adalbert Kidder trembled; a kind of delirium whitened his limbs. How dared these knaves lay desecrating hands upon the grave of a pirate's honor?

They were lifting out a second chest! A third! The chests were heavy. Gold and silver, precious jewels! Pish! these are not feathers or thistledown to be lifted by the wind! What happens now?

The captain, a burred, squat shape, caught a curious pinkish light on his head—his red guard. The two others pick up the first sea chest and carry it down the slope. They place it in the dinghy. They return for the second chest. But they are too many for one load. They help each other on the sand.

When they get into the dinghy, they shove off, and row toward the Merry Andrew. Their backs show dusky in the twilight, like unto bronze.

Adalbert Adalbert closed the hatch behind him. Shortly he heard the dinghy bump against the gunwale. Characteristic noises informed him that the chests were being got aboard. Were they being dragged along the deck to the hatch? Would they try to conceal them below? No ——

"That'll do here," he heard King William say. "We'll cover 'em with the tarpaulin."

This (evidently) was done. Then the two men returned to the dinghy. Again the water splashed under the squeaking oars. They were going for the third chest.

Adalbert's time had come for action.

Adalbert waited till he was sure the earl and King William had landed. Then, with his cutlass in his right hand, with his left he pushed up the hatch cover and a moment later was crawling along the deck toward the windlass in the bow of the Merry Andrew. It was but the work of a moment to cut the anchor rope with his cutlass. Then scurrying aft on hands and knees, he dared not stop to take so much as a look at the two sea chests under the tarpaulin, he dropped into the cockpit and embraced, literally embraced, the starting crank of the sloop's gas engine.

"I'm doing it! I'm outwitting them! Adalbert Kidd, this is the greatest moment of your life! Where is that switch? Ah-h-h!"

Adalbert had found the switch. Snapping it on, he rocked the flywheel back and forth, back and forth, then flung it over with all his strength.

Put-put, put-put-put! Put-put-put-put-put-put!

He was off! He was off in the Merry Andrew with two-thirds, at least, of Captain Kidd's treasure stowed away on the deck below. It was the greatest moment of his life, and no mistake.

Shouts reached his ears. He looked back and saw King William and the Earl of Bellomont running down the beach toward the dinghy. Their fellow conspirator, Captain Haskins, still loomed darkly against the sky. He seemed hypnotized—utterly frozen on his sand dune.

The two other men had reached the small boat. Into it they tumbled and furiously began to row. Adalbert laughed and carelessly waved his hand to them. He knew that they could never catch him. Apparently they soon came to the same conclusion, for when they had reached the point of rocks at the entrance to the little harbor, they began to row in the opposite direction toward the mainland.

"They're afraid I'll take it into my head to chase them!" decided Adalbert. "Uneasy consciences! Maybe they think I'm a ghost."

The last he saw of the dinghy it was fading into the oblivion of approaching night. Now everything was swallowed up; the boat, the captain, the island, the distant shore—everything! Overhead burned the summer stars. Adalbert, glancing upward into the empyrean, experienced a strange nostalgia, a strange yearning that was both sad and sweet. He located the Big Dipper, the North Star, the Milky Way—he felt at home.

He had a sense of vague reminiscence, as if he had done this thing many times before; perhaps in a former incarnation, in other ships, in other seas. Ah, yes! The ghosts of those ships, the memories of a thousand voyages were in his blood. What ho, the phantoms of the Spanish Main! What ho! What ho-o-o-o!

He stood with his hand on the tiller, steering straight out to sea. Let tomorrow take care of itself! He, Adalbert Kidder, for this one night at least, was alone with his dreams upon the vast maternal bosom of the Atlantic Ocean. A great peace descended upon his spirit and he slept.

Adalbert was wakened the next morning by a dazzling light upon his face. He opened his eyes and found himself staring at a round golden sun that seemed just to have risen from an ocean stained wildly scarlet and lavender. The sky was rose.

"Ah," thought Adalbert, "what a picture post card that would make!"

Then he remembered where he was. He sprang up from the seat in the cockpit on which he had been lying and glanced quickly around the horizon. Nothing but the horizon was to be seen. Not a sign of land, not a ship, not even a sea gull. Nothing but sea and sky, and that round, beaming, friendly sun.

"Well," he reflected philosophically, "this is at least an improvement on a hall bedroom."

The ocean was calm and still; almost painfully still. . . . All at once Adalbert realized that the Merry Andrew's gas engine had gone dead. He tried to start it but it refused to utter a single explosion. He examined the gasoline tank and found it empty.

"Out of gas!" exclaimed Mr. Kidder.

Where and when had he said that before? Oh, yes! The other day, driving to the station with Letitia.

Letitia! Good Lord! Today was Wednesday. Letitia was starting today in the Cormorant for the Sandpile. Even now, perhaps, somewhere off there to the southward, the graceful white form of the Goodwin yacht was gliding smoothly toward him—that is, approximately toward him. The problem was how to find the Cormorant in all this large and rather bewildering waste of water. He decided that he would get sail on the Merry Andrew and head south—in a general way. He knew where south was; it was on your right as you stood facing the sun.

While Adalbert's mind had been, so to speak, toying with these considerations, his deeper consciousness had been aware of those lumpy shapes covered by the tarpaulin, which loomed so portentously upon the Merry Andrew's bow deck.

The treasure! He had not yet examined the treasure. Nor could he in honor do so. He had promised Letitia not to look at it till she arrived. It was like having in one's possession a fascinating package marked "Not to be opened till Christmas."

In this case, Christmas was Letitia.

"I must hoist sail at once," decided Adalbert; and mounting from the cockpit to the deck, called gayly, "You may get the mainsail onto her, Mr. Kidder!"

To which the imaginary first mate replied, "Aye, aye, Captain Kidd!"

Rather awkwardly, but with naïve enthusiasm, he hoisted mainsail and jib, made

The POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

"Growing like a bank"

"Its policyholders are its depositors"

"Agents do not bring them in"

Words of praise from those who know

(SCENE: After dinner at the Club: Banker Allwyn is chatting with Goodsell, a real estate broker, formerly a life-insurance man, and the question of insurance protection comes up.)

Allwyn: "After all, brother Goodsell, I want to tell you something which is more or less to the business you seem to be in, and that is when a man asks me for a credit I always ask him how much life insurance he carries."

Goodsell: "And I reckon you also ask him what companies he's in."

Allwyn: "Oh, I don't bother so much about the companies; like the churches, they're all good; they have to be, don't they?"

Goodsell: "Sure thing. State supervision looks out for that."

Allwyn: "Of course the oldest companies are the strongest numerically, but the comparatively younger ones also bob up pretty often, and particularly the Postal Life."

Goodsell: "Why, the Postal's not so very young. I remember because I used to fight it 15 years ago."

Allwyn: "I was young in the days, wasn't it."

Goodsell: "Yes, 'twas sound, but it was—well—well, we said it was an experiment."

Allwyn: "Was"

Goodsell: "Oh, because it got business direct, personally at the Home Office or by mail, and didn't need agents to have branch offices."

Allwyn: "Well, even so the Company seems to have made good all right."

Goodsell: "Sure thing; it has policyholders in every state, and in Canada, too, and has its own building on Fifth Avenue at 43d Street. There's no company better known in our country."

Allwyn: "Why do you consider the strong points that helped the Postal so much?"

Goodsell: "Well, low cost, dealing direct with the people and the privilege to pay premiums monthly if one so desires, then there's a 20% annual dividend guaranteed in the policy, and there's a free medical examination through the Company's Health Bureau which helps keep its policyholders 'fit.'"

Allwyn: "That's pretty good, isn't it?"

Goodsell: "Sure thing; and I want to tell you that just as soon as I can afford to take out another policy, it's going to be one in the Postal."

Allwyn: "That's the kind of talk I like to hear, for it's based on safety, saving and service. Why, the Postal Life is growing just like a bank; its policyholders are its depositors—agents do not bring them in. And now I want to put you wise to something. I've carried a Postal Life policy for years and so many of my friends have taken out Postal Life policies that I can't tell you about it, but I just want to tell you that it's a mighty good company."

Goodsell: "Well, the reaction, as they call it, was O. K., wasn't it?"

Allwyn: "It certainly was, and it was a source of pleasant feeling to know that each of our many highly prized mutual friends in the Postal Life felt that way."

Goodsell: "You've said it, and besides I'm one of them, and I'll bet that the Postal Life men in their generation, and there are over 15,000 other policyholders who feel the same way."

Allwyn: "Now you've said it. Have a fresh cigar."

The foregoing business chat is typical of many others that must be taking place, since similar sentiments are reflected in letters that come to the Company from far and near, in praise of its method and in appreciation of its treatment. It is indeed the Company of

Safety, Saving, Service

To find out what you can save and to enjoy POSTAL service, simply send in the coupon or write and say:

"Mail me official insurance information as mentioned in The Saturday Evening Post, April 5th."

In your first letter be sure to give

1. **Your full name**
2. **Your occupation**
3. **The exact date of your birth.**

No agent will be sent to visit you. The Postal, as stated, has no agents. A saving of 9½% of our premium each year is the result. This saving goes to *you*.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

WM. R. MALONE, President

511 Fifth Ave. (cor. 43d St.) New York, N. Y.

S. E. P. 4-5-24

Postal Life Insurance Company
511 Fifth Ave. New York

Without obligating me, please send full information and rates for my age.

Name

Address

Occupation

Exact date of birth

Insured! A Perfect Pipe Perfectly Protected

You need not be an expert to tell whether the briar in a Milano is properly aged, and free from flaws—whether the pipe will smoke sweet and *stay* sweet—whether or not the bowl is likely to crack or burn . . . .

When you buy a WDC Milano, you buy a pipe that *must* be perfect—a pipe backed by an Insurance Policy stronger than the strongest guarantee. You buy a pipe fashioned from century-old Italian briar by skillful craftsmen—a pipe which will be *replaced free of charge* should the bowl crack or burn. *Even the stem, hand cut from vulcanite, is covered by a liberal breakage clause.*

Dealers everywhere offer Milano Pipes in a full range of shapes—each $3.50 and up. You'll find among them a pipe which suits you to a nicety—well balanced, comfortable and sweet smoking from the first puff. Clean and free-drawing, too—thanks to the sanitary aluminum tube. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., 230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes

"It's a WDC"

WDC TRADE MARK

MILANO

The Insured Pipe

fast the halyards and also, incidentally, the sheet ropes. However, as it happened, there was no wind; not so much as a catful. Mr. Kidder found himself unexpectedly at leisure.

Suddenly he had an idea—one of those strange and impulsive ideas that occasionally possessed him. Descending into the hold, he brought up his suitcase, opened it and took out his white buckskin shoes; also his best—and only—pair of white flannel trousers.

"I'm sorry it isn't red velvet and lace," he muttered; "but, after all, white flannels are suitable for marine wear, and to a person of imagination ——"

Whereupon Mr. Kidder, first glancing about to make sure that he was not observed—for he was a young man of delicate sensibilities—took off his trousers and donned his white flannels, not to mention his white buckskin shoes. Decorum, and a certain sense of literary impotence, restrain the author from drawing a portrait of Mr. Kidder changing his trousers in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. However, the fact is he changed them. Then he took his cutlass and fastened it with a bit of rope to his belt. It sagged rakishly across his left thigh. It clunked a little as he walked. He knew it was foolish of him; but it was fun!

Placing his hand on the hilt of his cutlass, Adalbert addressed an imaginary crew of cutthroats. He said:

"We are no longer subject to the laws of this materialistic age. We are alone upon the high seas. Let us declare ourselves, men! Let us run up the Jolly Roger!"

Cheers greeted this suggestion. Adalbert, playing a multiple rôle, supplied the cheers. Also, he supplied the material and labor for the manufacture for the creation of the Jolly Roger.

It meant the sacrifice of a clean undershirt; but that was unavoidable. He took the shirt and ripped the back out of it. He pulled a large splinter from the rail of the Merry Andrew, and dipping it in the engine pan, which was full of a black oily leakage, sketched upon the white cloth an impressionistic but effective skull and crossbones. When it was finished he hoisted this banner of the buccaneers, this flag of the ancient freebooters, to the masthead!

No sooner had he done so than—as if by magic—a breeze sprang up. The boom of the mainsail groaned and tugged at the sheet rope. The jib filled and the Merry Andrew came alive. She heeled over, she began to get way on her.

Adalbert knew nothing about sailing a boat, but he relied, nevertheless, upon luck and inspiration to guide him. He noticed that if he held the tiller at a certain angle the sails bellied and the sloop heeled over. He liked that. He enjoyed it. Shortly, however, the keen edge of his delight was dulled. The sea had become agitated. The Merry Andrew pitched considerably, and rolled considerably too. Mr. Kidder wondered whether he was going to have another touch of ptomaine poisoning. It seemed improbable, because he had eaten nothing that morning. The fact was that he seldom ate breakfast. He was glad that he seldom ate breakfast.

"I will not have ptomaine poisoning!" said Adalbert firmly. "I will not, I will not! I will not! *Ça passe, ça passe, ça passe!*"

But soon he gave up saying *ça passe*, because *ça passe* seemed subtly provocative. He just said, "I will not, I will not!" And really it worked, because he didn't have ptomaine poisoning—just then.

He was bowling along at a great rate when he turned his head and saw a ship bearing down on him approximately at right angles. She was amazingly close; it seemed almost a miracle how she had got there. Perhaps the mainsail had hidden her. A long, low, rakish-looking vessel; a schooner, painted black, with clouds of white canvas spread to the wind. She was both beautiful and frightening.

Adalbert jumped up and shouted, "Ahoy, there! Are you going to run me down?"

It was annoying to find metropolitan traffic conditions so far out at sea.

He must stop the Merry Andrew at all costs. He sprang to the deck and lowered the mainsail, then the jib. Having executed this seamanlike maneuver, he glanced at the schooner and was startled to see that she had come up into the wind and was standing poised, with fluttering sails, like a gull about to dive for a minnow.

What was that activity on her deck? Ah, she was putting over a boat. Good heavens, she was going to board him!

The Jolly Roger! She had seen it. She had taken him for a pirate. How very unfortunate! He never should have run up the skull and crossbones, not under the circumstances, with Captain Kidd's own treasure parked under a tarpaulin on the foredeck!

The schooner's small boat was fast approaching. He could see the men in it. By George, they were a rough-looking lot! A rough-looking lot, and no mistake.

Adalbert drew his cutlass, and locking his left arm around the mast in order to keep his feet the ocean was growing rougher—prepared to repel boarders.

"Ahoy the sloop!" bellowed a spry little man in the bow of the small boat.

"Ahoy yourself!" bellowed back Mr. Kidder.

Oh, good heavens! Was he going to have ptomaine poisoning now?

"We're a-comin' aboard!" yelled the spry little man, stabbing at the Merry Andrew's rail with a boat hook.

"At your own risk!" returned Mr. Kidder. "This is trespass!" he shouted a moment later, as the boat's crew swarmed over the side. "I warn you that I shall use whatever force is necessary to defend myself." What he was saying to himself was "Stand back, dogs! The terror of the seas will die, if need be, in defense of his honor!"

Still clinging to the mast, he struck out tentatively with his cutlass. The half dozen sailors from the schooner looked at one another in blank amazement. Then the spry little man nodded and tapped his forehead.

"Cuckoo!" he said simply.

Adalbert heard, and a great resentment rose up in his heart. He had thought they would understand. Had they attacked him, he would have welcomed the onslaught; but to be misunderstood, out here, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean—by sincere—

How rough it was! Yes, he feared he was going to have ptomaine poisoning. How frightful! How terribly unromantic! But it was true. He was growing weak. A film came before his eyes. Dimly he saw the leader of the boarding party take from his pocket an object that vaguely resembled a blackjack. Mistily he saw the men advancing toward him. He lifted his arm to strike, and ——

At that moment Mr. Kidder had ptomaine poisoning. The cutlass fell from his hand; he came loose from the mast and pitched helplessly forward into the arms of the spry little man.

"Oh, y' would, would y'?" exclaimed the latter, and deliberately, with a manner quite impersonal, as if he were some lesser deity executing a decree of fate, brought down his blackjack on Mr. Kidder's unresisting skull.

"I have made a corpse of 'im," said the spry little man.

"Corpse nothin'!" put in another of the sailors, a lanky fellow with a cockney accent. "Corpse nothin'! 'E's a bloomin' volcano, that's wot 'e is!"

Adalbert came up from a very deep dark place without quite knowing where he had been, where he was or how he had got there. Evidently he was at home, in his own bedroom, because he could hear Mrs. Buttersworth talking.

No, the woman leaning over his bed was not his landlady Mrs. Buttersworth, never had worn blue overalls. And the bed itself was strange. It had a kind of wooden gunwale to it. A ship's bunk!

"Hello, there you are! Look at mamma, that's the lad. Now I guess you're a bit confused, ain't you? Dunno where you're at, eh? Well, my son, you're in the captain's cabin o' the schooner Snowdrop, that's where ye are."

"Ah," murmured Adalbert. "The schooner! And who are you?"

"I'm the captain," said the red faced woman. "Captain Annie Mainfaring. If you want to bring names into it."

"You a woman the captain of a ship!" exclaimed Adalbert, sitting up and staring at the Amazon.

"No, not a ship; a schooner. How's the head feel, eh?"

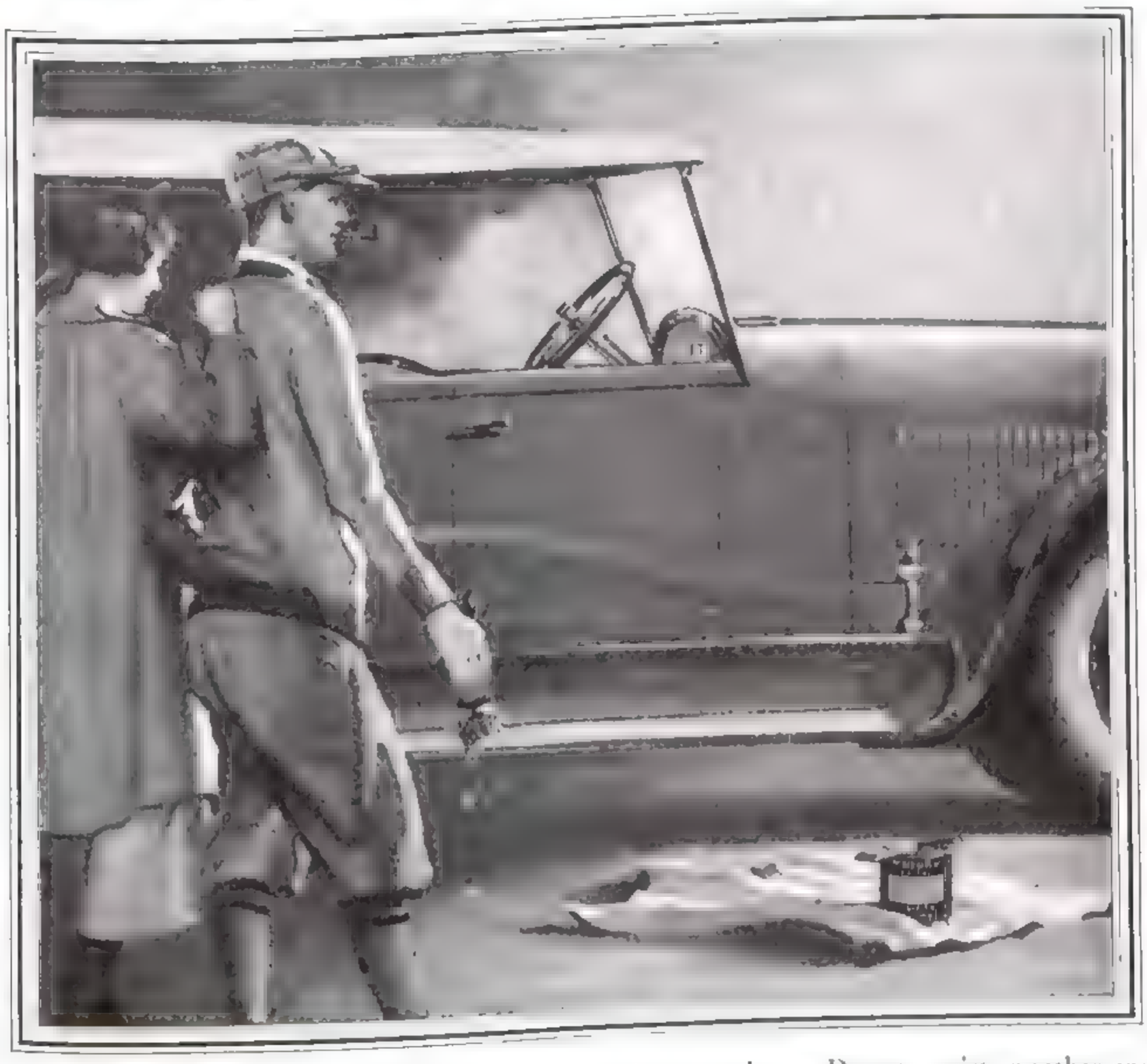
"I have no feeling in my head," replied Adalbert, lying down again.

"That's good. And now what's your name and where was you a-goin' in that there rotten old eggshell when I sighted you?"

"My name," sighed the adventurer, "is Kidder—Adalbert Kidder. And I was going south—in a general way."

(Continued on Page 169)

AN AFTERNOON OF FUN—*and a new car!*



IF you want a new car, you can get one any Saturday afternoon between lunch and dinner and have a bully good time doing so.

It's just a matter of flowing on Murphy Da-cote—the same fine enamel which nearly 3,000,000 motorists have used to put glowing new surfaces on their road-scarred cars.

But Da-cote is more than a fine motor-car enamel. It is the ideal colored enamel for all sorts of worn surfaces. In your home and every home there are many objects that once were beautiful and lustrous, but now look dull and shabby. Murphy Da-cote restores these shabby surfaces to their original beauty and insures them longer life.

Da-cote makes things new

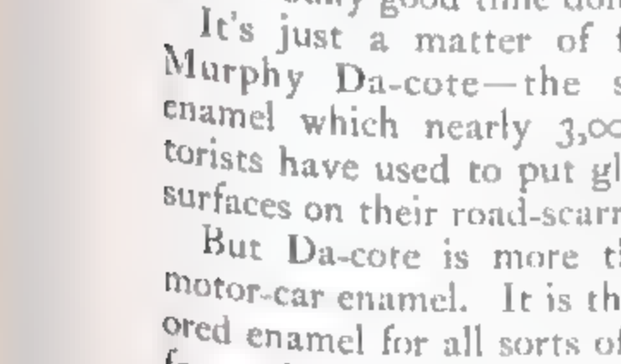
Da-cote Enamel makes the youngster's scooter or go-cart shine like new. With Da-cote you can quickly exchange your "old" kitchen table for a handsome new one. And if your heart is set on new wicker furniture, buy Da-cote and spruce up the set you have.

Da-cote resists weather and temperature. It flows freely and dries quickly. Da-cote comes in black and white and ten beautiful colors. Buy two or three of your favorite colors today and start in. You'll find Da-coting no end of fun. And the results you get will make you a grateful friend of Da-cote for the rest of your days.

Murphy Varnish Company

CHICAGO, ILL. NEWARK, N. J. MONTREAL, CAN

Murphy Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada
Successor to The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited



Send for this new free folder—"Doing Things with Da-cote"

Da-cote has a great many uses. They are shown in this new Da-cote folder, "Doing Things with Da-cote." If you want to get an idea of the various ways in which you can use Da-cote to renew dull, worn surfaces, send for this folder now.

What the motor car Owner has a right to expect from the FACTORY

DO NOT think of a factory as a group of buildings. Think, rather, of a place where something fine is to be made—built—created.

Good equipment naturally is essential; but more important than gigantic size is a dominant spirit, a clear determination, The Will to Build the Best.

Thus only do you have the ideal factory.

It must be large enough to attract good executives—but not so large that it binds these good men with inflexible "policy" . . .

. . . large enough to buy economically—but not so large that its purchases put it out of touch with changing conditions . . .

. . . large enough to pioneer in improving design and construction—but not so large that new ideas carry with them the bitter penalty of millions of dollars' worth of existing equipment made obsolete . . .

. . . large enough to give employees steady work and good working conditions—but not so large that all human touch is lost between the men in the shops and the men at the top.

The Haynes ideal has always been to maintain such a factory. That is one reason why, to-day, motorists are saying, "It pays to own a Haynes."

HAYNES

The Haynes Automobile Company is associated with no other motor car manufacturer. It is limited to no price class and bound to no quality restriction. This company knows no obligation except to the public, its conscience, and to its founder, Elwood Haynes, the inventor of America's First Car. . . . You may see and judge the result at any Haynes dealer's. Ask him to demonstrate to you "The Par Car."

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY · KOKOMO, INDIANA

Measure "The Par Car" by these standards

People who buy cars with open eyes weigh every quality against every other, and choose the car that combines every factor of satisfaction in a perfectly balanced proportion.

BEAUTY

has a deeper meaning in the Haynes. For it appeals to more than the eye alone . . . its symmetry tells you of correct design . . . it expresses strength and the ability to hold the road.

APPOINTMENT

in the Haynes shows thoughtfulness for all requirements of nice travel, but no ostentation and no extravagance. Nothing you need is forgotten, yet there is nothing needless.

COMFORT

The yielding softness of deep cushions, properly sloped, receives you the instant you enter the Haynes, and generous body springs protect you from the jars of rough roads.

CONTROL

You seldom tire, driving the Haynes. The steering wheel responds to the lightest touch; gear shift levers, clutch and instrument panel are ideally convenient to hand, foot and eye.

PERFORMANCE

From 2 to 60 miles an hour, the Haynes motor runs with a silken flow of power—flexible, responsive, and faithful always. Many, many Haynes motors have gone over 200,000 miles.

DEPENDABILITY

The experience of ownership will prove to you that the materials in the Haynes are the finest science can discover, and that the ample size of bearings and axles contributes to longer life.

REPUTATION

The Haynes is America's first car—a pioneer 31 years ago and still pioneering in the interest of owners. You are proud to own the Haynes; its reputation also assures higher re-sale value.

ECONOMY

The Haynes is economical in oil consumption, gasoline and tire mileage, and general upkeep. Compare the price with what you get, and you know why it is "The Par Car."

It pays—to own a

HAYNES

(Continued from Page 166)

The hell you was!" cut in Captain Annie genially. "You was headin' straight for Liverpool."

"That," said Adalbert in a superior tone, "is a matter of opinion. By the way," he asked, attempting to be casual, "what happened—where is the Merry Andrew?"

Your eggshell? At the bottom of the sea, I hope. The last I saw of her she was all awash and flounderin' in the trough, with the storm a-drivin' her."

Mr. Kidder's heart sank.

"Was there a storm?" he asked fearfully.

"Was there? I've been hove to for twenty-four hours waitin' for it to blow over. We're just now comin' out of it."

"Twenty-four hours! Then this is—Thursday?"

"It is," said Captain Annie.

Adalbert groaned, not with pain, but with bewilderment. He was almost afraid to put his next question into words.

"And w-what," he stammered, "w-what became of the two chests er the two boxes I had on board the sloop?"

"Them?" said the Amazon, winking. "We got them all right. My mate the Dago chap who hit you that clip with a belaying pin he salvaged them along o' you. . . . Look here, Mr. Kidder, you seem to be comin' to all right enough. What do you say to a bite of breakfast, eh?"

"I seldom eat breakfast," murmured Mr. Kidder. "But if you insist ——"

The motherly captain insisted, and five minutes later Mr. Kidder was manfully attacking salt pork and potatoes, soda biscuit and coffee. Captain Annie sat opposite him at a small table fastened to the floor of the saloon. She was a large woman, remotely like Mrs. Buttersworth in manner and bust measurement, but, instead of the characteristic gingham apron, she wore a suit of blue overalls, a man's khaki shirt, and a cap pulled down tightly over her iron-gray hair. Her expression was matronly, even motherly. Adalbert decided he had better proceed cautiously.

"Did you ——" he asked gently. "That is, after the two boxes were brought aboard, they opened?"

Captain Annie laughed and nodded.

"Enough to see what was inside of them," she admitted.

Adalbert drew in his breath sharply, but controlled calm.

"Ah!" he said, tapping the table with a spoon. "In that case, I suppose I must offer to divide with you."

Again Captain Annie laughed.

"Divide your eye, Mr. Kidder. There ain't no dividin' to it. What's yours is mine—if I can get it. Ain't that the rule of the game, Mr. Kidder?"

"You refer, I suppose, to the great game of life," returned Adalbert with dignity. "Unfortunately you are right. In this material age everything is done for profit and nothing for honor, Mrs. Buttersw—I mean, Captain Annie. But to prove to you that I am not governed by modern ideals, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you the treasure, provided you sign an affidavit swearing that it was I who discovered it."

"Hold on!" said Captain Annie. "Affidavit be bowed, Mr. Kidder! And what swearin' I do'll be done private and confidential. Besides, I don't get the drift of your conversation. What treasure are you talkin' about?"

"Why, the treasure! Captain Kidd's treasure!"

"Captain Kidd's ——"

"Certainly!" said Adalbert, becoming excited. "It was his, you know. I can prove it."

He put his hand into his breast pocket and drew out the precious silver tube. Since he had got the treasure, there was no virtue in concealment. He produced the map of the island.

"You see?" he cried, pointing. "Captain Kidd buried it there on the Sandpile."

"The Sandpile?" repeated Captain Annie with a slight start.

"Yes! Do you know it?"

"Know it? I guess I do! I landed a hundred cases there not over ten days ago, on my way up the coast."

"Cases? Cases of what?" asked the puzzled man blankly.

"Why, rum!" said the motherly captain. "What d'you suppose?"

"Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Kidder. "Are you a rum runner?"

"Sure! Ain't you?"

"What? I? A rum runner? I?"

"Well, then"—said Captain Annie, leaning her elbows on the table and looking him squarely in the eye—"well, then, what was you a-doin' wanderin' about the Atlantic Ocean with two full cases of Scotch whisky hid under a tarpaulin on your foredeck—that's what I'd like to know?"

Mr. Kidder's brain reeled.

He said gropingly, "Do you—do you mean the two boxes of treasure?"

"Treasure me eye, Mr. Kidder! Them two boxes, as you call 'em, was two cases of Scotch whisky, and don't tell me you didn't know it!"

"I didn't!" protested Adalbert wildly. "I didn't! Scotch whisky! Then King William and the Earl of Bellomont were—and the treasure is still ——"

He rose abruptly from the table.

"Captain Annie," he said, "I have made a slight mistake. What will you take to put me back on the Sandpile?"

The interesting female glanced at the bit of silk in Adalbert's fingers, then at him. Her watery blue eyes gleamed a little under half-lowered lids.

"Well, I dunno, Mr. Kidder. As I figger it, we ain't more than fifty or sixty miles from the Sandpile right now. I dunno but I might put in there on my own account, Mr. Kidder—just to have a look at the scenery."

"I beg of you not to joke about it," pleaded Adalbert.

"I ain't jokin'," returned the Amazon; and summoning the cabin boy, she sent word to the first mate, who was on deck, to lay a course for the Sandpile. "Now will you believe I ain't jokin'?" she demanded of Mr. Kidder.

The latter did not answer directly. He had fallen back into his chair. The realization of his mistake momentarily had crushed him.

"What will Letitia say?" he muttered aloud.

"Who's Letitia?" asked Captain Annie.

"She's—a girl friend. A very charming and wealthy girl friend who ——" Adalbert paused; then, with a gesture of resignation he said, "I may as well tell you the whole story."

He did so. At the end of an hour Captain Annie knew everything, or approximately everything. She also felt intimately acquainted with Adalbert. Something about him—a certain wistfulness, a certain extraordinary youthfulness—had worked in the female sea rover's bosom that peculiar combination of emotions which is both predatory and maternal. Mr. Kidder, glancing uncomfortably at his hostess of the schooner Snowdrop, remembered vividly that farewell scene in the hall of the boarding house when Mrs. Buttersworth had kissed him. This woman had precisely Mrs. Buttersworth's hungry expression. He must stave off the crisis if he could. Hang it all, why did these large-bosomed women always want to kiss him? It was the same thing afloat or ashore.

"Don't you think we'd better go on deck?" he suggested nervously.

Captain Annie leaned across the table; she put her large red hand on his own.

"Mr. Kidder," she said, in a throaty murmur, "I'm a lonely soul. I own this schooner and I do a good business. But it ain't enough, Mr. Kidder. I'm a woman, same as your friend, Letitia; and bein' a woman, I got instincts. I got instincts that keeps plaguin' me to go out and marry me a husband, Mr. Kidder. Bernard Shaw is right. It's the woman that goes after the man, and no mistake. That's the way Nature up and fixed it, and I ain't one to go agin Nature—or Bernard Shaw."

Adalbert got determinedly to his feet.

"Captain Annie," he said, "I appreciate your interest in my—er—behalf. But you have made a mistake, Captain Annie. I am not the marrying type of man. I never marry. I mean, I never think of—of marrying."

The captain heaved a Gargantuan sigh.

"That's always the way," she observed; "what you want you can't get in spite of Bernard Shaw or the devil. And like as not you're lyin'. Like as not there's some female girl's got you all hooked and landed and salted down; this Letitia, this pretty little heiress, f'r instance. Eh?"

"Not at all!" asserted Adalbert. "You don't understand ——"

"I understand more'n you give me credit for," grunted Captain Annie Mainfaring. "And I dunno but I'm entitled to whatever I can get out of this here business, all things considered."

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when the schooner Snowdrop let go her anchor off the Sandpile. But Captain Annie was not the only visitor to the island that afternoon. From the schooner's deck a small boat could be seen drawn up on the beach, and on the crest of the tallest sand dune was silhouetted a girl's figure—a figure in white skirt and sweater, with wind-blown hair.

"Letitia!" cried Adalbert to Captain Annie, standing beside him on the schooner's quarter-deck.

"Oh," muttered the Amazon, "so that's Letitia, is it? And how did she get here, I'd like to know?"

"In her yacht, the Cormorant, I suppose," answered Adalbert. "She was to meet me here," he explained; and added simply, "if you don't mind I'd like to go ashore. I'm rather particular about keeping my engagements."

The captain of the Snowdrop laughed—somewhat indelicately.

"That's all right, Mr. Kidder, my lad! We'll all go ashore, in a manner of speaking. Eh?" And turning to the mate, the spry little man who had almost made a corpse of Adalbert, she ordered him to lower the gig.

"Take along picks and shovels," she said in an offhand tone.

"Aye, aye, mum!" returned the mate, saluting.

Adalbert understood and was seized with despair. But he was helpless. He could do nothing.

"We are all in the hands of fate," he reflected, a few moments later, as he dropped over the schooner's side into the gig.

"Get off my feet," groaned Captain Annie, who had settled herself in the stern sheets. "Here," she continued more amicably, grasping Adalbert around the waist, "you can set on my lap!"

Again he was helpless. He sat—as lightly as possible—on Captain Annie's lap till the boat grounded on the sand. Then he sprang nimbly ashore.

"Hi! Letitia! Here I am!" he called out, hurrying forward.

The white-clad figure on the dunes gave an answering shout and ran toward him. They met halfway up the beach.

"Bertie! I thought I'd missed you!" She caught his hands, exclaiming excitedly, "We reached Buffam's Bay at noon. The Cormorant's inside. I came out in the motor dinghy. . . . What's happened? Whose schooner is that? And who are all these people?" Letitia paused, breathless. "Good heavens, Bertie!" she gasped a moment later. "It's a woman!"

"Sh-h!" whispered Adalbert, pressing the girl's hands. "That's Captain Annie, of the schooner Snowdrop. I've been captured by her, Letitia. I can't explain now, but I've been captured by her; and she—well, she's rather an unprincipled woman, I'm afraid. A rum runner and—she reads Bernard Shaw. She knows about the treasure—in an unguarded moment I showed her the map—and I'm afraid she's going to dig for it."

Letitia turned pale.

"Oh, my Lord, no! Bertie, she can't!"

"Sh-h! She'll hear you."

Adalbert stood at Letitia's side, waiting for the approach of the Amazon. The latter came forward slowly over the loose sand. Her large hands were thrust into the pockets of her overalls. Her cap was pulled down over her eyes and there was a half smile bracketing her grim mouth. Seen with the sea at her back, she cut a picturesque though hardly a romantic figure. She was still motherly looking, but it was the kind of motherliness that goes before a chastisement.

"Captain Annie," said Adalbert politely, "Miss Goodwin."

The Amazon paid no attention to this introduction. She walked up to the girl, looked her in the eyes and said, "So you're Letitia!"

"Yes, I am."

"Humph! Born in the lap o' luxury, pretty as a pitcher, money to burn, everythin' your own way. Well, you can't blame me for grabbin' off a bit of it, now can you? Especially when I've come fifty miles out o' my course just to play the hunch I had."

"I don't understand you," said Letitia.

"Don't you? Well"—to Adalbert—"hand over that map, my lad, and I'll show you what I'm drivin' at."

Adalbert looked at Letitia.

"Shall I resist?" he asked.

She gave a faint shriek, and, "Oh, no, Bertie!" she cried. "I'd rather lose everything. I mean, you simply couldn't do anything against five of these brutes with picks in their hands!"

"True," said Adalbert. "I am outnumbered." He put his hand into his coat pocket and produced the silver tube, which he gave to Captain Annie. "This moment," he observed quietly, "will go down in history. The treasure may fall to you. The honor is mine."

"You're welcome to it, Mr. Kidder," said the motherly captain; and to the four sailors, "All right, boys. You can start in at the foot of that second sand dune. That's where the cross shows the treasure is located."

It was the mate who suggested that the sand dune probably had shifted its position a hundred times since the map was made. Captain Annie laughed and waved him toward the job. Then she winked at Letitia.

"I guess it ain't shifted—much!" she chuckled, and turning strolled after her men.

"Oh!" said Letitia.

Sinking down on the beach, she took her head in her hands. Adalbert leaned over her.

"Aren't you feeling well, Letitia?"

"No yes—I don't know."

"Do you mind if I go up and watch them dig?"

"Not at all. Go ahead if you like."

Adalbert started toward the sand dune, but he had not taken more than half a dozen steps when he heard a shout from one of the sailors. He looked and saw the fellow digging like mad. Now the others were gathered around him; they were stooping; they had lifted something—a chest—from the sand.

Adalbert stood as if hypnotized. Finally he felt a hand clutching him. It was Letitia's.

"Have they found it?" she asked in a choked voice.

"I'm afraid so."

Captain Annie's laugh came rolling down to them.

"All right, my lads. Smash it open and we'll have a look."

"No, wait! Let me open it!" cried Adalbert. He rushed forward, followed by Letitia. "Let me open it! I'm the only descendant of Captain Kidd on this island, or anywhere near it. It's my right—it's my duty to open the chest."

"Shall I hit him over the head again?" asked the mate of the Snowdrop, glancing at Captain Annie. The latter shook her head. To Adalbert she spoke gruffly, but not unkindly.

"Step up and open it then. Far be it from me, Mr. Kidder, to do you out o' your rights as a descendant."

Adalbert bowed to her.

"Thank you, Captain Annie. If one of your men will lend me his pick I will break the lock."

A pick was put into his hands. Mr. Kidder stood looking down at the chest, which undoubtedly was an ancient one. No mistake here! No miscalculation this time! A genuine sea chest—and on the cover of it, faintly burned into the wood, the initials W. K.

Adalbert groaned aloud. Alas, that fate had played him such a trick! It was pure irony that he must realize his heart's desire, only to be robbed of it directly by a lot of miserable marine outlaws. As for Captain Annie, he would not have married her if she ——

"Go on and smash the lock!" urged the captain's voice in his ear.

He brought down the pick; the rusty old padlock dropped into the sand. Amid a breathless silence Mr. Kidder leaned forward and raised the lid of the treasure chest. Everyone pressed closer, including Letitia. There was a moment of painful silence; then ——

"Empty!" breathed Adalbert.

"Hijacked!" gulped Captain Annie.

"Stung!" growled the mate.

"Not a sou markee!" exclaimed the crew.

Suddenly they all looked at Letitia. She had begun to laugh. She stood with her hand over her mouth, staring at them and laughing uncontrollably.

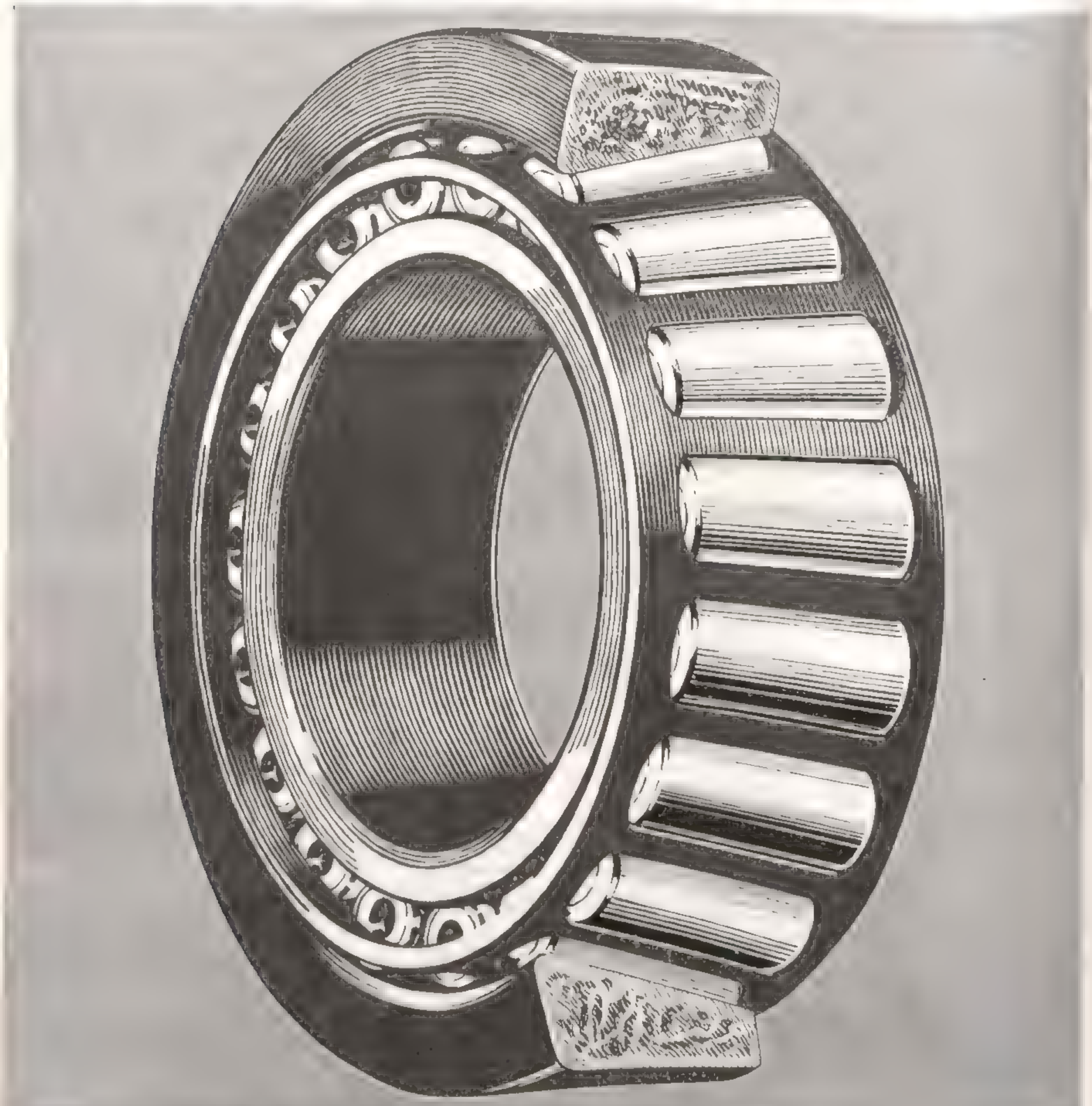
"My pearls!" she gasped. "My p-p-pearls!"

She turned and ran up the side of the dune, shrieking with laughter. Captain Annie looked at Adalbert.

"The lady"—she said gently—"the lady has got hi-sterics. It's up to you, my lad, to soothe 'er out o' them. And if I should never see you agin, Mr. Kidder, which I doubt if I ever will, just remember that in spite of her overhauls and her perfession, Annie Mainfaring was a woman, with all a woman's feminine instincts and—and that's

(Continued on Page 172)

The Car Builder Wants



TIMKEN Tapered Roller

the Six Things You Want

Control

Firm, easy control of a car gives any driver greater comfort and assurance. This feeling of security is destroyed as soon as wear develops in front axle bearings. Timken Tapered Roller Bearings are built into the steering assembly—front hubs, steering pivots and worm—to make it as nearly wear-proof as possible.

Fewer Repairs

If wheels are held true, there will be no hub nor spindle repairs. If gears are kept in permanent alignment, they will operate for the life of the car. Timken Bearings are given this specific work, not only because they are in principle the correct bearings, but because they postpone the need of replacing gears.

Quiet Gears

The gears in the transmission and rear axle must carry heavy loads at high speeds. If the gears are not kept in proper mesh, they become worn and noisy. Keeping them in proper mesh is up to the bearings. Rapid wear in bearings which can not stand the severe service, produces gear wear. The more gears wear, the louder the noise. Timken Bearings keep transmissions and rear axles free from noise.

Long Life

The bearing at a motor car's hard service points must preserve the original alignment of the part which it serves. Not just for the first few thousand miles—but indefinitely. Timken Bearings show little wear after year-in, year-out hard service. If wear has developed, an easily made adjustment restores their initial usefulness. Neither the bearings nor adjacent parts need be disturbed.

Easy Steering

Difficulty in parking a car—in directing it through traffic—fatigue from long driving—these are a reflection on a car's steering mechanism. Timken Bearings in the steering pivots bring noticeable ease of manipulation under any driving condition.

Minimum Care

Timken Bearings ask less in the way of attention than any of a car's important units. A little grease—a simple adjustment at long intervals—and they will outlive the vehicle. *Isn't that the bearing you want in your car?*

The Timken Roller Bearing Co.
CANTON, OHIO

Principle *and* Performance

The Timken Dual Duty principle—the capacity to take, in one bearing, both radial loads and thrust loads—has made Timken Tapered Roller Bearings the outstanding choice of car builders. This same principle has won the preference of car owners for Timken Bearings because of their economy and serviceability.

Over a hundred million Timken Tapered Roller Bearings have been manufactured. The performance record of these bearings is well and favorably known. Today, the demand for Timken Bearings is greater than ever before. Check the Timken Equipment in a car before buying it. It's a pretty good guide to car value.

© 1924, T. R. B. Co.

TIMKEN BEARINGS

Try these cigars FREE

YOU'VE seen my advertisements from time to time—I'm not a stranger to you. I've been making cigars here in Philadelphia for more than twenty-two years, selling them direct to smokers on a trial basis—the customer pays nothing if the cigars don't satisfy.

I make the best cigars I know how, put a box in a customer's hands, tell him to try them. If he likes them, he pays for them. If he doesn't like them, he returns the remainder of the box at my expense. The trial costs him nothing. That's all there is to it.

I lose money on the first box

I don't make a penny on the first box of cigars sold to a new customer.

Suppose, for instance, you and 399 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 400 into $1,[illegible]0 (the cost of this advertisement) gives $4.37. In other words, it costs me $4.37 to sell you a $1.98 box of cigars. You see, I *must* offer an extraordinary cigar; it *must* be better than you expect; the flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities *must* delight you. Otherwise you would not order again.

How I save you money

Exact size and shape

I sell cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cost of handling and one profit. Based on customers' estimates, you save upward of 7c on each cigar. I sell them at less than 8c each by the box. Smokers say the cigar equals any 15c smoke.

The El Nelsor, the cigar illustrated, is a 4½ inch cigar. The long Havana filler gives a mildness and full flavor. The genuine Sumatra leaf wrapper assures even burning and long white ash. Handmade by skilled adults in clean surroundings.

A new introductory offer

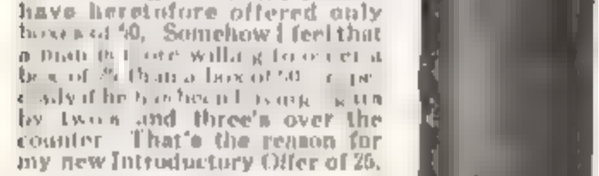
I am now offering an Introductory Box of 25 cigars for only $1.98. I have heretofore offered only boxes of 50. Somehow I feel that a man is more willing to accept a box of 25 than a box of 50. Especially if he has heard I stop [illegible] by twos and three's over the counter. That's the reason for my new Introductory Offer of 25.

Don't send me a penny

If you'll sign and mail the coupon now, I'll see that you get a box of 25 freshly made, full flavored El Nelsors, size and shape as in the illustration, postage prepaid. If after smoking five the box doesn't seem worth $1.98, return the twenty unsmoked cigars within five days—no obligation.

In ordering please use your business letterhead or the coupon, filling in the line marked "Reference." Or, if you don't wish to bother giving a reference just drop me a postcard and you can pay the postman $1.98 when the cigars are delivered. I pay the postage.

NELSON B. SHIVERS, Pres.



[illegible]

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

Reference [illegible]

Address [illegible]

(Continued from Page 169)

all, Mr. Kidder. Good-by, my lad, and God bless you."

But Adalbert already had fled the Amazonian presence. His only thought was for Letitia. He found her lying in a crumpled heap upon the farther slope of the sand dune.

"Letitia!" he cried. "What is it? Look at me! What is it?"

She lay still for a moment; then she sat up, clinging to his arm.

"Bertie," she pleaded in an uncertain voice, "will you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you? For what?"

"Well, you see, Bertie, it was all a put-up job. I made that map. I hid it in the Adventure's keel. I did it all. Because I knew how much you wanted to discover pirate treasure, and I thought if you did well, I mean, if my plan had worked you'd have been pretty well off ——"

"Wait," said Adalbert, whose head was spinning. "Wait! Do you mean to say that you had intended to put something of value in that chest?"

"My pearls!" replied Letitia. "They were worth about a hundred thousand dollars'"

"A hundred thousand "

"Yes."

"And they're gone? Where are they now?"

Letitia shook her head.

"I don't know. The last I saw of them Captain Haskins had them in a little leather bag. He was going to bury them—in the chest, you know. He—was in on the conspiracy too."

"Captain Haskins!" exclaimed Adalbert. "I thought so! I suspected him from the first. What's happened is that he's betrayed you."

"I'm afraid you're right," said Letitia reluctantly. She looked at him like a crestfallen child. "Bertie," she murmured.

"Yes, Letitia?"

"I—I won't mind losing the pearls if you—I mean, if you'll just say you forgive me, and understand ——"

Adalbert got abruptly to his feet. He stood very straight and determined against the sky.

"Letitia," he said, "I do understand. And of course I forgive you. I know you were thinking only of my—of my welfare, so to speak. And I—I appreciate your efforts—er—your thought of me. But of course, Letitia, I am disappointed. I'd thought for a while that my great ambition was to be realized. And now I find it all a dream—an illusion. Naturally I'm disappointed."

"Poor Bertie!" said Letitia.

"Also, I feel it my duty to find the pearls you have lost. Until I do so, I shall consider myself indebted to you in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars."

The girl gave a little cry.

"Bertie, don't be ——"

Mr. Kidder waved his hand.

"One hundred thousand dollars, Letitia! And now, hadn't we better begin to think of getting back to the yacht?"

The voyage home in the Cormorant was not a cheerful one. Poor Mrs. Goodwin, who detested the ocean and who usually spent her time aboard the yacht in being thoroughly seasick, was forced to relinquish this privilege, extraordinarily enough, to her daughter. It was Letitia who kept to her cabin and Mrs. Goodwin who wielded the smelling salts, though actually there were no symptoms of illness.

"You don't look a bit sick, Letitia; only a little peaked and down at the mouth. Have you and Adalbert been quarreling?"

"No, mother."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know why you made an engagement to meet him in the middle of the ocean. I suppose it was some sort of modern idea; everything strange is due to some modern idea, I've noticed; but I do think ——"

As for Adalbert, he spent most of the thirty-hour run on deck, even sleeping in a deck chair, under an awning. Why he slept there he himself hardly knew. It seemed appropriate to his state of mind somehow.

He had determined to spend the rest of his life searching for the lost jewels, tracking down the criminal. The criminal, of course, was Captain Haskins. He would find the captain if he had to comb the Desert of Sahara, the wilds of India, the secret lairs of the Dark Continent itself.

He communicated his intention to Letitia directly after their arrival at Sound View. Indeed, they had no more than got into the house, Mrs. Goodwin had no more than collapsed joyfully into the arms of her family physician, who was always on hand at such moments, when Adalbert spoke to Letitia about setting forth on his search for the dastardly captain.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I'll begin my investigation at the lodge."

"Yes, Bertie," said Letitia meekly.

Her eyes seemed to plead with him; he had never seen her so pretty, so appealing. But he sternly put aside temptation.

"I'll go down there at once. There may be some clew ——"

"I'll go with you, Bertie."

"Very well, Letitia. But I warn you that this is going to be a man's job."

They went down to the lodge together, and as it happened they found there a clew. They found it in the captain's modest living room, in the shape of the captain himself.

"You!" exclaimed Adalbert, clutching at a chair for support.

The old sea dog stood up, took his pipe out of his mouth, and without so much as glancing at Mr. Kidder, said, "My compliments, Miss Tishy, and you're home, are ye?"

"Captain Haskins!" said Letitia. "Where are my pearls?"

"Yes!" put in Adalbert forcibly. "Where are the pearls?"

The captain still looked imperturbably at the girl.

"My compliments, Miss Tishy, and I buried 'em."

"Buried them? Where?"

"Right where I was told to."

"But ——"

The captain raised his hand. In the resulting silence he took down from a shelf directly over his head the cap he wore on all state occasions. From the lining of this cap he produced, with a certain sense of legerdemain, a square piece of paper, which he held up before Letitia's bewildered eyes.

"Miss Tishy," he said, "you give me them jools and you give me this map, and you says to bury the jools where the cross showed was the place to bury 'em. Be careful, you says, to get it right, Cap'n Haskins, I don't want no mistake about this. Well, Miss Tishy, I stuck that there map into my top piece and I tuk that old sea chest outen your pa's collection, which you had burnt into it a heathen pirate's initials, and I lit out for the Sandpile—because, Miss Tishy, it was the Sandpile you and me had been talkin' about and plannin' all this here jamboree for—now wa'n't it?"

"Yes, of course it was!" agreed Letitia quickly.

"Well, Miss Tishy, I went up there and I buried that there old chest from memory, as you might say. I'd just about got it covered over when them two bootleggers come up on me, and I had to pretend I was friendly to 'em till their sloop started off suddenlike, by some miracle ——"

"I was the miracle," interposed Adalbert with dignity.

"Oh, you was, was you? Well, my compliments, Miss Tishy, and that ain't the p'int. The p'int is that when them two bootleggers had fled off like the army of the Philistines before the wrath of the Lord, I thinks to myself I'll just take a look at that there map to be sure I'm right. So I looks at it, Miss Tishy, and I seed I wa'n't right. I wa'n't right by as much as three hundred miles, and that's all they was to it. Thinks I, mebbe Miss Tishy's made a mistake, and then agin, mebbe she ain't. Mebbe she knows her own mind and mebbe she don't. But that ain't for you, Cap'n Haskins, to decide. Orders is orders in this world, Cap'n Haskins. You been givin' 'em and takin' 'em all your life long, and you ain't one to disobey a plain command now, not at your time o' life. But I'm danged, I says, if I'm a-goin' to lug that there chest back to Connecticut, I says. In the fust place it's so old it'll never stand another maulin' by them baggage smashers, I says, and in the second place if Miss Tishy has made a mistake, and comes here to meet the gentleman, I says, it'll be somethin' for her to dig up anyway."

"But the pearls!" exclaimed Letitia.

"My compliments, Miss Tishy, and they're buried accordin' to plans and specifications as hereinbefore mentioned."

So saying, Captain Haskins gave her the piece of paper he had been holding delicately between the thumb and forefinger of his chubby right hand. Letitia looked at the piece of paper; then at the captain; then at Adalbert. She giggled. She became serious. She giggled again.

"Good Lord," she finally brought out, "I gave you the wrong map!"

"Let me see it, Letitia," requested Adalbert.

But she only looked at him, blushing.

"I won't," she said. "I just won't!"

Suddenly she turned and ran out of the lodge. She ran across the lawn as fast as she could go, her skirts pulled up to her knees.

Adalbert ran after Letitia, somehow immensely exhilarated by the sight of Letitia's slender twinkling legs. The chase led him to the shore of the artificial lake that was a feature—as he well knew—of the Goodwin estate, but it did not end there. Letitia had piled into the flat-bottomed punt that served to carry passengers to the island in the center of the lake and was pushing off when Adalbert waded out after her. He caught hold of the boat with his hands.

"You gave Captain Haskins the map you made for your pirate party, Letitia. The map we used that night! You mean to say you took and gave him ——"

"Let go! I hate you!"

But he only laughed and climbed into the punt. Taking up the oars, he rowed quickly to the island.

"It seems to me," he said, "that we've done this before."

"I've already told you I have yes," said Letitia as she stepped out of the boat on the island: "I can't say more than that. Besides, we haven't got anything to dig with."

"Hello! Yes, we have!" sang out Adalbert, and stooping, he picked up from the ground a hoe with a rusty blade. "It's the one I used that night," he stated, grinning. "Careless of you to've left it here," said Letitia, pushing back her dishevelled hair. "Well, why don't you dig?"

Five minutes later Adalbert Kidder was pouring from a small leather bag into Letitia's lap a fair-sized fortune in pearls. At the sight of them the young man suddenly became awed, humble.

"Good heavens, Letitia! Do you mean to say that I—that I was worth *that* to you?"

"That!" she answered impulsively. "That? Why, I love you, Bertie! I'm simply crazy about you!"

"Letitia!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her. Romance, reality! Whatever was in that kiss was conclusive, irrevocable.

"Look here," he said, after an interval, "there's one thing about all this that I don't understand. How did you know I'd float the model of the Adventure Galley in the bathtub?"

Letitia smiled.

"Well, you see, Bertie, I knew you—pretty well."

"Good Lord! You're positively dangerous! All women are dangerous!" cried Adalbert in a last, a farewell outpouring of his sovereign bachelor soul. "But then," he added, with characteristic philosophical calm, "I am not a man to flinch from danger."

A Scene in Winter Park, Orange County, Florida

Stacomb

No More Unruly Hair, Men
Make it Stay Combed, Now, with Stacomb

STACOMB makes the hair stay combed. Men with unruly hair need have it no longer.

Soft, fluffy hair; stiff, wiry hair; dry, brittle hair—all are controlled by STACOMB.

When you comb your hair in the morning, spread but a little on the finger tips, but rub that little well into the scalp.

Then comb and note the neat effect. The hair will remain in place all day. No need to worry about disorderly hair late in the afternoon. STACOMB makes it stay combed.

Adds a soft, natural luster, too.

After the Shampoo

Enjoy the healthfulness of a frequent shampoo No need now to worry about the after effects—the unruly hair. STACOMB will make it stay combed. Water washes out the natural oils that give the hair its sheen. STACOMB replaces this luster so the hair doesn't look dry after washing

Women with Beautiful Hair

Women with hair that would be beautiful but for loose straggly ends and vexing short locks can now do away with these troubles. STACOMB controls all kinds of unruly strands and makes hair soft and lustrous.

Excellent as an aid to permanent waving. Keeps the curl in longer. Success of the popular "Egyptian Bob" is dependent upon the gloss of the hair. STACOMB supplies this and keeps the hair close to the head, as the fashion dictates.

Mothers use it to train children's hair

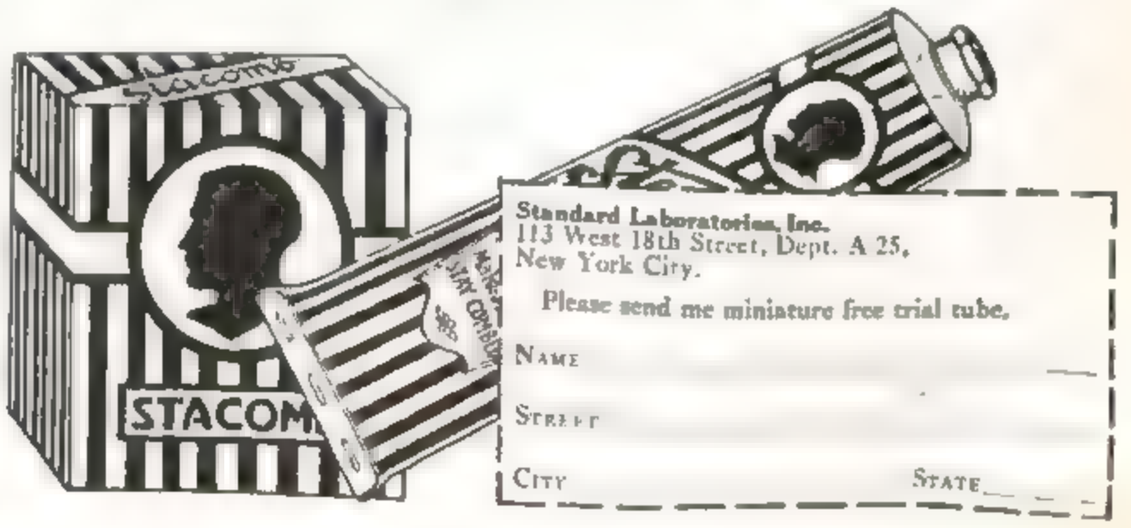
Boys especially like STACOMB to comb their hair in the popular pompadour or prevailing style.

Send coupon for free, 7-day trial tube. Only one to a family

STACOMB is for sale at all drug counters. In tubes (35c) or larger jars (75c). Men will find the tube a handy convenience for traveling. Demand STACOMB—the original—has never been equaled. In black, yellow and gold packages

Standard Laboratories, Inc.
New York St. Louis

Tubes - 35c
Jars - 75c



Standard Laboratories, Inc.
113 West 18th Street, Dept. A 25,
New York City.

Please send me miniature free trial tube.

NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

OUTSIDERS may think that fraternal and civic organizations exist primarily to initiate new members, to parade, hold luncheons, and listen to speeches. But such are only the superficially apparent activities.

In all such organizations there lies a firm, fine foundation of HUMAN SERVICE.

WHICH ARE YOU ?

THE Kiwanis Club of Huntsville, Ala., struck a new note in Human Service last year when it voted that the greatest thing it could give to the local Infirmary was *real safety to life.*

"The precious gift of life shall not be snatched from these invalids by flames or suffocating smoke," declared the spokesman in explaining his committee's idea to the club. "This Infirmary for years has been adopted as our charge. We've given the occupants all but the greatest thing security of life. I now propose that our gift on Christmas Day shall be an automatic sprinkler system so their lives will be completely safeguarded against fire."

For a moment only a few understood. They had not realized that fire was daily and hourly threatening the lives of the occupants of the building. It had never occurred to them that conditions there, as in thousands of other institutions, were a challenge to every man and woman who holds human life to be a sacred thing.

But the committee had investigated. Its members knew how fire could start, and, once started, how it would spread. This was explained the club was made to see it—to see how feeble people would cry for mercy from fire which never yet showed mercy in a hospital, asylum, schoolhouse or infirmary.

The club, to a man, voted to safeguard the lives of those people. Being business men who insure property, maintain a fire department and put in sprinklers where danger of fire is greatest, they knew that the only remedy for fire danger in that Infirmary was Automatic Sprinklers.

As a result a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler system is now being installed throughout the Huntsville institution. This Christmas Gift from the Kiwanis Club is a Christmas Gift in reality from the people of Huntsville. For when three entertainments were given under the auspices of the club to pay for the equipment of the Home the whole town crowded in. Everybody came because everybody knew the necessity for protection. Everybody feels in Huntsville today, as never before, that Life is a Sacred Thing. Too sacred a thing to leave to the chance of matches, sparks, mice, lightning, electric wires and the hundred other hazards that start death-dealing fires, as on Ward's Island and in the insane asylum in Chicago.

IN any city, any organization can, in an hour, find conditions that plead for the same kind of humane gift that this Kiwanis Club gave. What are you? No matter what the organization, the gift of human life is in your hands to give to some institution. The people of any city will be equally eager to support the committee in presenting to school children, the aged, the blind, the sick, the poor, that greatest of all gifts—Security for human life.

A special bulletin giving all the facts on the presentation of the Sprinkler System to the Huntsville Infirmary has been prepared by Grinnell Company, Inc., and is now ready to be sent to any organization inquiring for it. Address 302 W. Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL COMPANY

Automatic Sprinkler Systems | **Steam & Hot Water Heating Equipment** | **Humidifying and Drying Equipment** | **Fittings, Hangers and Valves** | **Pipe Bending, Welding, etc.** | **Power and Process Piping**

When the fire starts, the water starts

THE DIARY OF A DUDE WRANGLER

(Continued from Page 33)

...rty dollars an acre when you could buy ...best land in the valley, fenced, irrigated, ...t upon and producing hay, at fifty dollars an acre! By the time the homesteader got through with his fencing, building and the putting of his land into cultivation the ...st per acre, at the very lowest figures, ...uld be at least one hundred dollars; and even at that he would have nothing only land that badgers wouldn't dig in, land the water on which alone, at that valuation, would be costing him a tax of 30 per cent a year per acre. This especial plan went askew, although it took us years of desperate effort to defeat it—and perhaps it isn't defeated yet.

There is not a valuable future asset in the West today, not a lake or a watershed or a forest the conservation of which is necessary to the health and wealth and security of future generations, that is not in danger from forces that do not care a snap of their fingers for future generations so long as they can gut and fell and dam—and fill their own pockets. Every once in a while they plan incursions even upon the national parks, as in the recent attempt to dam Yellowstone Lake.

In connection with this project one esthetic and high-minded politician said that "A handsome dam at its mouth improves any lake."

A Worthless Circle

I am no engineer; but if any irrigation ...gineer can show me where, in two cases ...of a hundred I would make it one ...in a hundred it is necessary to dam a ...for irrigation purposes, I will grant ...he is a better engineer than an economist. It is merely looking at it in its lowest terms, running one business asset for another, and the latter business asset would be better off somewhere else.

A lake is usually near the headwaters of a stream and the headwaters of a stream are the place where you do not want to ...water. You will never have enough. ...miss all the subsidiary streams that run in below the lake.

But here is the catch in the puzzle: You ...usually get a lake for nothing from the ...ment, but it costs money to go ...Valley and buy up ranches in order ...ate your dam.

The great and beautiful lake twenty miles north of our upper ranch is the best example of what I am talking about that I know; an example so good that it is constantly being used as an object lesson by the enemies of stupid spoliation. Here is one of the most beautiful lakes in the world, eighteen miles long, snow-capped mountains to the west of it; a lake that in a few years, possibly a generation, would have been as famous and profitable as the Italian lakes; and yet it has been ruined forever unless the dam that holds it is broken down or forced to keep its contents at an even level. All around its shores, gaunt trees, millions of feet of ...stand up like skeletons. After ...of course, they will disappear, ...the twenty feet or so of evil-smelling ...that marks the recession of the ...will not. The Swiss, the Canadians, the Norwegians—all wise nations that know the value of scenery—would laugh at us for the fools that we are.

Not long ago I came across another private irrigation enterprise that proposed to make its living by damming some gemlike mountain lakes and then holding up in times of drought a nearer and larger enterprise. The small enterprise would be able to charge as much as the large enterprise could stand; but in the end, of course, the farmers would pay for it.

Upon one occasion I was discussing a proposed useless irrigation scheme with a state official. He was an intelligent state official and had had a brilliant record in the war. The irrigation scheme in question was much like the one that was planned for the flat west of our ranch. In other words, it proposed to complete a worthless circle. The cattlemen were to be ousted, the homesteaders were to come, the homesteaders would go, and then the cattlemen would buy back the land—land, incidentally, ruined for range purposes for many years to come—of which they had had legitimate use in the beginning.

"But the land's no good," I said, "and you've admitted it."

The young official smiled tolerantly.

"That's not the point," he answered. "What interests me is that it's a good way of paying the state bonus; we'll give ex-service men the land. And you ranchers oughtn't to care. In a few years, when the soldiers are busted, you can buy back the land and then it will really be yours. As it is now, you never know when it is going to be taken away from you."

Do not forget that this was an ex-soldier talking. What he proposed to do was to take two or three years of a young man's life, ruin and waste them and possibly beggar their possessor—at all events, thoroughly disgust and disgruntle him—and having done this, directly tax the rancher so that the young man would have a small sum of money in his pockets when he left. And in a good many parts of the West this very scheme is being put into operation, although most men aren't so frank.

Possibly I seem bitter. Well, I am. Early in my life I learned to be chary of good, kind development companies that were going to make me rich by any other method than by my own hard work. Money has been made in other ways than by work, but infinitely more has been lost. I lived through the apple boom in the state of Washington, and it was a salutary lesson, for I only lost all the money I had.

I saw the time when you could walk into practically any club or office in the East and sell apple land sight unseen to people who didn't even know where it was located. I saw shop windows filled with apples purporting to come from countries where I knew an apple tree hadn't as yet been planted. Huge cooperative associations were formed that in five years, if you just let the associations alone and didn't bother them, would turn over to you five or ten or whatever it was—acres that would give you a home and keep you in affluence the rest of your life.

Land Swindles

I lived alongside some of these community orchards and saw the puny, unhealthy trees die within the first year—if they weren't dead when they were planted. All the land surrounding our nearest railway station—twenty miles away—a spit of land deep down in the naked valley of the Columbia River, where the station agent couldn't grow vegetables because the wind blew and covered the seedlings with sand, and where the only inhabitants, except the station agent, were rattlesnakes, was sold as town lots to Chicagoans by a particularly enterprising citizen. The station agent told me that every now and then someone would get off the train looking for his or her town lot. And then, in the end, having seen all this, as I said, I invested some money myself.

But folly has its uses. In latter years I have found my heart exceedingly staunch against the oil prospectuses with which, being an author, and therefore on every sucker list in the country, I was deluged; and nowadays I find myself equally deaf to the more modern appeals that guarantee to make me rarely beautiful or keep me permanently young or endow me with a vast personal power.

Fascinating how advertisements and get-rich-quick schemes follow the *Zeitgeist* of a period like hounds upon the scent! Years ago, when I was in the state of Washington, people had just awakened to the fact—a fact that since has become a stupefying reality—that modern life is growing increasingly bewildering and perplexing. Charles Wagner had written his Simple Life and everyone wanted to get back to the land. The clever gentlemen who keep their ears to the ground immediately offered you fortunes in apples and oranges and grapefruit and wheat.

Fighting Against Odds

A little later—most people having decided that if you had to live in a city you had to, and the immense new mysterious forces of quick communication and closer international relations stirring in the minds of men—oil was discovered in vast quantities and the clever gentlemen, abandoning their bucolic pursuits, held out to you for practically nothing a chance to share in world power and an opportunity to touch in your feeble way this black genie who worked for you night and day.

But in the last three or four years, perspective having been gained concerning the war, and the most of us having become more sophisticated and greatly more weary and individualistic, with a new appreciation of the shortness of life, mere money, even impersonal power, is no good to us any longer unless it brings with it personal satisfaction; and so we have offered us all sorts of panaceas that will do for us what our own brains and hearts and bodies are too lazy to accomplish. A Morgan is no longer the icon of our hearts, but a Valentino. We can become motion-picture stars in a week, famous novelists merely by writing a letter or two, radiantly lovely creatures by swallowing a pill or by creeping into our baths backwards. Some of these remedies are so simple that you have merely to rub them on.

And close to the bottom of the list of those who are chasing the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, because of the hardships they must endure, and amongst the most unfortunate, because their intentions are industrious, are, it seems to me, the men who, without knowing what they are doing, settle on government land. I have seen them come with high hopes and their small belongings, and I have seen them wage the dreariest sort of warfare against poverty and famine. They must beat the devil around the stump. In order to live they must work during the summer months for some wealthier rancher, and if they work during the summer months for some wealthier rancher they haven't time properly to develop their own holdings. Each summer they earn just enough to feed themselves and their families during the winter.

In most homesteading there are at least eight processes necessary before the land is even in condition to plant. First, you must remove the sagebrush—the slowest, most back-breaking work in the world; then you must pile and burn it; third, you must remove the stones—you have to do this two or three times the first year and continue to do it for years to come; fourth, you must plow; fifth, you must disk; sixth, you must harrow; seventh, you must level; and eighth, you must run your irrigating laterals and put water on your new land—land that soaks it up like a sponge. But before you have done any of these things it will have been necessary for you to build and fence, and dig your main ditches, and clear willow land and timberland.

Then, when everything is ready, after breathless work, undoubtedly there will come a drought or a freeze or too much rain. The weather in new countries is no more kind to the settler than is the soil. And as to sagebrush grubbing, my former partner once remarked that the only kind of man to employ was an old man, slightly insane and so disinterested in the world that he never even wanted to raise his head.

Practical Considerations

Consider then how quickly you can get ahead if you happen to homestead in a country such as mine, where you can do practically no farming until the middle of May, and only then when you are lucky, and where work is likely to end around the middle of November. No wonder the original settlers took up meadows of wild hay, even if wild hay peters out after a while and becomes rank and is never so strong feed for stock as cultivated hay. Furthermore, in the higher regions of the West one hundred and sixty acres of land is not enough for a man to make a living on. Even if he has a homestead and a desert claim, three hundred and twenty acres—even if he adds to these, as he can in some regions, what is known as a grazing homestead right—he will very likely not have enough land, for it is a rough country and a great part of every ranch cannot be put under cultivation. And yet, if he keeps on adding, pretty soon he will find that he has boxed the compass and has become land poor.

Such countries present to the stock raiser a constant dilemma. As it is with your land, so it is with the size of your herd. If you have a small herd, very naturally you cannot make a good living; but if, on the other hand, you have a large herd you cannot make a good living either, the size of your herd being strictly limited to the amount of hay you can raise to feed during the winter—about two and a half tons per creature; the cut, in the best of circumstances, from about one acre. Four hundred acres of hay then would allow you to run not more than two hundred head of cattle, for you have to make allowances for severe springs, and you also have to feed whatever horses you may have—and other stock. But, even at that, this sounds like a fairly simple proposition; all you have to do is buy more land, increase your hay, and pretty soon you are a millionaire. Lots of people have thought that. But, as a matter of fact, there is such a small margin between the cost of raising a steer and any possible profit that the moment you relax personal supervision or increase your overhead charges you are more than likely to become a bankrupt.

Here actually is the financial state of my country at present: Practically the

(Continued on Page 178)

PHOTO. BY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE, DEPT. OF INTERIOR

Bar B C Ranch, Jackson's Hole, Wyoming

The

Copyright 1924, The Hoover Company

Is there a "high water mark" in your household cleaning?

Sometimes, after little hands have been washed, there's a shadowy gray line that mother calls the "high water mark."

Mother knows, too, that there are "high water marks" in household cleaning. Not because of carelessness, but because she can do no better with the tools she has.

She sweeps her rugs diligently and regularly. But at the very bottom of the nap there is destructive, sharp-edged dirt her broom can't sweep out. It must be dislodged—*beaten out!*

When she owns a Hoover, and regularly BEATS her rugs, they will *actually* be as clean as she may think they are now.

The Hoover also sweeps and air-cleans at the same time. And what other cleaner gives rugs the three kinds of cleaning they *should* have to be thoroughly clean?

Then, there's the space under beds and other low-built heavy furniture. A Hoover rolls under these with ease, beating, sweeping and thoroughly cleaning the floor covering.

The draperies need not be taken down and sent to the cleaner's, nor need a step-ladder be used to reach the dust on ledges and mouldings.

For it's only a moment's work to snap in place the *new* Hoover cleaning attachments—*the most remarkable set of attachments ever devised.*

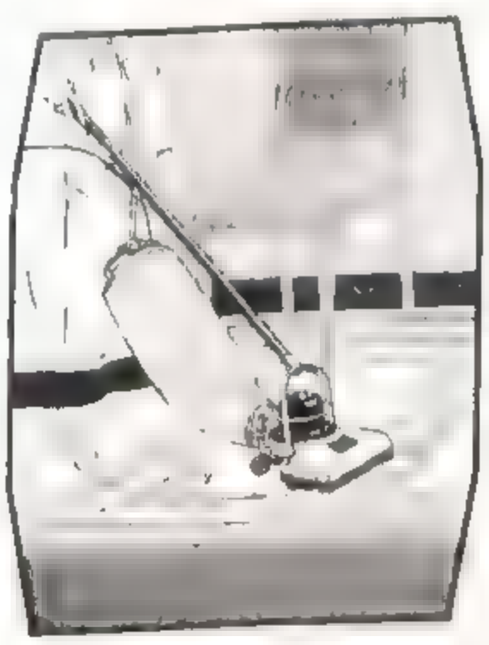
Powerful air-suction—drawn through cleaning tools with swivel joints that relieve the hand of any twisting strains—whisks dust and dirt from even its every resting place. And it's *dustless* cleaning, too.

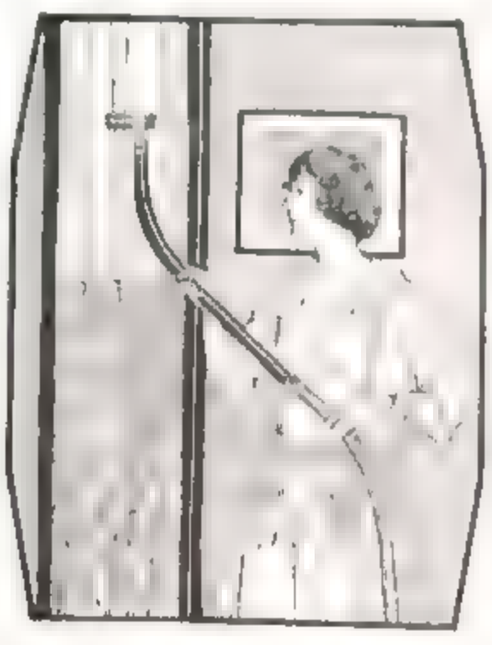
With equal ease and thoroughness every piece of furniture, every article of the household exposed to dust, can be brushed and suctioned clean with the convenient nozzle-brush attachment.

You have no idea how a Hoover will simplify your household cleaning—the great amount of labor and time it will save—the years it will add to the life of your rugs and furnishings.

What is all this worth to you? Fortunately, you won't have to pay nearly that much! Phone your Authorized Hoover Dealer today. He has a plan which makes it so easy to buy the new Hoover with its ten added features that you'll wonder why you waited so long.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario





HOOVER

It BEATS...as it Sweeps as it Cleans

Spend *this* spring in paradise ~ HAWAII

Spring-time in exotic Hawaii—a dream of alluring South Sea beauty—invites your enjoyment and is easily within reach.

For as little as $300 to $400 and three to four weeks' time you can make the delightful voyage over calm seas from any one of four Pacific ports to those fascinating islands.

In April, May, June and July you'll find the flowers at their best; giant trees gorgeously abloom—vines, creepers and shrubs blazing with color—luscious tropic fruits ripening—breezes that are never too cool, never too warm.

Revel in surf-riding and moonlight swimming at Waikiki; in golfing over several good courses; tennis; motoring on all islands; climbing cool, rugged, wooded mountains—or in any outdoor pastime you fancy. See Kilauea Volcano's fiery crater, safe and easily accessible, in Hawaii National Park.

Total cost mentioned above includes first-class, round-trip accommodations on an ocean liner for the five- to eight-day voyage from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, or Vancouver, B. C., and all hotel and sightseeing expense. Good hotels and inter-island cruising facilities.

With all its South Sea romance Hawaii is a part of the United States with the same laws, language, customs, conveniences. An ideal land in which to own a home and spend at least part of every year.

Go now to your nearest travel agency and arrange for the trip, or fill, clip and mail the coupon below.

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU
909 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, or
879 Fort Street, Honolulu, Hawaii, U. S. A.

Send me your new free illustrated booklet on HAWAII, also latest issue of Tourlax, containing data on special trips, hotel rates, etc.

NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

FREE!

*Radio "Applause Cards"**

[illegible] Station W J A Z signing off. If you have enjoyed the [illegible] you write in and tell them!"

By [illegible] Cards and Radio, with "Applause Cards" [illegible] ... still in with [illegible]

Keep a pack of them near your receiving set

* You can use "Applause Cards" liberally because they are FREE AT YOUR RADIO DEALER'S

("Applause Cards" were originated by [illegible] Dictograph Copyrighted "Applause Cards")

A big FREE package of them awaits you at your dealer's. Or if he has not yet stocked, WRITE us, GIVING HIS NAME and we will ship you a generous supply of "Applause Cards" free, prepaid, direct. Dept. E-4.

DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORPORATION
220 West 42nd Street New York City
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 175)

whole valley, in the shape of mortgages, is in the hands of the bank or a few rich men, and yet the bank and other lenders of money cannot foreclose. It is a stalemate. If the bank and the other lenders foreclosed they wouldn't know what to do with the land they would find on their hands. With a few exceptions, the only solvent ranchers are the dude men, and at present they are the only men who bring actual hard cold cash into the pockets of anyone. Their product depends neither upon weather, the state of the markets nor altitude.

It has always been doubtful to me, anyway, how much the wilder parts of the West have ever in reality been a poor man's country. It is difficult to see how they were in the much-lauded older days. Never in the history of the country, not even in the South, has there existed a more feudal condition than in the Far West. Without luck—such as the discovery of a gold mine—or without dishonesty—such as stealing another man's cattle or acquiring vast tracts of free land by getting other men, contrary to the law, to homestead for you—the average cow-puncher was a cow-puncher and remained so, and the big rancher was a big rancher.

I am not deprecating Western emigration; I have been telling about men who have no capital. I believe that the West is still the finest direction in which any young man can turn, provided he is suited for the life and has nothing to hold him back, and provided he has a few resources except his wits and his hands. There is no part of the country where a small capital still goes further; and in many sections, if you have any capital at all, it is still possible to get in upon the ground floor. Then you can grow with the country.

Individualism is at a premium; there is none of the anonymity of more crowded places; opportunities of all kinds come to you without your lifting a finger. Someone once said, for instance, that my state, Wyoming, wasn't a state but a club. And this is true, for everyone knows or knows of everyone else. A man knows the governor and the bishop and all manner of important people at an age when he would be considered a mere stripling in the East.

Where Life Is Never Dull

Strange as it may seem, you are nearer Washington in the Rocky Mountains than you are if you were living in New York. In all this sprawling democracy the Far West is the one place where a man feels that he is really in touch with his Government and where he feels that his opinions and just desires carry some weight. We have one congressman and two senators in my own state, and most of the citizens know them personally. You have always the infinite satisfaction of being able to argue with your representative, even if the argument accomplishes nothing. As to the other satisfactions a Westerner derives, especially if he be a ranchman, they are difficult to describe to any who have not known them; they are so numerous, and in many cases so subtle; but they are constant. The Far West is the only part of America—at least so it seems to me where, barring accidents, a man can be continually happy and where life never by any chance becomes dull.

There is the climate, for one thing; there is the uplifting beauty; there is the hardy outdoor life; there is the esoteric and complete pleasure of outwitting Nature at its own game; there are the pleasantest and kindest and wittiest of neighbors—with occasionally a bad neighbor just to add extra stimulus; there is space and lack of irritating crowding, a lack of noise and smells and ugliness, a sense of really having enough time in which to do what you want.

Despite the cynics of the East, the Westerner does not exaggerate his claims; the West may not be the place where men are men and women are women, because men are pretty much men wherever you put them, and women are women, neither of which is saying much; but the West is a splendid place to achieve a rather rare fullness of life—a thing part mental and part physical. When any young man—provided he is a decent young man—asks me about going there I advise him to go. Even if he stays only a year or so, he will have had an invaluable experience. He will come back with a broadened point of view; he will be a better American; very likely he will be healthier; and he will have seen opportunity in such a way that always hereafter he will know what opportunity means.

But if he does come back, even if he should and has to come back, he must be prepared to be at times a lonely and homesick young man, for the West is a magician; once it has waved its wand over you, you will feel if you leave it that you have left behind some of your lost heritage of beauty and laughter. The East is filled with men who are homesick for sagebrush and running water, and aspen trees that take the sunlight, and the creaking of saddles.

Nor would I be fair at all unless I stated that I have known numerous men who have homesteaded with no more visible assets than their families and possibly a team of horses, and who are now substantial citizens. But in most of these cases exceptional factors have been at work; exceptional industry, or exceptional lack of illness, or an exceptional talent, or some exceptional good luck—a number of sons, perhaps, who, unlike most sons, have stood by and worked the ranch while their father was out earning actual money; a wise and saving wife; a larger outfit near by offering high pay for specialized labor; or an unexpected increase in land. But in no case have I known a man to succeed without capital who did not have back of him many years of experience.

The doctor and I thought we knew all about homesteading, and we at least knew that it was cheaper to buy land already developed than to take it up yourself, and we regretted our necessity for having to do the latter; but we didn't know one quarter of what we were soon going to learn.

A House Divided

There are numerous ways of taking up government land; there are stone and timber claims, mineral claims, water-power claims, leases for summer camps, other methods; but the ordinary method for the actual settler is to take out a homestead claim and add to it possibly a desert claim. This gives him, as I have said, three hundred and twenty acres; and it was, as I have also said, what the doctor and I had applied for—three hundred and twenty acres each. After the usual heartbreaking delays in which all government offices seem to rejoice, our applications were granted.

Our two places adjoined and a line ran through them diagonally. The land was not accurately surveyed for several years—even now we do not know just where our south line is—and so, guessing as best we could, we put our main buildings where we thought the diagonal line was and retired to a discreet distance, 1 to the north, the doctor to the south, to build our living cabins, so that there would be no danger of our not complying with the law that requires you to dwell upon your land.

Curiously enough, when the survey was finally completed, we found that the dividing line between the doctor's holdings and mine cut the main cabin directly in two. I own the most important part—the kitchens, the dining rooms, the storerooms and a big sitting room; while the doctor got only the social end—the writing room, the card room and the biggest sitting room.

It is lucky for him we have never quarreled seriously, for I could keep him out of the dining room; and as for myself, I don't play cards.

With a homestead claim you are required to live upon the land; and it must be land where there is some natural water or a well can be dug; and you must make it your home, building a house and residing there without interruption for a certain number of months of the year. Should you have to go out in the winter to seek work you must notify the local land commissioner when you leave and when you return, and receive from him a permit. In addition to these requirements, you are required to do a certain amount of development and planting. At the end of three or five years, depending upon the number of months you have actually lived upon your place, it is yours and the Government gives you a title.

A desert claim is a homestead turned upside down. It must be land where there is no water, but land to which water can be brought by means of an irrigation ditch, unless it is a dry farm. You are not required to live upon the land; but, as in the case of a homestead, you must do a certain amount of development work each year; and unless it is a dry farm, before you receive your title you must have run your ditches so that you can turn water on every forty acres. I must admit that all these various claims are directed by the Government with considerable common sense. The main factor in granting a title is whether the settler's intentions are sincere. The final inspection is always conducted with an eye to what is important and not with an eye to red tape.

It is not in the least difficult to obtain government land if you are an honest man; the difficulty consists entirely in making a living upon it once you obtain it.

Before I close this subject of free land, as a note—as an addendum—I should like to ask how many people realize the subtle but far-reaching change the narrowing—indeed for all practical purposes, the closing of the public domain has made in life in the country. I have seen the question brought up only once before, and that was by a historian in a review several years ago.

A frontier is the best safety valve a nation can have. It was the restless spirits of the Civil War, who could not abide a return to normal existence, that settled the West. Without the Civil War, the development of the West would have been retarded many decades. But what is going to sublimate the restlessness of the last war or of possible wars to come? There is only a thin line, after all, between high adventure and the higher types of crime. The poet, happily occupied, is one of the most useful of citizens; the poet thwarted is a destructive and dangerous man. I remember a clergyman once saying to me, "The sordid criminals who drink absinth in Paris, or"—and he hastily corrected himself—"perhaps the defeated geniuses ——"

I often wonder how many of the young men now foolishly engaged in holding up taxicabs might not in an earlier generation have been good frontiersmen. Perhaps even now they would be good frontiersmen if somebody would stake them, for the frontier is still open to those who have a little capital and a little wit and a good deal of determination.

Out-of-doors, the moon is a guide and a street lamp, and the sun a fire by which you warm your heart; but in the city the moon is a theatrical, unnecessary adornment, and the sun is something you feel but never see except as a reflected light high up on walls of brick or stone. A few nights ago, living here for a while in a city, I saw the moon, and it was a surprise to me. I did not know it was in the ascendant, and had been for a week or so; and you never do know until unexpectedly you discover it at the end of an avenue or down an alley, peering at you with the wide stare of a village girl in whose innocence may lie all manner of chances for misfortune and adventure. About the city moon there is none of the wide and wise and placid maternity of the moon in uninterrupted places.

The Matter of Weather

Weather generally, to the farmer or the rancher, is a personality in a way not understandable to the man who has too many neighbors; a passion and a source of terror, inward rejoicing or despair. Rain or snow is as heavy upon the countryman as lead, and a speck of blue sky sends the blood coursing through his veins. In a high mountain country this preoccupation with the weather becomes a mania as the days grow shorter and the winter sets in. There is always so much left to be done about a ranch that never gets done; and a storm, especially for a man in camp, may mean more than discomfort—it may come near to meaning actual danger. At all events, a storm late in the year means this, for it is at that time that you are either hunting or else rounding up cattle and horses. It means long days of riding over slippery trails or soggy flats, half the time in the face of a gale and often so cold that you are numb in your saddle; and it means that you ride from gray dawn until late into the gray night; and it means that when you do finally come back to your camp or your ranch, you will be so sheathed in a thin armor of ice that for a moment you will hesitate before dismounting in order that you may bring back some circulation into your legs.

The Far West is a healthful country. Few people seem to die except from old age and accident—sudden and dramatic, but the Far West has one favorite illness, and that is rheumatism. I had almost forgotten another illness—indigestion. The latter might be called the cow-puncher's sickness. Sooner or later most cow-punchers ruin their stomachs by the frying pan, the bucking horse and the trick of grabbing a bite and then riding away.

(Continued on Page 181)

"Quick . . . an automobile accident!"

Years of careful driving . . . A growing sense of immunity from loss . . . Then it happened!

"Quick . . . an automobile accident!" Tragedy is in that frenzied cry . . . Somebody is badly hurt . . . A quick run to the hospital . . . Doctors . . . Nurses . . . Weeks of suffering . . . And a suit for damages . . . A big verdict against someone!

ÆTNA-IZE

THOUGH you have driven a car without accident for years, the very next mile may tell a different story. The congested city street, the speedy turnpike, the narrow country road—each has its own particular risk.

Verdicts for heavy personal injury damages are the rule these days. Court awards, almost without exception, are far in excess of the limited liability insurance carried by the average motorist. Who will bear the loss when *your* accident comes? A verdict that might sweep away savings or home!

Under an Ætna Combination Automobile Policy there are no limits to the protection you may obtain. If your car injures persons—if it is stolen—if it burns—if it is damaged by collision—if it damages other property—you can be secured against *all loss*. Added to this protection is our special automobile service, which makes available to you the ready co-operation of more than 10,000 Ætna agents in all parts of the country to save you annoyance and anxieties in the event of an accident.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies are the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world. See the Ætna representative in your community to-day. He can give you full protection for all your insurance needs, great or small—provide unquestioned security for your business, your property, your income and your life. He is a man worth knowing.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO. AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Ætna Protection Includes . . . LIFE . . . ACCIDENT . . . HEALTH . . GROUP LIFE GROUP DISABILITY . . . AUTOMOBILE . . . COMPENSATION . . . LIABILITY
BURGLARY . . . PLATE GLASS . . . WATER DAMAGE . . . FIRE MARINE . . . TRANSPORTATION . . . FIDELITY BONDS . . . SURETY BONDS

"Best Delivery Body Built for Grocers—Low Priced, too!"

Martin Parry Prices Have No Competition

Used by Grocers, Plumbers, Painters, Hardware, Electrical and Department Stores

Here is the body that meets your delivery needs exactly. Used and approved by thousands in your own line of business.

The sturdiest, most perfectly ironed, most staunchly built commercial body you can buy.

It has a base that withstands expansion and contraction without buckling or warping.

A tight-slatted top, covered with best quality enameled duck coming down over the sides to the top rail, prevents damage from leaks.

Side posts are braced and ironed to resist more stress and strain than you will ever give them in normal service.

Volume production, due to the tremendous popularity of Martin-Parry Bodies, has cut costs to the minimum, enabling us to give you the highest quality at the lowest price.

In first cost and upkeep, Martin-Parry Bodies are most economical.

And, in case of accident, repairs are quickly made at trifling cost by slipping out the damaged part and bolting a new part in place.

The car dealer who sells you your chassis can fit it with any type of Martin-Parry Body in a few hours. Thirty-five Martin-Parry warehouses blanket the country.

MARTIN-PARRY CORPORATION, *General Offices:* York, Pa. *Factories:* York, Pa.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Lumberton, Miss.

MARTIN-PARRY NATIONAL ASSEMBLING AND SERVICING BRANCHES

LARGEST COMMERCIAL BODY BUILDERS IN THE WORLD

Martin-Parry Commercial Bodies

A STANDARDIZED LINE OF FORTY COMMERCIAL BODIES FOR EVERY BUSINESS NEED

(Continued from Page 178)

But then, returning to the weather, when it come down to it, in a country such as mine there are no real seasons at all; it is entirely a question of whether the sun is out or not. The old saying that "Wyoming has two seasons—July and winter" is not in the least true, for it has the most delightful climate in the world; but it is true that you may experience a snowfall in August, and, on the other hand, summer in January. I have seen a heavy snowfall on the Fourth of July, a snow that lay for twenty-four hours or so and then made room again for the proper heat; and I have seen forty days on end after Christmas when there was not a cloud in the sky, and you took your coat off when you were skiing or working about the ranch.

That first spring of the doctor's and my partnership the weather seemed even more determined to test the sincerity of our intentions than the United States Government. The Government, at least, had granted our applications for land, but the weather granted us nothing. We came back to the valley, as I have said, early in April, to find it still in the grip of frost. The mortality among the elk was increasing daily. Darkening the snow, in all directions leading off from the feed ground to the north of town, were pitiful tawny patches that marked where a bull or a cow or a calf had fallen.

It is in the spring that most of the elk die, their ribs so visible that you wonder why they haven't broken through the skin. When they have nothing else to eat, they eat willow twigs; and although a moose thrives on such diet, to an elk calf near starvation willows frequently supply the final fatal touch. As usual, the Government had not provided enough hay to carry through an extra-severe winter, and, as usual, the ranchers had donated what they could out of their own scanty stores.

The doctor and I stayed in town for a few days; and then, restless with impatience, went upcountry to the cabin of the retired ex-miner who was the brother of the friend of the flapjacks. His ranch was only a couple of miles west of one of the two mail roads kept open during the winter—the road to the north—so it was to some degree in touch with our nearest base of supplies, the town we had just left—a very inadequate base at the moment, as we will subsequently learn—and it was only three miles south of our final objective. Even if we could not as yet begin work, we could at least cross the river and snowshoe up to our claims and plan still further what we were going to do with them—something of a satisfaction, if not a very great one. The one tangible satisfaction—the only one we were to experience for weeks—lay in the vast piles of logs, the upper layers showing through the snow, the ex-miner had cut for us during the winter. There, at any rate, were the beginnings of a ranch.

Building Under Difficulties

Throughout all this troubled time this ex-miner was a tower of strength and a beacon of wise advice. He still is—a very knowledgeable and imaginative man.

The beginnings of a ranch! Beginnings are good to begin with, but unfortunately you have to go on.

In building a house, even as simple a house as a log house, everything needed must be on hand or else you find yourself in what is called out West a jack pot. You must have spikes with which to nail your logs together, various sized nails for roofing and flooring, window sashes, doors, hinges and roofing paper. If one of these essentials is lacking your house cannot be finished. As we were facing the worst roads and the worst winter the country had seen in years; and we were still, at that time one hundred and five miles from the railway. Sometimes when an essential is lacking you can substitute for it, and the frontiersman is exceedingly clever at substitution or at doing without; but substitution takes time, and we were building for people who would not understand it. The Mormons built their great temple with wooden pegs and used sheepskin, rubbed thin, for window glass; but then, so far as they knew, they had all eternity to build in; and we had no longer than the Fourth of July, when our first batch, or covey, or whatever you choose to call it, of dudes was due to arrive—six people in all, including my fiancée. She was a bride then; she is a ranchwoman now. She became a ranchwoman by the simple process of marrying me, and at the same time—for the instruction of all those who are thinking of marrying ranchers—she became automatically possessed of one-half my property. That is the law of Wyoming.

I say we had until the Fourth of July. That is not quite correct. One dude, a portrait painter, was due to arrive at any moment. Although he was an intimate friend of the doctor's—now an intimate friend of mine as well—his coming preyed upon our minds. We need not have worried, for when he did arrive we discovered what we have proved again and again since then—and that is, the one person the dude wrangler need never bother about is the artist, the actual working artist or the person with artistic tendencies. Wyoming is too beautiful for a person of imagination to concern himself or herself much with anything else. The Far West lays hold of the person of imagination and never lets go again. This same portrait painter is now a regular visitor.

In the beginning he hadn't wanted to come at all; he was coming because he needed a rest. Like a great many other people, he imagined Wyoming to be a flat land of tin shacks with a brazen, cloudless sky over it. When he first saw our clouds—like Italian clouds—he was astonished.

And then again, the artist is an adventurer anyhow. He wouldn't be an artist, especially in America, unless he had more moral courage than his fellows. If you can give him interest or beauty he will put up with any amount of discomfort. By the same token, when he is back in civilization he demands, if he can pay for it, more nicety of living than anyone else. That is merely a sense of fitness; another thing that in the beginning makes an artist.

When the Gentle Rise

I do not fear silken people in rough countries—silken people, whether they be men or women. What I fear is the big so-called regular fellow; the 100 per center who worships his bathtub and his automobile. I want either one of two classes when I am in a tight or uncomfortable place—the very simple man or woman, or the very civilized one. The tough blade does not break, neither does the rapier. In the same way, I do not like towns. I like either the country or a city.

I remember an Englishman in the Canadian Northwest who, although he was by profession a captain in the British Army, was—like so many of his deceptive countrymen underneath their pose of harshness—an artist by temperament. Out in camp there was no toil too severe for him, and no discomfort too great. He had found his way to the West in the first place in the oddest manner imaginable—a manner possible only to his race. He had planned to shoot in Siberia; but "the filthy Russian-Japanese War" breaking out, he had had to look about elsewhere. Someone told him about the Rocky Mountains, so he took ship and landed in Montreal and asked for "a ticket to British Columbia." He thought British Columbia was about the size of Surrey.

The ticket the baffled station agent had finally given him landed him two or three hundred miles from where he wanted to go; but I set him straight, and in a week or so he turned up in the right locality and shot the finest heads that were taken out that season. Years later I saw him in London. I was leaving a theater, and a gorgeous vision in evening clothes spoke to me.

"I'm just back from Uganda this morning," it said. "Lion shooting. No good. They run like rabbits. Look me up."

I did. I found him at his club, arrayed like a lily of the field, and he answered completely to the description of the man about whom somebody once said that his idea of roughing it was to ring twice for a waiter.

I mention this incident because I don't think this point of view is sufficiently understood by Americans—especially by those Americans whom Mr. Roosevelt described as "hard-faced and soft-handed." I think sooner or later something will have to be done about it, for raucity is increasing—the feeling that if you shout and push people aside and pound the table, in some way you are amplifying your ego. One of the few generalizations I thoroughly believe in, having lived in a rough country, is that the gentlest are the bravest; and the longer I live the more the notion is confirmed. Some day there will be a revolution on the part of the gentle and they will kill all the table-pounders. Most of the reformers will die in this slaughter. No, the gentle will not have to kill them, thus stultifying their instincts, for the noisy, being bullies, will melt away at the first sight of the army of the soft-spoken.

Our portrait painter ate his bad food contentedly and slept for a while on the ground, and made friends immediately with all the men working for us—most of whom thought him, I think, a sort of super sign painter and was interested in everything. He was completely enraptured with his discovery that our skies, far from being brazen, had in them the clouds I have spoken of—great, piling-up, soft, constantly shifting clouds.

And he did have bad food. Nails, spikes, door frames, windows and roofing paper were not the only things that did not arrive on time or failed to arrive at all. The hard winter had stripped the shelves of the general stores down in the town and the pass was still in too bad a condition to admit of much freighting. There wasn't a thing in the country but canned fruits, and beans and coffee and carrots; no flour, or sugar, or canned milk even. Eventually it became difficult to look a canned peach or a bean or a carrot in the face. And the fact that canned peaches are ordinarily the most expensive of luxuries did not increase the doctor's or my appetite for them. We suffered both internally and externally.

An indignant resident once described our valley as "a country where a twelve-inch board shrunk an inch a year for fifteen years," and twelve years ago this description was not inapt. There were only two sawmills—the nearer one twenty miles away—at the time, and the gentlemen who ran them were more intuitional than practical. You could order lumber as far ahead as you liked, but when the time came for delivery you took what you got and thanked God for it. Also what you did get was invariably so green that it dripped sap and weighed—thus complicating hauling—about twice as much as it should. What is known as a weeny edge was especially popular. A weeny edge is an edge cut so close to the bark that the bark shows and the end of the board tapers off, or it is an edge that starts at two inches and dwindles to nothing. You can see that to lay boards of this description is difficult, and that even when in place they are not so useful as they might be. When it came to dimension lumber, if you ordered a two by four or a two by six you might get anything from a slab to a joist, and such exotic affairs as boards planed and grooved for flooring had to be spoken about with bated breath.

Interior Decoration

It is a wonder to me that we ever managed to build our cabins at all, let alone furnish them and put chintz curtains in the windows and complete them with such final details as candles in little brass candlesticks. And you must remember that all the while we were doing this we were gathering horses and driving recalcitrant and homesick cows from the ranches where we had bought them, and persuading pigs to accompany us, and that we had even constantly to turn aside from the delicate problems of interior decoration to inspect such ambitious creatures as cats or dogs. Our life was extremely similar to that of Noah. To cap the climax, in the midst of our fury of haste, the ferry went out, cutting us off completely for a while from the town.

But I am anticipating; I haven't even yet got rid of the weather.

We stayed three weeks with the bearded ex-miner before we were able to turn a hand. Sometimes there were mornings when the Grand Teton showed above the mists, and the camp robbers and magpies were alert and gay, and the great blanket of snow was pulled back at its edges an inch or two as if a gigantic hidden form stirred sleepily beneath it; but for the most part we watched despairingly gray skies or driving storm.

I remember—I don't know why—one of the mornings of sun when we took off our snowshoes and ate lunch by the stream that bounds our ranch to the south—no ranch then, merely a flat expanse of whiteness, with the pine trees along the bottom of the bench dark green. The recollection lies in the pocket of my memory like a bright coin. The blue shadows of huge leafless cottonwoods fell across the perfect silence. The stream bed was a miniature land of buttes and hills where the snow was piled in white mounds over rocks and hidden logs. Only here and there, where the snow had fallen away, could you see the water, black and self-contained. A little mouse came out and

(Continued on Page 183)

AMERICAN OAK LEATHER CO.

Upholstery Leather

An automobile upholstered with American Oak Leather requires no seat covers.

You have no need to protect the leather seats from the oily hands and greasy overalls of the garage man. Your closed car is as easily cleaned inside as out.

A drop of rain will not cause a spot when the dust settles on it. No germ can find lodgment.

When you buy a car "look at the upholstery leather". Be sure of quality. Perhaps you cannot discriminate. Put your faith in the leather that is

"FOUNDED ON INTEGRITY"

One of the bug-bears of car buyers is "resale" or "trade-in-value" Many excellent cars depreciate rapidly because of the upholstery. Many cars upholstered in leather command a high resale or trade-in-value. The leather really improves with age. We know of a speedster without top, that ran for 15 years; when finally junked the leather seats were practically good as new.

Is this not worth consideration?

THE AMERICAN OAK LEATHER CO.
CINCINNATI
ST LOUIS CHICAGO BOSTON LOUISVILLE
Nothing Takes The Place of Leather

The Fyr Fyter Co., 2426 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, O.

TO EUROPE—
30 to 80 days of delightful travel. An unusual opportunity for you to see, at moderate cost, all that the Old World offers. For as little as $425. Write today for booklet G-4.
Sailings from May to September
GATES TOURS—Founded 1892
"World Travel at Moderate Cost"
225 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., London, Paris, Rome

Free HOT IRON HOLDER
Send for it
APRONS of EVERYKIND
Look for the Dean Label
DEALERS EVERYWHERE
DEAN'S LOCKSTITCHED APRONS
45 EAST 17TH ST. NEW YORK CITY

$20,000.00 YEARLY! State Distributor ... Dealer Seals 3500 envelopes hour. ... demand! Absolutely ... 5 year guarantee. ... particulars. Consolidated Company, 100A Boylston, Boston, Mass.

Majestic Coal Window

WORLD'S LARGEST Majestic Quality MAKERS OF COAL WINDOWS

Building Specialties

Majestic Underground Garbage Receivers—Milk and Package Receivers—All Metal Flower Boxes—All Metal Basement Windows—Fire-place Dampers—Ash Dumps—Flue Clean Out Doors

Sold by 5,000 Hardware Building Supply, & Lumber Dealers Everywhere!

The Mark of a Modern Home

Protects Entire Opening and Side Wall When Coal is Delivered—Affords Greatest Protection ABOVE the Window, Where it is Most Needed—Increases Property Value—Lessens Depreciation—Saves Money.

GUARANTEED BREAK-PROOF

Like other articles that are noted for quality, the Majestic is known everywhere as the best coal window, because (1) it is made of Certified Malleable Iron and Keystone Copper Steel, Guaranteed Break-proof (2) it is self-locking and burglar-proof (3) it is superior in design and quality—yet it costs you no more. That's why Majestic leads the world in coal windows.

There are eight different styles of Majestic Coal Windows and Coal Chutes—styles and sizes for homes, stores, business buildings, apartments, etc. Residence styles have chain to latch for unlocking windows from any part of basement or from room above. The No. M-101 above sells for $12.00. Other styles as low as $9.00. (Slightly higher in far west.) Specify the break-proof Majestic. Write for catalog and dealer's name.

Where is her Garbage Can?

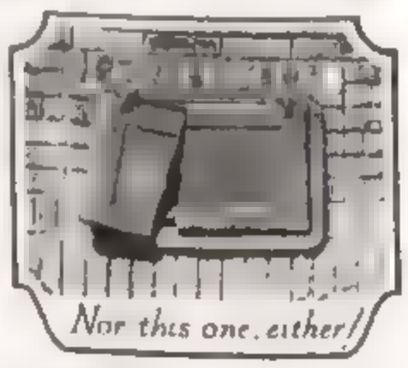
Right where it ought to be—*underground*—yet convenient and accessible, at the kitchen door. Every housewife should know about this.

Write for illustrated folder

You don't want this!

The ordinary basement window soon looks like the one at the left when used as a coal window. Wall, sash and frame battered, broken and disfigured. The Majestic Coal Window eliminates this.

The door, frame or hinges of the cast-iron coal window frequently break under the heavy impact of coal as it is delivered—see illustration at the right. The Majestic Coal Window is break proof.



Nor this one, either!

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY, HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

Branches and Warehouses, 806 Scarritt Arcade Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.—6024 Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.—816 Security Bldg., Minneapolis—Westlake Ave. and John St., Seattle—2727 Larimer St., Denver.

Canadian Factory, THE GALT STOVE & FURNACE COMPANY, Ltd., Galt, Ont.

Costs You No More to Have the Best

Continued from Page 181

looked about him with the wise glance of a farmer who studies the weather. Over all was the bluest and warmest of skies, and the air was warm and soft. Surely spring had come!

By the twelfth of May, almost a month later than usual, the snow had gone sufficiently except in drifts, to permit the doctor and myself to delude ourselves into the notion that we could at last start work. We sent word to a four-horse team, waiting to bring up our first supplies, to start for the ranch; and we ourselves, with two of our building gang, went up the river and camped. We had one small tent and enough food to last us a couple of days. That afternoon it started to snow again—a bitter storm from the southwest—and the next morning we heard that the four-horse team was stuck in a drift five miles down country. We ate supper with our backs to the wind, our fingers stiffened about the handles of our coffee cups.

Had we not been able to joke, it would have been hard to get through those first four days. Those four days of misery, however, while we were waiting for the team and the rest of the gang of twenty-two men, were not completely wasted; we spent our time inventing a name and a brand for the ranch. Eventually we decided upon the name and the Bar B C; or, written as a brand, B C—B for my name and C for my partner's name, Carncross, and the bar to make the brand distinctive and pleasantly alliterative. You can imagine that such historically important letters as "B C" and such a historically important word as "bar" have not been allowed to pass unchallenged without numerous puns and witticisms.

Later on, when we came to register this brand in the state brand book, we were told that a neighboring ranch ran a brand somewhat similar to ours. Bar C to make ours different, and that we would have to change. The name of the company remains Bar B C, but the brand is written B C. It is still had taste, even permitted which it is not to have a brand that can too easily be transformed into the brand of a neighbor. The study of brands is alluring, and the vast amount there is to be known about them is a sign of how fast tradition can grow in a country that is apart and distinctive.

Local Color

In the haste to make camp during the first blizzard we had pitched our tent in the snow; and later on, when the remaining snow melted, water ran down upon us from several angles. But we were always too busy and too tired to move; we shifted our beds as necessity arose. Weeks later I found a heavy tarpaulin under my bed and a contented colony of the little black beetles that like dampness. I hope they slept as well as I did, for I slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. Moreover, I had a warmer bed than the others. When all the rest of the gang was in bed, I sat up by a gutter-candle and wrote four and five-page letters to my fiancée with the stub of a pencil. They were optimistic letters. I did not dare tell her what was actually happening; I filled many paragraphs with description. Incidentally I had an argument with an editor about this very thing. In a novel of mine a lover wrote a letter bulging with flattery to his mistress, and the editor said lovers didn't write in that fashion. Well, I didn't. But then I understand that verisimilitude is the atmosphere most challenged by fiction. Once I wrote a story about the Grand Cañon, and as a result I received several letters telling me that I had never been at Oxford at all; and a recent book of mine evoked the criticism from one newspaper reviewer that, although the book was charming, it had obviously been written by "a woman who had never been west of the Mississippi."

I allow for that. The immediate point is that when my fiancée finally arrived, between lack of food and lack of sleep and worry and too much work, I had broken out in a strange sullen rash that did not leave me for weeks. It shows the magnanimity of my future wife's nature, and her desire to overlook surface faults, that she consented to allow the engagement to stand.

And yet we fought that first summer—how we fought! However, I believe few successful marriages have been accomplished without prenuptial arguments. Arguments are bound to come sooner or later, so it is best to be rid of as many as possible as soon as may be.

I add those final sentences in order to complete the picture of the stress of that particular period, but I find it useless to try to build up in detail a complete impression. To begin with, I haven't the space; and to end with, what seemed so important to me then does not seem so important now; and probably in reconstructing it I could not make it seem to you important at all. You will have to take my word. Some day I shall use that period of my life to prove that youth, for all the sentimentality—a paradoxical, cynical sentimentality it now showers upon itself, is not a happy time. It is a miserable time, unless you are a fat, rich youth with a fat, shining motor car. Even then it is miserable.

It is all rather like the fairy tale of the little girl who was offered poverty up to twenty and riches afterwards, or the other way about. How happy your youth is depends upon how imaginative you are. The young and imaginative suffer.

Surely, even if slowly, however, something was being accomplished. We had divided the builders into two gangs, one to work on the sleeping cabins and storehouses and the other to work on the main cabin; and two ranch hands who were to stay after the builders had gone, and the doctor and myself, began to build corrals and fences and clear off the sagebrush and deadfall. The semblance of a ranch was arising. We set fire to one huge old log in front of the main cabin and it smoldered for a month before it was reduced to ashes. Near our tent we uncovered a bleached buffalo skull.

Double Rations

Before long it was June and real summer; the sudden springless summer of high countries, with violets underfoot and thrushes and meadow larks singing.

The first cabin we had built was a tiny one, twelve by fourteen feet, which we used as a mess house. We might be able to sleep in water and work in all kinds of weather, but it was necessary to have at least a dry place in which to eat. Here we consumed our canned peaches and our beans in two shifts as fast as a perspiring cook could supply us.

One of our teamsters was a quaint and pleasant little fellow with an enormous appetite. It came to be his tacitly understood privilege to enter with the first shift and stay right through the second, cleaning up, when all had gone, any food that might be left. This same man did not like to drive through high water, but he was courageous and conscientious and did what he was told. In the quiet violet dusks we used to hear the rattle of his wheels and the sound of his voice as he sang at the top of his lungs to keep up his spirits while he was crossing, on his way back to camp, the creek, then in flood, a mile to the south of us.

Another man, by no means so conscientious, never left us to spend Sunday with his family without taking with him some unconsidered trifle. Once we saw him riding calmly off with a couple of rounds of stovepipe under his arm. But we did not remonstrate with him. Good workmen were scarce. We contented ourselves, after the manner of all those who are being robbed and cannot help themselves, by remembering that he had been a "kleptomaniac from birth."

The little mess house, the original focus of the ranch, has a special significance for me. It was our diminutive Independence Hall. I seldom pass it without thinking of the breathless weeks during which we went in and out of its doors. Subsequently it was turned into a sleeping cabin. It took us days to scrape the soot and grease from the walls and days to get rid of the smell of food. Afterward several millionaires slept in it, and are still sleeping in it. I wonder if their dreams are ever disturbed by the vision of grimed men wolfing their food in silence that is considered etiquette by those who work with their hands.

Our relaxations were simple. One of the men invariably went to bed immediately after supper, and always, for some reason, slept with his bare feet sticking out from under his quilt. We considered it the height of wit to tie a string to his big toe, pass the string over the ridgepole of the tent, and then, elevating his foot, place a candle near the string so that the latter would eventually burn through. These preparations complete we would go about our business. After a while we would hear a muffled exclamation, followed by a grunt and renewed snoring. We did this night after night and the drollery never seemed to lose its savor.

Old Bill Blackburn, who describes himself as "a Rocky Mountain carpenter," but is also a miner and practically everything else useful, and who is stone deaf and speaks in what might be described as a soft roaring whisper, had a way of stopping such nonsense. Once when he was in a road camp some of the younger blades thought it would be amusing to stuff his stovepipe with gunny sacks and watch him build a fire. Bill puffed and blew and got his eyes full of smoke, and then, without a word, stood up and left the tent. In a moment he reappeared with a gigantic hunting knife, which he proceeded to whet gently upon the sole of his boot.

"Don't want any trouble," he said, addressing no one in particular. "Not looking for it. But if any young son of a he goat thinks he's going to get funny ——"

Bill, by the way, worked for us while I was still at the lake ranch, and a most excellent workman he was. One night after supper I saw him go down to a flat-bottomed boat, his arms filled with pillows and newspapers, and a lighted lantern and part of a torn sheet hanging from his wrist. He busied himself for a while rigging up a jury mast and attaching the torn sheet to it. Having adjusted these to his satisfaction, he pushed off from shore, tied the strings of the sail to his foot, put the lantern and the pillows in the stern of the boat, and lying down luxuriously, began to read his papers. For an hour or two he drifted about in the darkness at the caprice of the gentle winds like a meditative will-o'-the-wisp.

"Too much noise," he explained afterward. "Too many women talking. Can't hear 'em, but see their lips move. A man needs a little quiet."

Curiously enough, I never realized so much the continuity of language as when building there in Wyoming, thousands of miles from where the English language began and hundreds of years away in sentiment and point of view from our Saxon and Norman-French ancestors. Carpentering is an ancient and honorable trade, and it is interesting to hear frontiersmen talking about mortises and tenons and valleys as if they were twelfth-century Englishmen building a cathedral.

Three Dollars Wasted

Johnny was an authority on skunks—at least he said he was. Later on he worked for us as a roustabout; and I shall never forget the evening when, enraged at a skunk that lived under one of our cabins and had broken the treaty that I supposed existed between us, I chased the offender with a revolver out into a field and shot him, Johnny leaping along a couple of feet behind me, pleading with me to stay my revenge.

"Don't shoot him!" he yelled. "Don't shoot him! His skin is worth three dollars! Catch him from behind! I've caught hundreds of 'em that way!"

In passing, however, I will add my testimony to all those who are intimate with the skunk and say that on the whole he is one of the most courteous of animals. For years we had a skunk or two under every cabin on the ranch, and only twice was there any disagreement. The second disagreement occurred in the middle of the night and right under my cabin.

Half asleep and extremely indignant, the brilliant idea came to me to fight my visitor with his own weapons; so I poured a bottle of household ammonia down through the cracks of the floor, and in a moment or two I heard a tiny strangled cough, and then another, and then the skunk went away and never came back. I recommend this homeopathic cure to all those who are troubled in a similar manner.

But as a rule the motto of the skunk is, "I will leave you alone if you will leave me alone"; and I have often watched them in the dusk eating from the same pails as the dogs and the cats; and one winter night I kicked a skunk in the dark by mistake and he did not mind in the least. He knew I didn't mean to kick him.

A charming family of six, a mother and five kittens, used to live under the dining room, and every twilight would emerge and promenade in single file, the little tails of the kittens, at the slightest alarm, going straight up like the guns of toy soldiers in the Chauve Souris. They are wonderful mousers. I knew a man who for years kept a loose board in his kitchen so that he could raise it and allow a pet skunk that lived underneath to come up and play. You don't believe this story, but it is true. Fired by tales of their prowess in this direction, the doctor, who was troubled by mice, captured a baby skunk and undertook to train it. He kept it in a box placed at a discreet distance from himself and his friends, and every day would go down to feed it, carefully dressed in a long yellow slicker and an oilskin hat. But the experiment wasn't a success. This particular skunk had an unpleasant disposition, and after resenting the doctor's kindness, finally made his escape.

They are curious animals. For five years they lived with us, and then one autumn disappeared, and for five years or so we saw no more of them. Now they are beginning to come back. I have discovered no explanation.

A Great Occasion

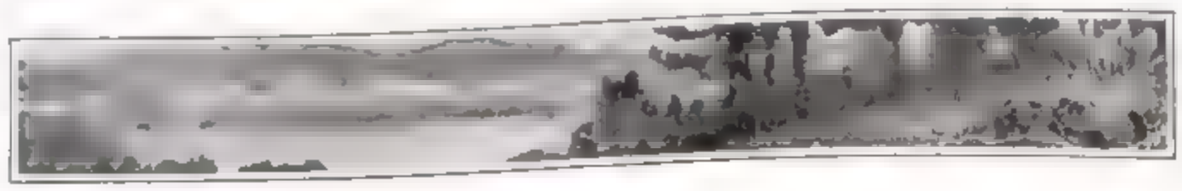
But I must be getting back, and getting back immediately, to a concrete ending to those first two months of effort and worry. The doctor had gone to Idaho with Nate to buy horses, and his instructions were to waylay the portrait painter en route and drag him off the train and delay him as long as possible. But the portrait painter proved a recalcitrant dude; he insisted upon continuing his journey. And so the doctor left Nate to drive the horses north and returned himself with our first tourist. Our first tourist proved, as I have said, a delightful one. He ate his beans and his canned peaches, and he fell in love with Wyoming, and he discovered the hidden and delightful craft of fishing for trout. And then pretty soon July came upon us, and one morning it was the day upon which most of the country sets off firecrackers and overindulges in iced feeds.

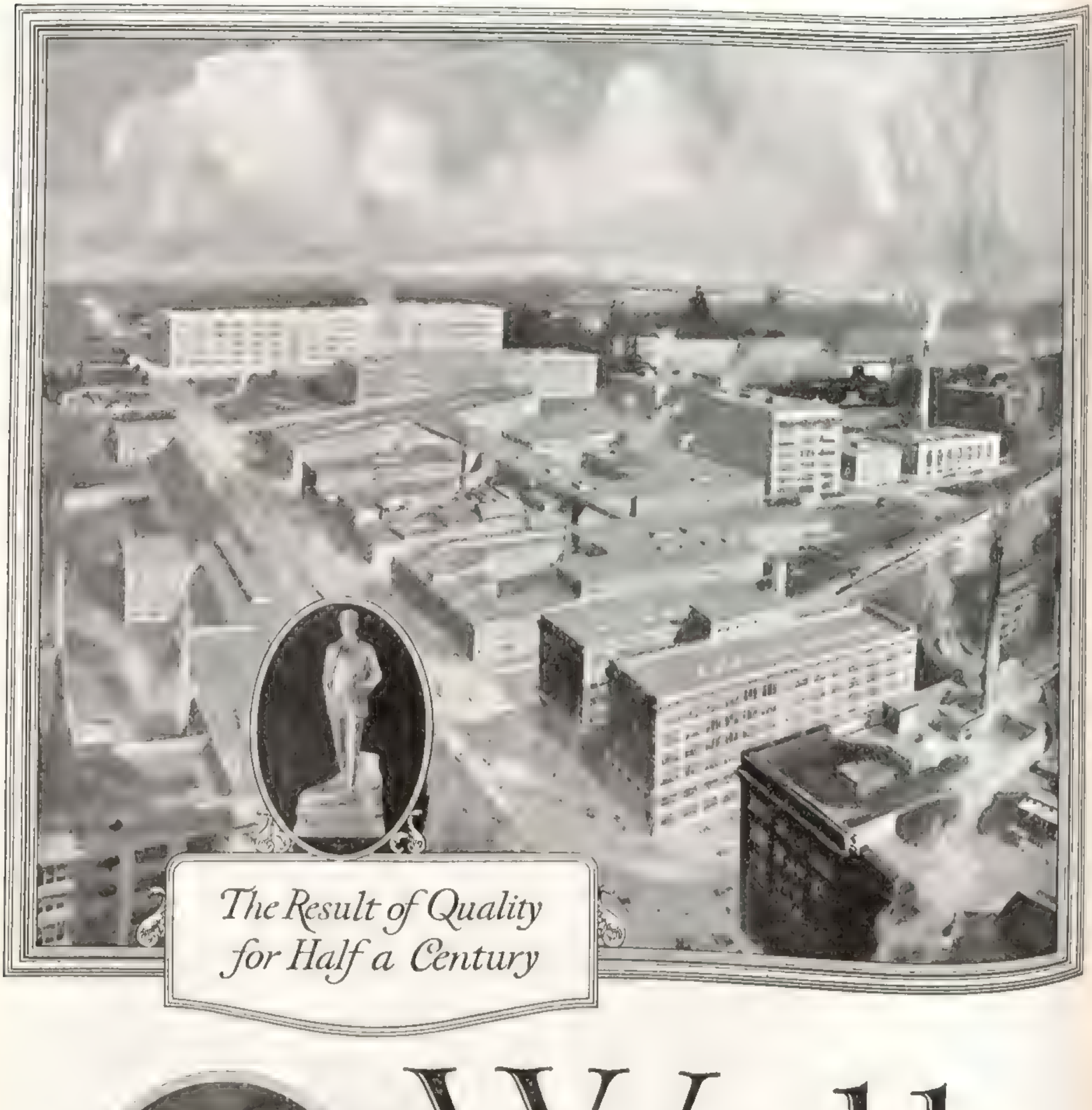
Once when I was a little boy I went to a Sunday-school picnic, marching in a dusty line and waving a tiny American flag—on my mother's side I am descended from seven generations of Baptist ministers; and—oh, yes, we still have the saddle flasks, one to contain brandy and the other to contain whisky my clerical ancestors used—and I ended my day with a stomach ache and delirium from eating cherries and ice cream; but now, on this Fourth of July twenty years later, I celebrated by riding down to the foot of the pass to meet my fiancée and the people she was with. My fiancée had traveled four days by train and two by wagon to see my country and my place, and I would have to explain to her that as yet we had only half the roof of the dining room on.

No Lochinvar ever rode into the face of a sweeter or softer gale. Every now and then there were little scuds of rain that by nightfall turned into a downpour; but that morning there was no more than enough to bring out the almost nonexistent scent of the lupin and the wild geranium and the mallow. The aspen leaves shone like small disks cut from silver foil, and down country the meadows were pungent with hay. . . . That night our suddenly augmented family ate by candlelight on the dry side of the dining room, while the rain beat in upon the side that was unprotected and the pines around the house whispered and clashed together.

My dear wife! All young married people should live on a ranch or in the country for a while until they get over the troublous silly times through which they are bound to go. Doing that, they will build up memories too vital and dramatic to tear apart. Two years later my son was born in the middle of a blizzard, when I was driving a band of forty horses through the whirling madness to their winter feed grounds; and the doctor, my partner, suddenly short handed by reason of an unexpected strike, was chopping wood and hauling water and being a doctor all at the same time.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Burt. The next will appear in an early issue.





Walk-

SHOES *for*

More people wear Walk-Overs than any other trademarked shoe in the world

JUST fifty years ago, Geo. E. Keith founded a shoe business with the ambition of creating a shoe in a variety of shapes that would fit every kind of foot.

Step by step, new types of feet have been recognized by Walk-Over designers. Last by last, new shoe shapes have been created to fit those different types of feet.

Today, that shoe, known the world over as the Walk-Over shoe, is made in 195 different foot shapes. There is a Walk-Over shoe to fit every known type of foot.

That is the most complete and comprehensive foot-fitting service in the world today. In any community of the United States, and in 101 other countries in all parts of the world, you can find at the Walk-Over store the newest shoe model in the most favored footwear fashion, built as though it were made to order for your foot.

It is that service, that comfortable and personal fit, backed by quality for half a century, that has earned for the Walk-Over shoe its merited position as the largest-selling trademarked shoe in the world.

Today, Walk-Over shoes are being made in greater-than-ever volume, higher-than-ever quality, and better-than-ever fit. This great, successful business is the living proof that the Walk-Over idea is right —that high-quality shoes can be made with a personal, accurate fit that makes stylish shoes comfortable.

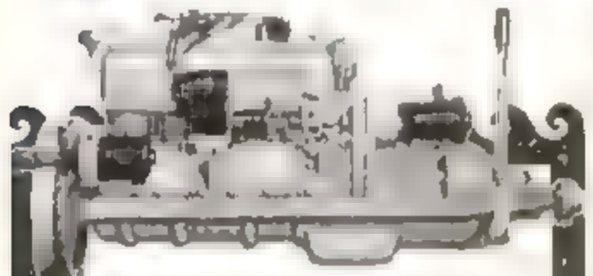
GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, Campello (Brockton), Massachusetts

$7. $8.50 $10.
are the leading prices

Walk-Over

Men and Women

KERMATH
BOAT ENGINES



Relax in a Motor Boat!

Get off the crowded roads, forget the detours and dust, graduate from a motor car to a motor boat and know the joy of real recreation!

Whatever type or size of boat you want for ocean, river or lake—there is a dependable Kermath motor for it. Ask our Courtesy Department about boats and motors. We'll be glad to help you—no obligation, of course.

You will see this famous motor at every watering place and on the finest boats. Kermath motors are used as standard equipment by 80% of the good boat builders and are specified by owners because they "always run," are economical, trouble-proof, simple to handle and, because they are made in quantities, are very attractive in price.

Kermaths are made in sizes from

3 to 50 H. P.,
from $135 to $1050

KERMATH MANUFACTURING CO.
5885 Commonwealth Ave. Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Address: 11 Wellington St., Toronto

A Kermath Always Runs

As a matter of fact you are paying for hair when you buy Ajax—and not merely a comb. Ajax Combs are made of the finest quality hard rubber. Teeth are designed to comb your hair, not to pull it. Points are velvet-smooth to the tenderest scalp.

There is an Ajax Comb for every member of the family. At first-class drug stores and specialty shops

VULCANIZED RUBBER CO.
521 Fourth Avenue, New York City

AJAX *Combs*

WANT WORK AT HOME?

[illegible] Write today ARTCRAFT STUDIOS
Dept. J 3960 Sheridan Road CHICAGO

THE RATIONAL HIND

(Continued from Page 35)

He took his wife's arm and led her into the house and into the little-used parlor; and Jennie moved beside him, calm and unafraid.

But after all, it was Leon who left the house, and Esther who held the battlefield. Caleb assumed for a little while the rôle of director of destinies. He summoned Leon, left Dora with Jennie, and the two brothers went down to where Esther sat upon a bowlder by the roadside. It was late afternoon; the sun was at a long slant across the meadows below them. This was the last time Esther and Leon were to meet face to face for twenty years.

Their talk was brief. Caleb pointed out that Esther had no other home; there was no one to whom she could go. Leon, fundamentally reasonable, admitted this. Caleb suggested that Leon take the Howe place as his share of their father's estate. "You can maybe fix up the old house there," he reminded Leon. "And you can stay with Fergus Weir while you're about it."

Leon considered. There were eighty-six acres in the Howe place, out of about three hundred acres of tillable land in all the Dillard holdings. Besides this land that could be cultivated, old Ethan had left the Pond lot and the Bartlett Woods, about a hundred acres in all.

Leon said reluctantly, "I'll need money while I'm getting things started. I'm entitled to something for my share of the woodlots. I hate to bother, but I've got a family to look out for now."

They reached an agreement. Caleb said he would have Arthur Tuck arrange the deeds and the settlement at once.

"You'll go to Weir's?" he asked.

"Since my own blood turns me out, yes," said Leon coldly.

Esther uttered her first word. "You have withdrawn yourself from us. He that touches pitch is defiled. You're no Dillard any longer."

Her heat cooled him: he smiled a little.

"Some day you'll change that, Esther," he told her. "Some day you'll be sorry for today."

"I shall never see you again, or speak your name," she retorted in her slow still tones; and their repression made the words more terrible.

But Leon still smiled in that faintly appealing fashion; he only said, "I know you're honest, Esther; but you're hard, and stubborn too. I've no regrets for myself, but all for you."

Caleb said, "Come back to the house, Esther, and speak to Leon's wife."

But Esther shook her head.

"I stay here till the house is clear of her," she replied.

And at that Leon's eyes did harden, and the two brothers went up toward the house without further word. Outside the door they struck hands.

"I'll see you," Caleb said awkwardly, and Leon nodded.

So Jennie and Leon went away, walking up through the pasture toward her father's home, and Dora wept as she watched them go. When they were a little way off they saw Esther come to the house, and heard the windows open. Leon knew the intent of that; and his slow anger deepened.

But Jennie slipped her hand in his, and she said, "No matter, Leon. You and I will get along."

So he forgot his anger and remembered only that Jennie was his bride.

The transfer of the Howe place to Leon's name was effected, but during that winter it became apparent to him that to live so near the ancient home of his family would be a constant source of friction. He frequently encountered Caleb at the store; once or twice he had speech with Dora on the road; and twice, in his sled, he passed Esther riding with Caleb, and she dropped her eyes and hid her face from him. Toward spring, talking with Fergus Weir, he expressed the desire to get away, to go to some locality remote from this that had been his home. And Fergus, that wise and frugal little man, applauded his decision and made possible its fulfillment. He bought the Howe place, Leon's inheritance; paid nine hundred dollars in cash and gave a mortgage for two thousand dollars; and Leon was able to sell this mortgage to the bank in East Harbor. With the money Caleb had paid him for his share of the woodlots, he had something over three thousand dollars. So in the late spring, when the roads were firm, he and Jennie took one of Fergus' horses and a buggy and went exploring. They lived like gypsies for a fortnight and found two abandoned farms side by side on the southern slopes of a ridge in the country twenty miles north of Fraternity. One cost them little more than the back taxes; the other they bought almost as cheaply. They made haste to establish themselves, and Leon was able to do some farming that first year and to cut a plentiful store of hay. He bought two cows and a horse from Fergus, and Fergus gave them twenty hens and a rooster or two. They chose the house that was in best repair; and by the end of the summer, when Jennie's first baby came, they were established and secure.

Caleb approved Leon's decision to move. "It's good farming country up there," he said. "You'll make a go of it. But I hate to see the Howe place go out of the family."

"I'd have sold it to you," Leon replied, "but you couldn't pay; and I had to have money, Caleb." His tone was apologetic.

Caleb nodded. "We might have mortgaged; but I hate the thought of it. There's so little coming in. I'm not made for a farmer, Leon."

"You'll get along," Leon encouraged him.

Caleb smiled wistfully. "It's too much of a load for me; but I'll do the best I can."

"Maybe I can help you in a year or two."

"Esther wouldn't want that," Caleb commented simply.

So the Dillard place shrank by one-fifth its former acreage, and Leon and Jennie went pioneering, and Jennie bore a child, and the next year another. And under Leon's hands their land became fruitful and bore plentifully; and year by year their substance grew. The rotting old orchards took on new life; young trees were planted and throve lustily. Leon widened his acreage of tilled land year by year. In his ample pasturage he ranged an increasing number of cattle; and instead of vealing his bull calves he fed them for two years or three, before beefing them, and increased his profits thereby. He became a man of mark in the community he and Jennie had chosen for themselves. At three-year intervals two more babies came.

At home, on the old Dillard place, matters went not so well; but the Howe farm under Fergus Weir's shrewd handling took on new life. The hay seemed stouter, the tilled land more fruitful; and the old orchard was put in order, so that in a good year Fergus had apples to sell. Caleb, wandering that way, sometimes met the man and had talk with him; he got news of Leon in this fashion, and Caleb had a yearning after his brother. But also he found Fergus worth knowing; they became in a measure friends. Fergus advised him, counseled him, might in the end have made a farmer out of him but for Esther's steady resistance to every innovation Caleb could propose.

The world all about them was changing but Esther refused to change; so the Dillard place went on in the same way. They kept a few cows; and when there was milk enough they had a pig or two. No chickens, because Esther said they littered the barnyard and were too noisy, even if penned behind the barn. They cut what hay grew of its own accord—and there was always good hay on the Marshall Meadows across the road. They picked a few apples in the fall. Each year a little more money went out than came in. Even by selling the bulk of the hay from the meadows they could not keep the balance even. They had to keep some hay for their cows; so they sold four cows, retaining only two, and were thus able to sell more hay.

Dora broke her leg one winter, slipping on an icy step; and Esther found herself unable to handle all the work necessary to her meticulous housekeeping, so they hired a woman from the village to help her and to help care for Dora. The doctor's bills were small, but they added to the expense. That winter, too, the old mare which Esther liked to drive died, and they had to buy another. Caleb put a small mortgage on the Mason farm, which lay to the west of the home place along the road. This mortgage grew a little, year by year.

Six years after Leon's marriage they began to sell cordwood off the Pond lot, which was all wooded land and fit for nothing else. In three years the cordwood was gone; and a steam-mill man made Caleb an offer for the lumber left standing. Caleb consulted with Esther, and in the end they decided to accept. Now the stripped and ugly land, lying to the east, beyond the Marshall Meadows, accused them whenever they looked that way. Eben Hobbs owned the farm beyond, and needed more pasturage, he had offered to buy the Pond lot, more than once, but Caleb and Esther clung to it, unwilling to see their boundaries still further curtailed.

"We've never sold any land," Esther used to insist. "Father never did, nor grandfather, nor great-grandfather. Only when they died it had to be divided among so many children. But we children have kept together, and so been able to keep all father got. We mustn't let it go."

She ignored Leon, this was her practice. It was as though she had no second brother.

"We'll have to do something, I guess, though," Caleb said reluctantly. "We're behind on the mortgage money. I don't see where it's coming from, this year. The Pond lot would pay the interest and some of the principal. I hate to think of the Mason place being mortgaged that way. It makes me feel when I go over there like it wasn't ours any longer."

"I can't bear to sell," Esther insisted. "We mustn't think of it, Caleb."

So each time they put the temptation behind them.

A year or two before, Leon had written Caleb. He said they wished the new baby to bear Caleb's name and invited his brother to come to the christening. Caleb had not fully comprehended until that visit the extent of Leon's progress. It was true the farmhouse was small, and, with so many children, crowded; but the shed was new and well arranged, and the barn was large and in good repair.

"We're building a new wing on the house next year," Leon had explained. "Got to have more room."

The two brothers walked over Leon's land, through the orchard and the meadows and along the rows of sturdy growing stuff in the garden. Caleb said little; but the contrast between this and the home farm affected him powerfully. Leon, watching him, thought Caleb had aged and bowed with worry; and he asked once or twice whether all were well at home; whether he might lend his help in any form.

Caleb shook his head. "We get along all right," he said soberly. "The same old way."

Caleb found a change in Leon; he told Dora so when he got home.

"He's put on weight, of course," he explained. "But he looks better every way; I guess Jennie's been good for him, Dora."

Dora asked how she was; Caleb said she looked fine.

"Not a day older," he declared; then amended that. "Yes, older, but in a good way. She don't look like a girl any more; but she looks happy, and well."

Dora nodded. "I expect it's sweet for her, having children," she commented wistfully; and Caleb looked at his sister almost shyly. He had thought for a year or two that Dora would be better off if she married Arthur Tuck. He thought there were times when she seemed ill, she was so quiet and so utterly subdued.

He had spoken to Esther once or twice of the possibility of Dora's marrying. Arthur had approached Caleb, seeking openly; and Caleb was willing to help. But Esther put his advances aside with a gentle finality.

"Dora don't want to marry," she declared. "She'd never be happy if she did."

Caleb was not so sure; but it was habitual with him to yield to Esther.

XII

THE sale of the Pond lot, reluctant as they were, was inevitable. It eventually came about in this wise:

Caleb's visit to Leon had opened his eyes to the conditions in the community of which he was a part; his talks with old Fergus had assisted in the process. He had been accustomed to take the life of the town for granted; to watch the slow abandonment of the farms as though this were a matter of course. He now began to see the parallel between this condition among his neighbors and the disintegration of his own estate; yet he saw no way to

(Continued on Page 188)

A Modern Arabian Night

After long hours of work or play what joy it is to turn the dial of your Federal Radio Set and bid it bring you tidings of the day's events!

Truly it is not until you have operated a Federal that you can know the real gripping thrills of brushing through local interference to the far-off points beyond.

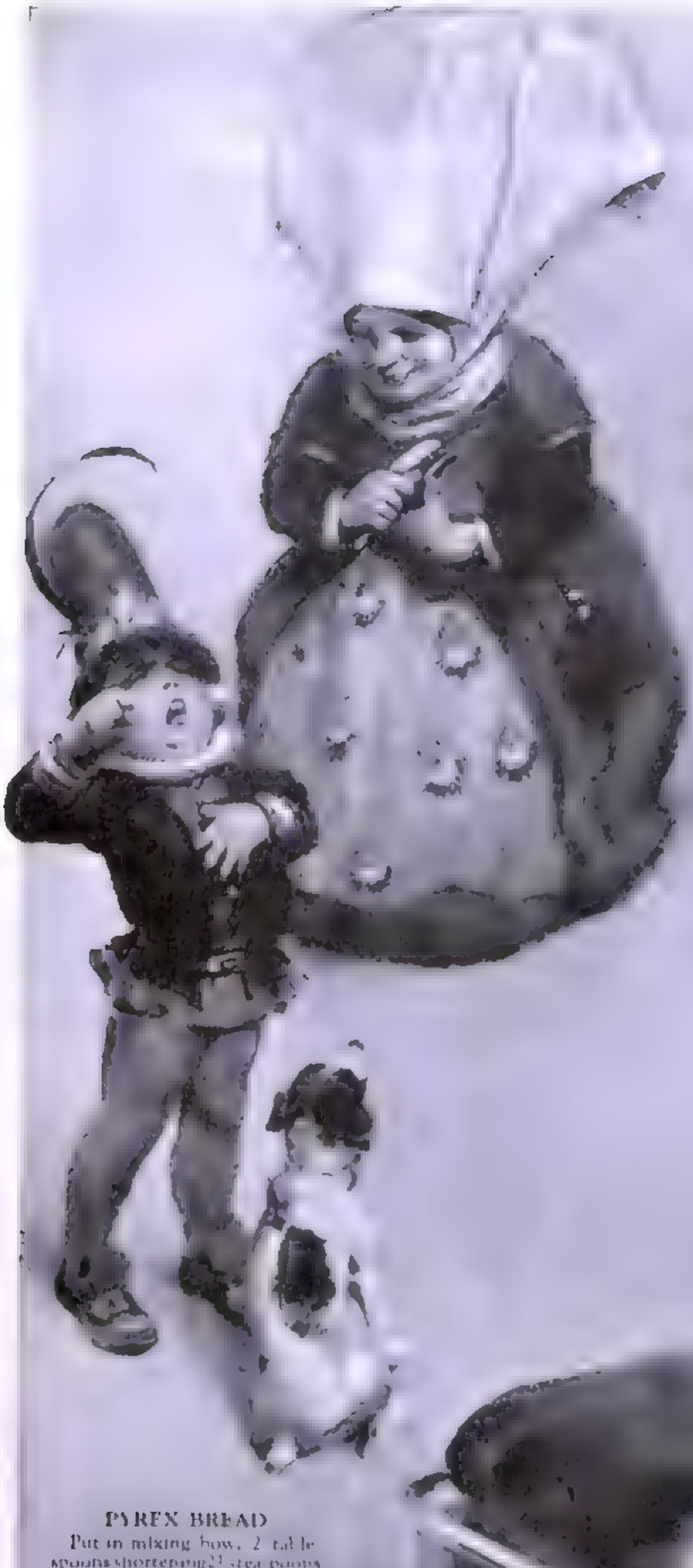
FEDERAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Federal

Standard RADIO Products

Look for this sign

BOSTON NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO PITTSBURGH SAN FRANCISCO BRIDGEBURG, CANADA LONDON, ENGLAND



What Shall He Eat?
Good Bread and Butter!

—No wonder Tommy Tucker longs for his supper. —— There is nothing more wholesome and enjoyable than good, home-made bread, perfectly baked in

PYREX

A PRODUCT OF CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, N. Y., U. S. A.
ORIGINATORS AND PATENTEES OF OVEN GLASSWARE
Write Department "P" for the "Expert's Book on Better Cooking"

PYREX BREAD

Put in mixing bowl 2 tablespoons shortening, 2 teaspoons salt and 2 tablespoons sugar. Add 1 cup hot milk or water and when shortening is melted add 1 cup lukewarm or cold milk or water. When all liquid is lukewarm add one yeast cake dissolved in ½ cup lukewarm milk or water. Add 3 cups flour and beat thoroughly. Then add 2 cups flour and stir with a knife until well mixed.

Add sufficient flour to knead (about 1 cup). Knead until smooth and elastic and bubbles may be seen under the surface. Let rise until double in bulk, shape, put in greased Pyrex bread pan, let rise again and bake fifty minutes to one hour at 350 to 450 degrees F. This will make a double loaf in large size Pyrex Bread Pan, or two loaves in regular size Pyrex Bread Pan

Pyrex Bread by Alice Bradley, Principal of Fannie Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston.

Illustrating Pyrex Bread Pan, No. 212. Price 90c. At all dealers in U. S.

Willy Pogany

(Continued from Page 186)

...ait the crumbling of the domains which ...he and Father administered. They had to ...live; and the price of their living was al... ...ready an irreducible minimum. They were ...caught between the millstones of high ...prices for supplies and low prices for their ...products. There was no cooperation among ...the people of the village or the town, it had ...not occurred to them that by uniting they ...could acquire the power to drive a better ...bargain; or if it had occurred to them the ...wisest heads had perceived the impossi... ...bility of any union among people habitually ...scattered each in his own life.

Caleb gave much troubled thought to the ...situation, but he had not the energy to break ...the web which bound him. Each year it ...seemed to him less important to make a ...garden; each year he sold the hay from the ...meadows across the road with fewer twinges ...of conscience. The disappearance of the ...last stick of lumber from the Pond lot was ...a fillip to an old wound, the scar of ...which had healed.

One night at the store he heard that Dave ...Morton was going to move to Rockland. ...Everyone knew the reasons back of the ...move. A dozen years before, Dave and his ...wife, with their two children, had gone to ...care for old Will Andrews, then paralyzed ...and nearing his end. Will had a little farm; ...he left it to Dave as payment for the care ...he had given.

The farm, under Dave's hands, did not ...quite support his family; but there was on ...its lower acres a considerable growth of ...hardwood, and Dave cut a few cords of this ...every year and sold it and thus managed to ...live. More children came year by year; the ...oldest boy went to Waterville to work in a ...shop. The condition of the family had ...slowly degenerated. Now the woodlot ...was cut off the margin that made the dif... ...ference between a living and a deficit had ...been extinguished. So Dave was moving ...to Rockland. Himself and his wife, it was ...understood, would find work where they ...could; the oldest daughter could earn her ...keep; the younger children might be able ...to go in school for a year or two.

The whole thing depressed Caleb. When ...he got home that night a cloud sat upon ...him. Caleb always had a worried look; ...Esther remarked the fact that he had ...now a new concern tonight, and asked him ...what was ...the matter.

"I heard at the store that Dave ...Morton's selling his farm."

Esther repeated the name inquiringly; ...then reminded her who Dave was and told ...the circumstances. Esther nodded.

"We're better rid of such folks," she said ...with a gentle implacability. "They huddle ...like rats, breed like rabbits. It's only a ...question of time with all of them."

"The poor get poorer," Aunt Mary ...muttered.

"Dave worked hard," Caleb argued. ...It's kind of a shame to see him lose his ...farm."

"I expect it's mortgaged for all it will ...bear."

"I hear so."

"I remember him as a young man," ...Esther said coldly. "He might have done ...well, but he married one of the Dane girls."

"She always kept the house nice," Dora ...ventured, almost pleadingly. "I was inside ...once a year or two ago."

"Nice? With a litter of children under ...foot?" Esther looked at her sister in scorn, ...turned back to Caleb. "Why should that ...worry you, anyway, Caleb—the affairs of ...people?"

Caleb hesitated, then said bravely, "I ...was thinking we're going the same road."

The three women looked at him in as... ...tonished consternation, and Esther's eyes ...were blazing.

"Caleb!" she exclaimed.

"Well, we're selling off our woods, and ...I'm going our land," he insisted.

Esther's anger had sharpened her usually ...acid tones. "Caleb," she warned him, ...I will not be mentioned in the same ...breath with Dave Morton! You must be ...crazy! Your father was representing the ...town in Augusta when Dave Morton's ...father was the town drunkard."

"I should think as much," Aunt Mary ...applauded.

"Well, Dave and I may be working side ...by side in a Rockland mill ten years from ...now if things go on," Caleb persisted.

He was very daring, for Caleb was usually a ...mild and submissive man, won Esther's ...constant respect.

She said, "You're tired, Caleb. You ...better go to bed and rest yourself."

He shook his head. "I'm all right."

But in the end she bundled him off to bed; and in the morning, though his fears persisted, his courage had fled. He did not reopen the subject.

A week or so later, wandering aimlessly over the Mason place, Caleb saw Fergus Weir with a team at work on the ridge above where the Howe farm lay; and he turned that way. He and Fergus met not infrequently; and Caleb found a stimulus in the talk of the active old man. He spoke now of Dave Morton's catastrophe—he could think of it in no other terms—and Fergus nodded and said he had heard.

"He made his mistake ten years ago," Fergus said, "when he started selling off more wood than the land would grow in a year. Cutting into his own foundations from the start, he was. As bad as planting year after year without any dressing. Aye, as bad as selling the land."

Esther had attributed the disaster to too many children; Fergus called it bad management; and Caleb's thoughts had run along the same line. To have Fergus confirm them was to increase the load of trouble that he bore. He did not pursue the subject, was glad when Fergus spoke of other matters.

Fergus was complaining that he could not hire men to help him. "They're busy with their own farming, or working on the road, or they want to go fishing," he exclaimed irascibly. "I've talked to a dozen. I could handle the whole place myself, up to a year or two ago, but I'm getting old, Caleb. It needs another man now. There's land up here I could work if I had another man."

He rambled on. Fergus was becoming increasingly voluble as he grew older; his own troubles or imagined wrongs always made him talkative. "Had a man last year that wasn't good for much, but I paid him good money before he was through," he exclaimed.

The matter of the interest on the mortgage was never far from Caleb's mind; he asked now, "How much did you pay him?"

And Fergus told what he had paid, talked on. Caleb's thoughts, confused and uncertain, clung to the only rock in all this rubble of talk: the fact that money might be earned by working for Fergus; legal tender for the payment of interest.

Abruptly he asked, "What would you pay me?"

Fergus looked at him in frank astonishment, so that Caleb blushed to his ears, the painful blush of a man already growing old. Then Fergus swore an oath of delight. "I always said there was stomach in the Dillards yet," he cried. "Leon's proved it; and I believe there's bowels in you too."

Caleb, to his own amazement, warmed to the little man's praise.

He knew he dared not tell Esther; so there was from the beginning something furtive about his arrangement with Fergus. He stole away from the home farm for half a day at a time when he could; once or twice managed a whole day. Such interchange of services for hire was the usual thing in Fraternity, but the Dillards had been accustomed to hire instead of being hired. It was the first time in his life that Caleb had earned money directly by the work of his hands; he had an almost boyish pride in the first payment he received, and wished he might boast of it to his sisters, and would have done so but for his fear of what Esther would say. He hoped to keep the fact from her for a while.

But it was never possible to deceive Esther very long; and at the end of ten days she burst upon Caleb one evening after supper, when they were all grouped about the lamp, with a flat question. "Were you working on Fergus Weir's upper field today?"

Caleb could never lie; he admitted his guilt.

"Why?" she asked, deceptively mild; and Caleb blurted out the answer.

"Because he pays me for it."

Esther did not speak, did not move; but Caleb was appalled by his own words, and shrank in his chair; and Dora, watching them both, stifled the dismay which she felt. She knew how unspeakable this thing must be in Esther's eyes; Esther, who had never forgiven Fergus for what his daughter had done; Esther, who never forgot she was a Dillard; Esther, whose pride was so stern—and so vulnerable. So Dora waited, watching Caleb, watching her sister. And Aunt Mary, as indignant as Esther, nevertheless kept silence to see what Esther would say.

EVERYONE appreciates something solid to take hold of in the bath. Fairfacts Fixtures are firmly and permanently imbedded in the walls. They never wabble, chip nor tarnish. Soap holders with safety grip, towel bars, tooth brush and tumbler holders, sponge holders, roll and sheet paper holders, hooks, shelves, electric radiators and many combinations, meet every need of the modern bathroom.

Made of snow-white, glistening china, Fairfacts Fixtures never stain nor become dingy. The merest touch of a damp cloth restores their original lustre. They add beauty and convenience to any bathroom, from the simplest to the most luxurious. A tile contractor installs them when the house is built.

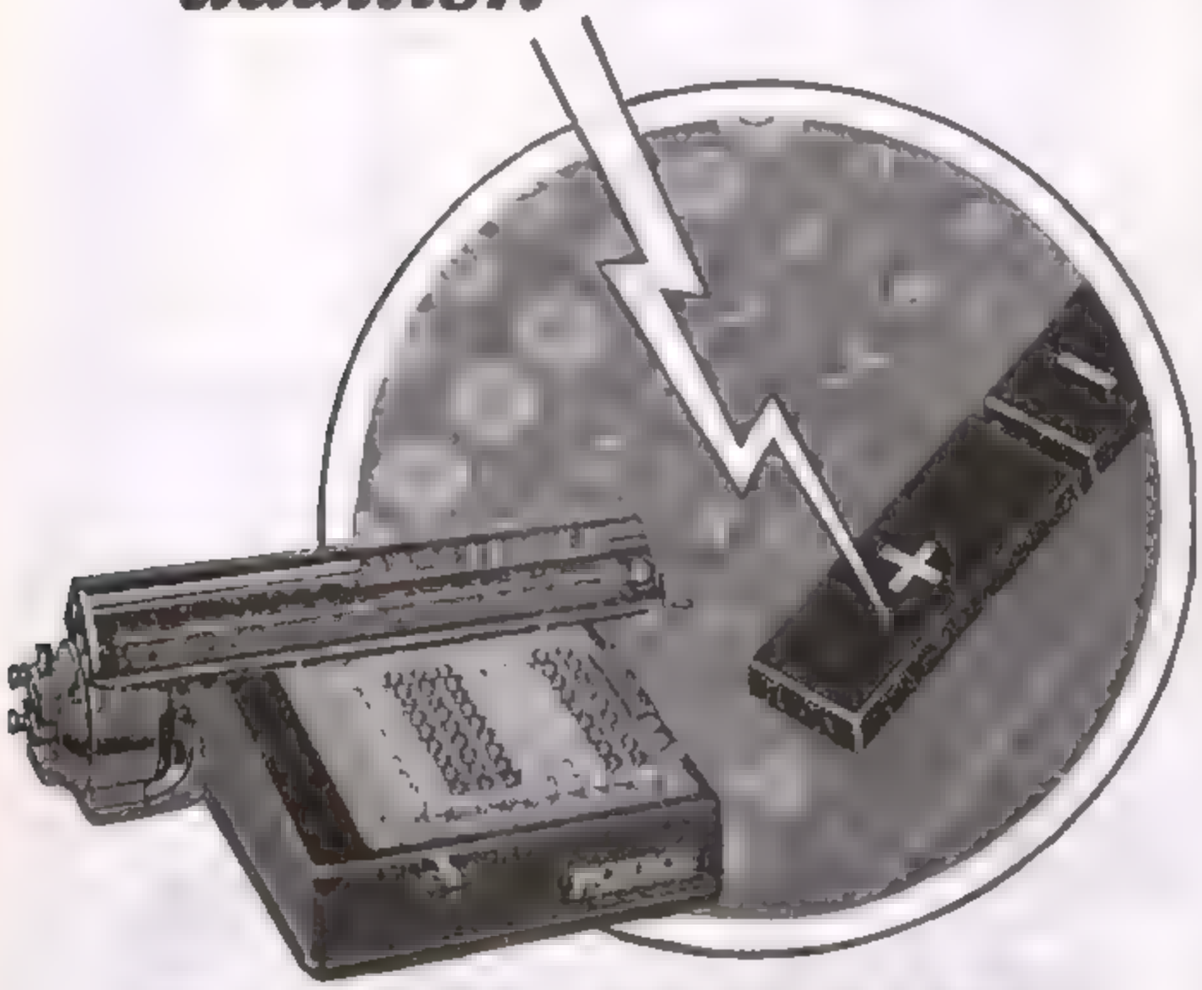
For your protection genuine Fairfacts Fixtures bear our trademark printed in yellow and red and pasted on the face of the fixture. This should not be removed until after installation. Our booklet, "The Perfect Bathroom" will tell you all about Fairfacts China Fixtures. Write for it today.

THE FAIRFACTS COMPANY, INC.
Manufacturers
Dept. X-2 - 234-236 West 14th Street New York City

Look for this BATHROOM Fairfacts FIXTURES *trade-mark*

Fairfacts Fixtures
BUILT IN YOUR BATHROOM WALLS

Lightning-fast addition



MONROE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

THE HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

SET the amount to be added on the Monroe keyboard and the rest of the operation is instantaneous. A touch of the Plus Bar and the amount is added in the dials before the operator can lift the finger from the Bar. That's real SPEED.

As each amount is added, it remains on the keyboard until checked and released. If the operator wishes to withdraw from the total the amount just added, a touch of the Minus Bar instantly subtracts the amount, enabling the operator to make a *mechanical correction* of the total—a feature greatly desired by all adding machine users.

Thousands of users appreciate this unusual combination of Speed and Accuracy, but it remained for the recent World Contest at Paris to establish officially the international position of leadership for the Monroe as an Adding Machine as well as an all-round calculating machine.

In this Contest 76% of the items to be handled were Addition, and the Monroe won first four prizes for Speed and Accuracy.

And the Monroe Multiplies and Divides as easily as it Adds and Subtracts. We believe that you will like this useful adding-calculator and we will be glad to have you try it on your own work.

The Monroe Handles with Equal Ease and Security

- Vertical Addition
- Cross Addition
- Cross Subtraction
- Addition or Subtraction of Constants
- Overdrafts and Credit Balances
- Accumulation of Separate Totals to Grand Totals
- Counting and Adding Items Simultaneously
- Compound Addition
- Compound Subtraction
- Addition of Debits, Credits and Extension of Balances
- Duplex Addition
- Duplex Subtraction
- Percentages
- Distribution of Expenses
- Interest
- Cost Figures
- Statistics
- Engineering Formulae

Monroe Service is available at all Principal Points in the United States and Canada and throughout the World

Monroe Calculating Machine Company
Woolworth Building, New York
(Without expense or obligation—Check items desired)

☐ Send Monroe man to demonstrate Monroe High Speed Addition.
☐ Send Folder "Monroe, the High Speed Adding-Calculator Wins Brilliant Victory at Paris and Grand Prize at Turin."

Firm Name
Individual's Name *Title*
Address

P 45

The issue astonished them; they saw an aspect of Esther's character which they had never suspected. For in the long silence that held them all the anger slowly faded from Esther's countenance, was succeeded by doubt, then by an iron composure. And when she spoke at last it was in gentle, almost appealing tones.

"It's my fault, Caleb," she said. Caleb looked at her in surprise, unable to reply. She nodded, as though to herself. "Yes, it's my fault," she repeated. And after a longer interval: "What will Eben Hobbs pay for the Pond lot?" she asked.

So it came to pass that another corner was cut off the Dillard lands. Eben Hobbs bought the Pond lot and paid cash on the nail; they applied the money to the interest and principal of the mortgage on the Mason place, keeping only a small cash reserve. Arthur Tuck had a hand in preparing the necessary papers; and after Eben had driven away, Arthur tried to say something cheerful.

"After all," he suggested, "now the wood was gone off it, you didn't have any use for it. It wasn't convenient to pasture there."

Esther nodded brightly. She was not one to cry over spilled milk. "It wasn't any use to us," she agreed. "Though of course I hated to see it go."

"As long as you have the Marshall Meadows and the home place here you'll have all you can take care of," Arthur said.

"Almost too much for Caleb, I think it is sometimes," Esther assented. She considered for a moment. "I've thought some that we'd do well to sell the Mason place too."

Her voice was quite serene; but both Caleb and Dora understood what the mere admission of this possibility must cost her. Caleb had further proof, a little later, of how deeply she was moved; for when Dora and Arthur Tuck left the room together and went out into the front yard she did not move to follow them.

Yet Esther had used to take such pains to see that these two were never left alone.

XIII

IT IS probably accurate to say that Arthur Tuck and Dora had loved each other for fifteen years; yet there had never been anything swift or ardent in their passion. Even if Esther could have been left out of account, they would nevertheless have moved slowly. Arthur Tuck's father had farmed about a hundred acres of land toward North Fraternity; he had been a man of some substance, perhaps second only to Ethan Dillard himself in the eyes of the town. Arthur went to the University of Maine and afterwards studied law, and because of these experiences a glamour always hung about his head. Dora could remember when he went away to college, they had seen each other, at long intervals, since the time they were children, they did not see each other again after that departure for an interval of years. He established himself in East Harbor and began the laborious task of building up a practice. An occasional visit to his father's home brought him to Fraternity, and eventually he and Dora once more came into contact. She was at that time thirty years old, he was some years older. She was pretty, in a plump comfortable fashion; she had been putting on weight for a year or two and was at the border line between plumpness and something less attractive.

Arthur, prematurely aging, almost unnaturally grave, was attracted to her at their first encounter after the years of his absence, he sought opportunities to see her again. Within a year he had become a regular visitor at the Dillard house, he never failed to stop there on his way to or from his father's farm. When his father eventually died he continued coming, and it became a matter of remark in the village.

Had it not been for Esther it is probable that at the end of a discreet five years or so of courtship he and Dora would have been quietly married. But Esther scented danger before Dora had confessed even to herself how much she liked Arthur; and from that day on Esther did all she could to retard the progress of their intimacy. It is almost literally true that for the first seven years they were never alone together; then the death of someone in the Howe side of the family summoned Esther to attend the funeral, and Dora must stay at the farm to take care of the cream. Esther was gone three days, and Arthur saw Dora twice, in a fashion they found thrillingly clandestine. For anything that passed between them, Esther might as well have been present, and they were both enormously ill at ease, yet each found an unreasonable delight in the situation. Caleb kept in the background, willing that Dora should have this small measure of happiness.

The following spring Arthur succeeded in maneuvering matters so that he and Dora took a drive one Sunday afternoon. This day was a landmark in the eyes of them both; years later they would remind each other fondly of "that afternoon we took our first drive."

In the fall of the year she was thirty-nine years old Dorr went to Bangor on a week's visit, and Arthur went up with her from East Harbor on the boat, and a week later went up to return with her. These two journeys marked the second great adventure in their lives. They were so accustomed to the gentle grandeur of the countryside that the panorama of the river valley did not greatly move them; but the fact of being along together, of traveling together, seemed to them both mysteriously sweet and beautiful. This became another of their treasured memories; it had a spell upon them both, so that for a fortnight thereafter each felt the pulse of romance beating loud.

Under this spell they had their first secret meeting. Dora's habit for many years had been to take an occasional walk alone about the farm. Arthur, knowing of this, dared suggest that it would be pleasant to take such walks together. By uncertain advances, interrupted by alarmed withdrawals, they reached a common ground. At last she told him she would walk up to the Bartlett Woods on a certain afternoon if the day was fair. Arthur met her there. At long intervals they repeated the adventure, but Esther discovered what was afoot and reproached Dora so scornfully for such tactics at her age that Dora was shamed into abandoning them.

They came, by long and painful stages to a certain mental and spiritual sympathy which made it unnecessary for them to put into words the deeper emotions which stirred them both. It is not accurate to say that Arthur ever asked Dora to marry him. Their minds approached the subject circuitously and slowly, and met at last in wordless understanding. One Sunday noon when he had come for dinner and spent the day she went with him into the harvest as he prepared to drive away. Darkness protected them; he touched her hand, their lips met in their first kiss. His departure was like a flight; and as for Dora, when she reentered the kitchen Esther perceived that she was trembling and shaken, and knew it had been a mistake to permit them this moment alone. Dora was at this time forty-two years old. A year later, for the first time, they openly spoke to Esther of the possibility of getting married.

Esther's policy up to this hour had been to hinder the progress of their affection, to delay the process of mating which in their case thus preceded marriage. So long as it was possible to keep them from reaching an accord of mind and heart she did so. When this should be no longer possible, and not before, she would permit herself to be driven into open opposition.

She was in this as in all matters that pertained to her authority, skillful and wise. She understood to what a pitch of resolution they must have forced themselves before speaking to her at all; knew the unwisdom of opposing them in this hour. They had chosen a moment when Caleb and Aunt Mary were out of doors, so that the three were together in the big kitchen.

Esther heard what Arthur had to say, listened with a little nodding smile, and when he was done said amiably, "Why, yes, Arthur. I don't see why you and Dora shouldn't get married one of these days."

She spoke the words in a tone so matter of fact that they were vaguely chilling. Their enthusiasm was quenched; they were abashed at seeing the thing they had scarcely named to each other thus dragged quivering into the light of day.

Arthur said uncertainly, "Well, that's good of you, Esther."

"Of course I knew you'd make up your minds to it some day," Esther remarked mildly. "We'll have to think about it. No matter how much you may expect a thing, it always comes as a surprise. We don't want to hurry, do we?"

She seemed to constitute herself their ally; they had been so fearful of her opposition that they were almost pathetically

(Continued on Page 192)

HAND MADE
Brenlin
the long-wearing
WINDOW SHADE *material*

Bright daylight shows their soft rich colors fresh, smooth, unfaded—*after years!*

Keep your rooms beautiful with window shades of Brenlin

...of an ordinary window shade will draw shade ... tightly. Tiny ... of chalk or ... fall out ... has no ... ordinary shades

Every foot of BRENLIN is finished by hand by experts for beauty of appearance long wear, and smooth operation

Daylight may be cruel or kind to the beauty of a room. For it at once draws the attention of the person who enters to the windows.

And if the window shades are stained and faded, or streaked with ugly pinhole cracks, daylight, bright, unmerciful, strikes a jarring note, a note so strong and harsh it mars the beauty of the whole room.

But if your window shades are Brenlin, then bright daylight shows them soft and rich in color, fresh, smooth, unfaded, after years of service.

Lasting beauty for a few cents more

For there's *lasting* beauty in window shades of durable Brenlin. And you can get Brenlin at a cost of only a few cents more than that of ordinary shade cloth. Unlike ordinary shade cloth, Brenlin has no brittle filling of chalk or clay to break and fall out, causing unsightly cracks and pinholes that show in glaring relief against the outdoor light.

Strong and flexible, much like finely-woven linen, Brenlin has weight and body enough in itself to keep it always straight and smooth.

It resists the constant strain of rolling and unrolling, the jerking and snapping of the wind. Rain will not discolor it as it discolors shades of inferior quality. And its beautiful hues, applied by hand, resist fading in the sun.

Brenlin wears two or three times as long as the ordinary shade. It may be had in soft, rich colors to harmonize with every interior scheme. Brenlin Duplex, with a different color on each side, will blend with both interior and exterior.

Be sure it's Brenlin

When you buy window shades, be sure that what you are getting is really Brenlin. The name is embossed or perforated on the edge of every shade. If you don't know where to get Brenlin, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

There are many valuable hints for you in our interesting booklet: "How to Shade and Decorate your Windows." Write for it. We'll be glad to send it, together with some samples of Brenlin in different colors. Address Cincinnati.

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN CO.
"The oldest window shade house in America"

2045 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio
6th St. at Chelton Ave., Camden, N. J.

Dealers may also be supplied by:
Breneman-Horan Co., Inc. New York City, N. Y.
Breneman-Paschall Co., Inc., Dallas, Texas
Brenlin Window Shade Co. Los Angeles, California
The Breneman-Sommers Co., Portland, Oregon
S. A. Maxwell & Co., Inc. Kansas City, Missouri
Rasch & Gainor, Baltimore, Maryland
Renard Linoleum & Rug Co. St. Louis, Missouri

Continued from Page 190

grateful. They were glad when she dismissed the matter with so little remark, and thankfully agreed to her suggestion that they would all have to think about it.

A year later they were still thinking. Then the two were driven to consult her again.

It did not occur to either of them to marry and consult her afterward. Arthur had done well; he was able to give Dora anything she might reasonably expect. But he knew her deep dependence on her sister, was himself so definitely under Esther's spell that an open break seemed to him inconceivable. The thought once or twice occurred to him; but each time he remembered Esther's attitude toward Leon, remembered the implacable anger which still kept her brother's name from her lips, and he lacked the courage to submit Dora to such a long ordeal.

When, reluctantly enough, they did at last urge upon Esther the fact that both their lives were speeding, that each day gone was a day gone forever, they met a new aspect of her resistance. They were not surprised; it had been obvious to Dora that Esther was hardening against her. She had detected a bitterness in the elder sister's tones. Esther now showed anger; she said Dora was needed at home; that their affairs were in disorder, their very livelihood secured only by constant struggle and compromise.

"This big house needs two women," she insisted. "I do what I can; but I simply can't handle it alone." She accused Dora of wishing to desert her; and Dora could not bear the accusation. So the conflict was again postponed.

From that time on Esther began a systematic effort to shake and weaken Dora's intention; she sought to withdraw her sister from her allegiance to Arthur. At one time she was gentle and appealing, at another dominant, at another angry. She professed more than once her surprise that Dora should even contemplate leaving home, leaving her and Caleb to worry along alone. Esther had resolution, determination, persistence; Dora had none of these qualities, could combat them only by reason of the strength her affection for Arthur gave her. Under these circumstances it was impossible that she could beat down Esther's resistance; she could only cling to her hope and her love, and wait for what deliverance time might bring to her.

This condition had existed for almost two years, and still existed unchanged at the time the Pond lot was sold. It might have continued indefinitely; there was no relief in sight. But about a week after the sale of the Pond lot, Dora got a letter from Leon.

"I haven't written to you but twice since I came away," he said apologetically. "But it wasn't because I didn't think of you, and I knew you'd get the news from Caleb.

"Jennie liked you, and has always remembered you. And now Jennie says she wants our baby should be named after you. I want it too.

"Jennie says she'd like it mighty well if you'd come and see us and visit for a spell. We'd like to have you come next week. You know Jennie always likes having the babies christened; and she thought maybe you'd want to be at the christening.

"I hope you will come. I can come and get you if you want; or I might meet you in East Harbor. You let me know and I'll do anything you say.

"The children all want to see their Aunt Dora. I expect you'd like it here for a spell. You better come."

Caleb brought this letter with the other mail from the store one evening. Dora read it with a strange exultation; it dropped in her lap and she sat with wide eyes staring before her, and tears formed in them slowly. Leon had five little children now, and she had never seen them, though Caleb had brought home and showed her a picture of Mary, and another of Sam.

She sat so still that she was unconscious what went on about her till Esther remarked her state and asked evenly, "What is it, Dora?"

Dora held out her letter with a slow gesture. "It's from Leon," she said; and Esther's hand, lifted to take it, dropped into her lap again. Esther made no comment; and Dora said slowly, "They want to name the baby after me. I'm glad, Esther. And they want me to visit them."

Esther responded by not even a gesture; she had from the beginning ignored Leon or appeared not to hear when they spoke of him; Dora must have expected this reaction from her sister. Nevertheless it waked a faint anger in her heart, hardened her voice. "And I'm going," she said. "I'm going, right away."

Esther must have wished to oppose this; but she could not well do so without referring to Leon, and she would not speak of her brother. Pride sealed her lips, made her remain passive while Dora laid her plans.

Arthur Tuck, whose business sometimes took him to remote parts of the county, had the year before bought an automobile. Dora, her courage stimulated by Esther's nonresistance, wrote to him and asked if he could not take her to Leon's farm. He came out from East Harbor as soon as the letter reached him, and they made their happy plans.

Four or five days after Leon's letter came Dora was ready; her bag went into the rear of Arthur's little car. As she took her seat she looked back and saw Esther standing with a stony countenance in the kitchen door, Aunt Mary behind her, Caleb on the stoop. Caleb lifted his hand in a farewell gesture; then the car roared and they dipped down to the highroad and away.

The Following Spring Arthur Succeeded in Maneuvering Matters So That He and Dora Took a Drive One Sunday Afternoon

It was, as a prelude to the greater adventure, the first time Dora had ever ridden alone with Arthur in his car. The meadows along the way were at their greenest; the soft wood growth in the valleys had a deep luxuriance; the distant hills wore like a bridal gown their faint blue haze, of a color more true and pure than is to be seen on any other hills in any other countryside. Dora was not alive to the beauties of the land; nevertheless the excitement of this trip, the fact that she rode with Arthur and the warm and welcoming beauty of the hills ahead of them combined to make this as happy an hour as she had ever known. They crossed Knox Ridge and left her own country behind; and her eyes searched more and more eagerly the way ahead.

XIV

SO PROSAIC a thing as a punctured tire delayed them on the road. It was Arthur's first experience of such an emergency; he was awkward and inept as he went about making repairs. Dora sat on a rock beside the road, under the shade of an old apple tree recently grafted with thrifty young cions, while Arthur labored. He became untidy; he skinned the knuckles of his hand when the jack handle let go; his collar wilted and his shirt sleeves were soiled. The effect of the delay was cumulative; the pump did not function as it should, so that it was hard to bring the mended tire to a proper consistency. Worse, the patch had been improperly applied; a slow leak developed. Arthur had to renew his efforts with the pump every mile or so. Their progress was slow.

Thus, though they had expected to reach Leon's by midday, noon found them still short of their goal. Arthur asked if Dora was hungry, and when she said she was, he stopped in a village on their way and bought two bottles of birch beer, a bag of crackers, two cans of sardines and a wedge of mild and friendly cheese. A mile beyond, on a well-turfed bank beside the road and together; and they made much of the occasion, sitting primly when a team or an occasional car passed by on the road, but for the rest of the time laughing like children. Dora, away from Esther's eye, was already a different woman; Arthur felt his love for her beating upward in slow pulses, as the tide throbs in across the sand. They went on at last almost reluctantly; came, toward midafternoon, to Leon's home.

Leon's house was set on a hill; set on the shoulder of a ridge, so that on three sides the land fell away. Behind the house there lay a growth of old pine, and beyond in the lowlands a wide meadow reached to the foot of the rising ground beyond. The low hills swept in a quarter circle from this point around the horizon; but in front of the house, across a deep valley and no more than two or three miles away, they rose more steeply into a high-shouldered ridge crowned with eminences like lifted heads at intervals. The whole made a panorama where the eye could lose itself in beauty.

The house itself had originally been a small one, a story and a half high. To this Leon had added an extension two stories high and more commodious. In the other direction the house extended itself through the shed to the great barn. The barnyard was apart from the house itself, so that between the house and the road Leon had been able to maintain good turf, cropped reasonably close. A wooden pump stood here, a glass inverted atop the plunger when the pump was not in use, as though in invitation to the passers-by. Three locust trees shaded the house; when Dora and Arthur drove into the dooryard these trees were all abloom and vocal with the sweet hum of harvesting bees.

At the sound of their car two children appeared in the kitchen door to see who was come, then came swiftly out into the yard. Jennie —she who had been Jennie Weir—was at their heels. She reached the car while Arthur was helping Dora to the ground, and as a matter of course took Dora into her arms and kissed her roundly. Dora was not used to being kissed; she was a little dismayed; but there was a spring of affection in Jennie which awoke a fit response in most people, and without quite realizing it, Dora found herself reciprocating Jennie's hug, submitting with a stir of pleasure in her heart to Jennie's kiss.

"I'm right glad you've come," Jennie told her warmly. "I was wondering if maybe something had happened to keep you. We looked for you in time for dinner, but Leon said you'd probably had a breakdown." She looked toward Arthur and smiled at his wilted collar. "I guess you did," she decided. "This must be Mr. Tuck, I expect. I'm glad you brought him with you. We'd like to have you stay for a spell, too, Mr. Tuck."

Arthur answered with that faint inclination of the head which was a tribute he always paid to women. "I'm sorry. I only brought Dora. I have to be in East Harbor in the morning."

"Can't you come up while she's here?" Jennie was wholly hospitable.

"I'll come to fetch her home," he promised.

"Well, you plan to stay the night then." She turned to Dora, took her arm. "Come on in the house, both of you. You must be choked with the dust. I'll get you something cool to drink. The young ones will bring in your things."

The two children—Dora had watched them almost furtively, while they stared at her with friendly interest—swarmed into the car; another youngster appeared in the kitchen door as they approached, and Jennie said, "This is Fergus. Caleb and the baby are asleep."

Dora asked, "Where's Leon?"

"He had to go down in the lower field for a spell. He said he'd probably hear the car and come right up. I'll send Sam down after him if he don't come." She helped Dora divest herself of her veil and hat and coat. "I'll show you where you're to sleep," she explained, and to Arthur added, "You can wash up right there in the sink if you want to, Mr. Tuck. We use the water from the pump if there's none in the bucket."

The two older children came in as she and Dora started toward the stair. Mary had Dora's bag. Jennie told Sam to fill the bucket with water for Arthur and left the two in process of getting acquainted while she took Dora's bag and led the way upstairs.

The little girl followed them, and Dora said to her shyly, "You're Mary, aren't you?"

The child nodded, smiled. "Yes, Aunt Dora!" She seemed proud that she had remembered this form of address. "And that's Sam downstairs. He's my brother. I'm a year older than he is."

"He's as big as you are," Dora suggested, meaning to be friendly, but succeeding only in being tactless.

"Well, boys are expected to be bigger than girls. But he can't do anything without breaking things."

Dora guessed her mistake. "I think your hair's so pretty," she said. "So fine and soft and sweet."

Jennie, leading the way, opened a door; and Dora forgot the little girl in the charm of the room before her. Her own room at home was grave and beautiful; the furniture had been treasured for generations.

(Continued on Page 197)

Now it can be told

For the first time you can know what really happens inside your motor

IT took a revolutionary invention to do it. Measure your temperamental motor under everyday conditions? Nobody could do it, nobody thought it could be done, until an engineer named Wasson came along and did it.

He set out to prove just one thing, but he wound up by building a machine that tests, with deadly accuracy, every factor that makes the wheels go round: engine units, carburetor, fuel, oil—everything that we tinker with and experiment with to make our cars run right.

When we heard that the Wasson Motor Check could do these things we secured the right to use this invention to carry out experiments of our own; to demonstrate the relation of oil to engine performance.

We rolled a big touring car up onto the machine, adjusted the measuring devices, speeded the car up to fifty miles an hour, and read the power gain and loss as easily as you read these lines.

We watched the power drop off under brake load when the speed passed forty miles an hour. Bad condition for hill climbing! The car was not right: horsepower was being lost somewhere! But the Motor Check was on the job; it accounted for that loss by catching and measuring the vapors that slipped past the pistons.

We drained the crank case. We substituted a different oil, and the power stepped up steadily, until at forty miles an hour it showed a gain of ten horsepower—and still going up.

Ten horsepower—by a simple change of oil!

Can you imagine how that car owner felt?

"First time I ever got a thrill out of oil. Never knew before what a whale of a difference it makes."

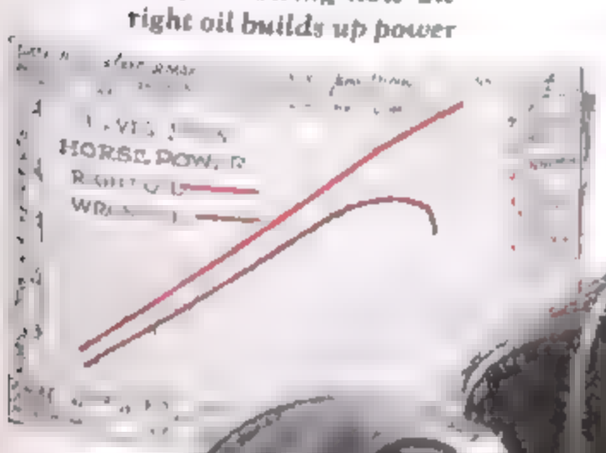
Not one motorist in a hundred realizes that today. Here we have the first practical demonstration, and it's going to change the whole point of view toward motor oil: oil is more than oil—it is power!

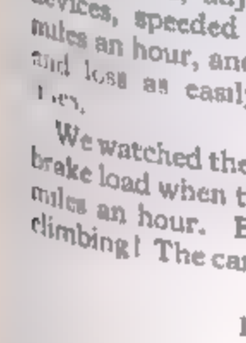
Oil is more than oil—it is power!

As that idea takes hold on the imagination and proves up by experience we believe that more people than ever will hunt up the Havoline dealer.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, Inc.
Lawrenceville, Ill.

Graph showing how the right oil builds up power





THE Wasson Motor Check is now installed in our Refinery at Lawrenceville, Illinois, under special license by the T. N. T Engineering Company Tests on all types of cars, new and old, are being run, with different grades of oils. Watch for later announcements.

MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL . . . PROTECT HOME BEAUTY . . . WITH ACME QUALITY

"In the homes of America are born the children of America—and only as these homes are what they should be, will *they* be what they should be."

—*J. G. Holland*

ACME

Paints Enamels Stains

Houses, *like folks*, need new clothes

Does your house need new clothes this spring? Or is it already all it should be . . . neat and trim and self-respecting . . . a home worthy of the children who live within . . . a beautiful home that the whole neighborhood frankly envies?

Thousands of home lovers will tell you that the use of Acme Quality Paints and Varnishes affords the most economical and the most satisfactory method of creating and protecting home beauty. For forty years, the paint and varnish products bearing this name have been recognized as the standard of the industry. Because the protection Acme Quality products afford against the ravages of the weather is so effective, and because the beauty they assure is so lasting, thousands of dealers sell them and thousands of painters apply them. There is an Acme Quality product for every surface, and an Acme Quality dealer near you. If you do not know his name, write to us. See coupon.

Acme Quality House Paint—A complete selection of beautiful shades. Figured by years of service and yards of surface covered per gallon, thousands of home owners will tell you it is the most economical paint that can be applied.

Acme Quality Varnish—A varnish for every purpose. Our unrivaled scientific and manufacturing facilities, and long years of experience produce varnishes of unsurpassed quality. Our varnish works are among the largest in the world. For samples, see coupon.

Acme Quality Varno-Lac—Refinishes floors, furniture and woodwork by staining and varnishing in one quick, easy operation. Beautiful reproductions of expensive woods at surprisingly low cost. For sample, see coupon.

Acme Quality Enamel—In white and colors. Imparts a fine porcelain-like enamel finish of lasting lustre which is easily kept bright and clean by wiping with a damp cloth. For sample, see coupon.

Acme Quality Motor Car Finish—Imparts a long-lasting, high-gloss finish that restores that look of newness to your car. A number of the largest and best-known motor car manufacturers use automobile finishes made by Acme. For sample, see coupon.

Acme White Lead and Color Works, Dept. 44, *Detroit, Mich.*
I enclose dealer's name and stamps—15c for each 30c to 35c sample can checked. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Please *print* dealer's name and your name.)

*Dealer's name*_____

*Dealer's address*_____

Your name

Your address _____ *City* _____ *State*

Acme Quality Varnish
Check one or more: [ ] SPARKOTE, *for exterior use* [ ] VARNOTILE, *for floors.* [ ] INTEROLITE, *for interiors*

Acme Quality Varno-Lac
Check one color: [ ] *Light Oak;* [ ] *Dark Oak,* [ ] *Brown Mahogany;* [ ] *Deep Mahogany*

Acme Quality Enamel
Check one color: [ ] *White or* [ ] *Ivory.*

Acme Quality Motor Car Finish [ ] *Black.*

Value of this coupon 15¢ *to* $1.00

Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish—A flat finish which gives walls, ceilings and woodwork a wonderfully soft, restful tone. Made in many delicate tints and inviting shades.

DEALERS: Thousands of dealers all over the country are now selling Acme Quality Products. They have proved the value of a full line all under one famous label; a forty-year-old reputation for quality; quick service; and the most complete and effective merchandising assistance in the industry. Write us for our agency plan.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS

Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

Boston Buffalo Chicago Minneapolis St. Louis Kansas City Pittsburgh Cincinnati Toledo Nashville Birmingham Richmond Va Fort Worth Dallas Topeka Salt Lake City Portland San Francisco Los Angeles

QUALITY

Varnishes — *for every surface*

Smokers say—

"Cinco is better than the average ten-cent cigar and—
I save 25 per cent."

You couldn't ask better proof of Cinco value than that!

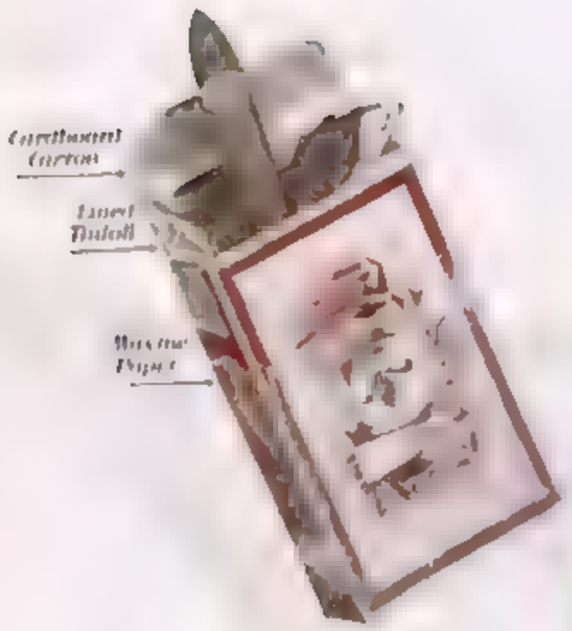
Thousands of men were questioned—in all sections of the country. In substance, all gave the same answer—that Cinco gives more actual satisfaction than most cigars sold at ten cents.

And why wouldn't Cinco be better? It is made by the Eisenlohr Process, an advantage of 73 years' experience.

Extra value is put in by leaving useless frills out. And Cinco doesn't depend on size or fancy shape. *Quality* makes it a life-time smoke.

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS., Inc., Philadelphia
Cigar Manufacturers for Seventy-three Years

2 for 15¢



If your dealer can't supply you [illegible] 5 cents and we will send you this pocket humidor containing ten Cinco cigars. Triply wrapped to keep the goodness in.

"After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar"

Cinco

(Continued from Page 192)

and deservedly; yet it wore an atmosphere of age, and the whole room seemed old and weary and mellow and impatient, in its degree, of the eagernesses of youth. Dora had never understood this till she perceived the difference now. There was something comfortable and friendly and youthful in this room in Jennie's house. The bed was a quite commonplace bed of curly birch; the little rocker matched it; there was a high chiffonier, and a low table with a mirror, and a straight chair, all of the same delightful tone. The whole seemed so sightly and gay beside her smoky old mahogany and ancient maple. While Jennie was opening a window, smoothing the painted coverlet, adjusting the fresh towels on the stand, Dora, used to the quiet ways, felt herself confused, uncertain, curiously happy; and when Jennie and the little girl left her alone, she stood for a while at the window, looking out through a well-kept orchard, where the ground was freshly cultivated, to where she caught a glimpse of an extensive garden beyond. Unaccountably her eyes filled.

After her first uncertainties, as though she had been feeling her way, she plunged into the life at Leon's farm with an eagerness that was almost avidity. She rose early, as though afraid of missing an hour of it; and as soon as they heard her stirring one or two of the children were sure to come to her room and talk to her while she dressed, and came to her hands when she went downstairs. They dragged her here and there to show her all their treasures; she was forced to climb into the mow of the barn, where the hay was low after supplying the steady needs of the long winter; she was led through the hard to see the birds' nests; guided down the hill to the hidden river in the glade below and taught to fish for yellow perch. She played house with Mary till Sam and young Fergus insisted that she come and play goal with them. She and Mary together were nursemaids to young Caleb, just two years old and a stout walker, though his tongue still stumbled.

On the second day, under Jennie's laughing direction, she learned to bathe the baby, the little girl who was to bear her name. She was so frightened that her hands shook and her teeth chattered; when she laid the soft little body on the towel across her knees it was like to bounce off. But the next day she was more sure of herself; and on the third day she hugged the baby to her bosom and made Jennie leave them alone together, and reveled in the long hour before the baby wailed for sustenance and Jennie came and took it tenderly away. When Jennie gave the baby her breast Dora found her own teeth clenched in a gust of fierce jealousy that tore and plucked and shook her so that she fled the room.

In the evening, when the children were abed, she and Dora and Leon sat about the kitchen lamp and talked and talked. Dora had not seen her brother for ten years; they had so many things to say. She never could tell the man he was with the boy he had been; for Leon was now broad and strong and sure of himself, with steady lips and eyes, and a confident authority in his tones. She made them tell all that their lives had been, listening avidly; and sometimes as they harked backward, first Jennie and then Leon continuing the tale, remembering this and remembering that, Jennie would move her chair till it was beside Leon's and take his hand in hers. And sometimes she would come behind his chair and put her arms around his neck and lift his head and kiss him; and there were other times when she was content to stand near him, her hand resting lightly on his shoulder. One night she sat upon his knee, curling herself up as a child would have come.

At first Dora was embarrassed at these demonstrations; she watched Leon, expecting to discover uneasiness in him. The girls had never been demonstrative; Leon had kissed her on the day of her wedding, and once or twice he kissed her when she got now. Under Jennie's caresses he showed no awkwardness or embarrassment; rather they seemed to rest and comfort him when he was tired, to soothe him when he was disturbed, to increase his happiness when he was already happy and at ease. Dora saw that when he came in from the barn or from the fields, if he had been gone for a little while, he was almost sure to put his arm around Jennie and kiss her; watching them as she did, she began to perceive the deep current by which they were both swept boldly and confidently forward on the stream of passing days. She caught a hint now and then of the rich springs of happiness and courage upon which they drew. Sometimes when Leon came back to the house after an absence of an hour or two and met Jennie they would stand for a moment in a close embrace and speak a tender word or two, disregarding Dora's presence or forgetting it; and Dora saw that at such times their eyes met with a warm affection and a confident understanding which seemed to exclude her and all the world. When they all went upstairs to bed Leon and Jennie would come with her to her door and stand for a moment before saying good night; and Leon's arm was apt to fall about his wife's waist. At such moments, when they had turned away and left her alone and she had shut the door, she felt herself swept by a hopeless hunger and longing such as she had never known.

But in the end it was upon the new baby that Dora's deepest emotions centered. Except when it was asleep, or when she had to surrender it to Jennie for nursing, it was almost constantly in her arms. She bathed it, attended to its comfort, played with it, sought to woo it to gummy gurgles of mirth, dandled it on her knee or held it close in her arms as she moved about the house. Once or twice on a warm afternoon she took the little thing into the orchard and spread a blanket there, on which it might kick and squirm and discover its toes with new wonder at each discovery. Her first wonder, her first fear of the child was gone; her love for it grew like a fire. She was undergoing an emotional revolution: the effect upon her of the life here, of the atmosphere of affection which embraced them all, was cumulative, waxing from day to day. She was at one moment wildly happy in the present; at the next desperately afraid of the emptiness that must succeed to this full existence when she should go home.

The baby was christened on the last day of her stay. Jennie had decided the christening should be at home. After dinner she sent Leon to get himself dressed; she and Dora took the children in hand. Each had to be tubbed, then inducted into garments starkly clean and uncompromisingly starched. Mary was instructed to see that Fergus did not get himself dirty; Sam had Caleb in charge. Dora wished to dress the baby herself; but Jennie helped her. The minister arrived, and Arthur Tuck drove into the yard on his heels.

Dora had a moment alone with Arthur, and she found herself clinging to him, kissing him sobbingly, so that Arthur was bewildered and a little frightened till she wiped her eyes and smiled to reassure him. She went through the little ceremony with a high head.

After supper, after the children were all abed, Dora seemed still to be moving in a dream; she was so silent, her eyes were fixed and misted. Jennie, watching her, at length drew Leon away. "Leave them together," she whispered.

So Arthur and Dora had the kitchen to themselves, while Jennie and Leon went outside. But Dora, though Arthur sought to question her, found few words to say to him.

"It's been so sweet," she told him. "I hadn't any idea, Arthur. I never had such a happy time."

She was glad to be alone in her own room at last; she sat for a long time by the window, looking out blankly into the still starlit night. By and by she went to bed.

Next morning after breakfast, she and Arthur started on the homeward journey.

XV

WHEN Dora got home Esther met her as impassively as though she had never been away; but Caleb and Aunt Mary asked innumerable questions about her visit. Arthur, after bringing her to the door, had been forced to depart at once for East Harbor; Esther and Aunt Mary were busy in the house. So Caleb suggested that Dora come out with him to the slope above the barn where he had planted peas and beans and corn and the other vegetables they raised each year. While he worked she stood near by and talked with him. She talked about the children; told how Mary was already wearing the airs of a young woman; told how rowdily Sam and Fergus rolled and tumbled together in their play. She spoke of Jennie with a slow deep affection in her tones; and of Leon. Once or twice Caleb asked her questions about the baby; but her answers were so brief he thought she must have been disappointed in her namesake, and wondered at it. He was busy with his eyes upon the ground, so could not watch her countenance.

That evening, when they were all together, Aunt Mary's curiosity overcame her sympathy with Esther's point of view toward Leon; and she questioned Dora at great length and minutely. But Dora answered her in a restrained and awkward fashion, as though there was little to tell. Once or twice Caleb saw in her eyes a shadow of something he could not understand; a something foreign to Dora's nature as he had always known it. It puzzled and perplexed him.

In the day or two succeeding, both he and Esther discovered further evidences of a change in Dora. Neither spoke of the matter to the other; but each wondered, and each was watchful, and Esther waited, preparing herself to meet whatever should come of this.

Caleb went so far as to ask Dora one morning if she was well; she nodded inattentively, and he explained, "You seem kind of quiet; I thought perhaps you had a headache."

"No," she replied evenly. "My head is all right."

She was, during these two days, less given to speech than her habit had been; she had never been talkative, but neither was she ever curt. In her brief utterances, and in a certain rigor which sat upon her countenance now, Caleb caught a faint likeness to Esther. He had never thought his sisters alike before. Esther was so small and thin and cold, while Dora had always been a little fleshy, and she was of a reasonable size; and it was always evident in her shy ways and her timid words that warmth dwelt in her. Now she was no longer shy and uncertain; her very cheeks seemed firmer. Caleb had in the end faint inklings of the truth.

But he and Aunt Mary were alike to be excluded from the revelation which followed. It was an evening when they had gone upstairs to bed; Caleb, who was usually weary at night, had slipped out of his clothes and was asleep almost at once. But the sisters, in their rooms, divided by the narrow upper hall in which the stairs climbed, took longer to prepare for the night. Dora had undressed, hanging up her garments with characteristic care, draping her stockings over the back of the chair, setting her shoes precisely together on the floor. In her plain flannel nightgown buttoned high at the neck and her felt bedroom slippers, she sat down on the edge of the bed and stared at the lamp on the small table. She had meant to open the windows and blow out the lamp and go to bed, but her own thoughts delayed her. Her hair was wound into a braid; the bangs in front were twisted into leather curlers.

By and by she rose and took from the closet a garment that might have been called a dressing gown. It was of cotton crêpe, a useful sort of stuff, since it need never be ironed. There was about it none of the graces usually associated with such a robe, for the buttons on its front were plain and utilitarian bone, the collar was no more than a fold of the material itself, and it had not even a cord at the waist to give it shape and seemliness. Dora's large figure filled it almost too generously.

When she had put this on she blew out the lamp for modesty's sake, and then raised one of the blinds and opened a window and sat in a low chair looking out into the night. She remained in this position for only a moment; then with a little sigh rose and opened the door into the hall, and crossed and knocked upon the door of her sister's room.

Esther asked in her quiet voice, "Is that you, Dora?"

Dora answered, "Yes. I want to talk to you."

"I'm in bed," Esther replied.

Dora, in the dark hall, stubbornly shook her head. "You'll have to get up," she insisted. "I want to talk to you."

The effect of this revolutionary opposition seemed to be to paralyze Esther; there was for a moment no sound in her room. Then—perhaps she understood the moment had significance—she rose. Dora heard her stirring, heard the scratch of a match as the lamp was lighted. She thought with a part of her mind that the lamp chimney must still have been hot enough to burn Esther's fingers. After a decent interval Esther opened the door. She had in the meantime closed her window, drawn the blind, and donned a dressing gown of material and pattern identical with Dora's.

Sells Well!

Pencil jobbers and retailers in every part of the country are reporting big sales of Wallace Pencils.

Wallace Pencils have "taken hold" with the public. Maybe it's their splendid quality—maybe it's the unique plan of naming each grade after a different bird—maybe it's the handsome colors, so durably applied—maybe it's all three!

Dealers—If you're not already handling Wallace Pencils, ask your jobber for particulars.

WALLACE PENCIL CO.
ST. LOUIS

Canadian Distributors
Lyon & James, Ltd., Toronto, Canada

WALLACE PENCILS
with the Points that Please

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT
from Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass

1 carat, $145.00

$145.00

¼ carat	$ 31 00
½ carat	60 00
¾ carat	73 00
1½ carats	217 00
2 carats	290 00
3 carats	435 00

Write for beautifully illustrated Free Catalog

$20 to $20,000

JASON WEILER & SONS
Dept 61A, Weiler Bldg.
Boston, Mass.

Free

A Man's Judgment Is No Better than his Information.

OVER 60000 MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN ARE GUIDING THEIR BUSINESS TODAY WITH

CLOVER BUSINESS SERVICE

PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH $12.00 A YEAR

Written So You Can Understand

Try it FREE for a Month and See How You Like It.

COMMODITIES - PRICES - INVESTMENTS
SPECULATION - MERCHANDISING - ACCURATE FORECASTS
THE BUSINESS CYCLES - SALES - LABOR - CREDIT

Makes the Deaf Hear

Amazing invention enables deaf people to hear [illegible]. Reduces head noises. Sent on 10 days FREE TRIAL. No risk. No C.O.D. No obligation to buy. If trial satisfies will make easy terms if desired.

DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORP., Suite 1300 D, 220 W. 42nd St., New York

Know What Goes Into Your Motor!

AUTOMOBILE experts assert that a startling percentage of motor repairs is the result of indifferent lubrication due to failure of inferior oils under intense motor heat. Careless buying of motor oils is costing the American public millions in repairs and rapid depreciation.

Pennsylvania petroleum has been a world's standard of lubricating quality since the first oil well in the United States was drilled in the valley of Oil Creek in 1859. It always sells at a wide premium above other oils.

Every drop of Pennzoil is *certified to be refined from supreme Pennsylvania quality crude!*

No oil offered the motoring public holds its lubricating power more obstinately under heat nor gives greater mileage than Pennzoil before it needs to be drained and replaced.

The man who takes the trouble to ask for and *get* Pennzoil saves money.

If not at your dealer's, write our nearest division office.

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY

Refineries Oil City, Pa

Division Offices Buffalo, Oil City, Los Angeles, San Francisco

SUPREME PENNSYLVANIA QUALITY

PENNZOIL

SAFE LUBRICATION

She opened the door and Dora went into her room. Esther carefully closed the door behind her; then, while Dora stood irresolutely, the older sister sat down in a rocking-chair by the table where the lamp stood, and waited for Dora to speak. There was a straight-backed, cane-seated dining-room chair of old mahogany near the window; Dora sat in this.

She said slowly, "I've got to talk to you, Esther."

Esther replied, "It's a strange time of night."

"We can be quiet," Dora explained.

And Esther said mildly, "Of course; I didn't mean to put you off."

Dora nodded. "Esther," she said slowly, "I've got to tell you about Leon; about the time I had up there."

She saw her sister's countenance grow hard, her eyes grow blank. Esther never seemed to hear Leon's name, never took heed when Dora and Caleb spoke of their brother. Dora was not surprised at her demeanor now; nevertheless it faintly daunted her. She had vaguely hoped for resistance from her sister, hoped Esther would refuse to hear, so that she might have insisted. This passivity was harder to meet than open opposition; nevertheless she mustered her courage and drove on.

"I know you don't pretend to hear anything about him," she conceded. "But I know you do hear. So you can just sit there and listen and I'll tell you. I've found out that Leon did right to marry Jennie, and that you were wrong to be against it. I'm sure of it, Esther. I've seen them myself; and anyone, seeing them, would be sure."

She hesitated, but Esther made no sign. "You're stubborn, Esther," Dora said, encouraged. "I've always known you were hard and stern, and I always knew you knew better than I did about most things. But you're wrong about this, Esther; and someone has to tell you so. Leon has done well; he's got a good farm, and he's making it pay him and better all the time. Jennie's a good wife to him, and it's beautiful—it's beautiful to see them together." Her voice, always high, squeaked with emotion in a fashion pathetically ludicrous. "It's mighty nice to see the way they love each other."

"And their children are good children. The oldest ones are smart and cheerful and healthy, and the little ones are so cute, Esther. The baby's so little, and soft, and helpless. But she's so good-natured. She just laughs at you all the time."

She had not planned what she meant to say. She knew only that she must make Esther perceive the beauty and the happiness which dwell in Leon's home. Now as the emotions which possessed her overflowed in unformed sentences and swift explanatory speech. It was as though she were alone and thought aloud, as though she stripped her heart bare. Once or twice Esther stirred uneasily, disconcerted by this naked longing which Dora now unconsciously revealed. For Dora spoke not of herself, nor did not attempt to expound her own feelings. She only recited the things she had done, how she had played with Dan and cried and with that, how she had to dot the baby, and bathed it and comforted it when it was lonely, and how fine it was to come to feel it and how it welcomed her. She spoke of Leon and what a man he was, so secure and strong and sure of himself and of the love of those about him, and she said how full his life was, and how warm and fine.

"He kisses Jennie every time he comes back to the house," she cried, and at some movement of Esther's added, "Oh, I know how silly and disgusting you think that is; but you're wrong, Esther. It was sweet. It made me feel so alone. It's right to be fond of people, and to show them you're fond of them. I've always loved Leon and loved Caleb and loved you; but I'd never think of kissing any of you. We don't do those things, but we ought to, Esther. We ought to start letting one another see the way we feel."

In her great desire that Esther should understand she became incoherent. There was something tragic in this eagerness of hers, with her hair down her back and the ridiculous twists of leather on her forehead and her ugly garments accentuating her own lack of grace, she nevertheless wore a certain grandeur; she abased herself before her sister and was, in very abasement, sublime. All the honds and inhibitions which had meshed her in and molded her as with iron through the long years of her weary life now were loosed; she was free from every restraint, afire only with a yearning to make Esther see.

And Esther, sitting quietly in the low rocker, with her hands clasped across her waist in a manner curiously self-contained, rocked slowly to and fro with gentle motions. Her eyes were fixed and inattentive, and her expression was faintly questioning as though she still waited for Dora to begin what she had to say.

It was a long time before Dora perceived that Esther was not to be moved; it must have been an hour after her coming to Esther's door before she gave up the struggle. Her eager words failed, dwindled into silence; her disappointment bowed her shoulders; she sat for a long time without speaking. Then strength came slowly back to her, and a measure of righteous indignation, the indignation of the long-suffering meek.

She said at last in a cold and angry tone, "I've told you all this because I thought you might see, Esther. I wanted you to understand; I wanted to make you understand, if I could. Because I've decided to marry Arthur right away."

Esther did lift her eyes at that; she met Dora's, smiling in a serene way.

"You know, Dora," she said, "the minute you came to the door I knew what you were going to say."

"I've waited; you've put us off and put us off," Dora cried. "I ought to hate you, Esther, for what you've robbed me of."

"I've never said you shouldn't marry Arthur," Esther reminded her reprovingly.

Dora shook her head. "No, you have not said it out and out. But you've managed us and managed us and dodged and twisted and tricked." Her eyes were angry, her voice was not. "Esther Dillard you've got to answer for. I've always felt it, and I'm sure of it now. But I've been a weak thing, letting you decide things for me, letting you say what I should do. I've been a fool to let you; but you've been cruel, too, Esther. Cruel and selfish and cold."

Esther said mildly, "I know you don't mean that, Dora, so I'm not angry. You know I've always tried to advise what was best for the family."

Dora shook her head. "I never could argue with you, Esther, and I can't now. I never could see what the family had to do with my marrying Arthur. I guess there's always been more or less marrying in our family, but you've always acted like marrying was something vulgar that decent folks wouldn't do. I know you were wrong, but I was afraid to say so. You could always outtalk me."

"You're exciting yourself, Dora. There's no need of that at all."

Dora lifted her hands impatiently. "All right," she exclaimed. "As long as that's settled, then."

"What is it that's settled?" Esther asked. "I only know that you are tired and worked up and sleepy. You ought to be abed."

"It's settled that Arthur and I get married."

"I've always expected you'd get married some day, Dora."

"But your some day was always some other day," Dora cried. "Well, it's not now. I'm going to get married right away."

"Have you and Arthur talked it over?" Esther asked.

"No. I've been thinking for myself. I'm going to write to him tonight, and we're going to be married inside of two weeks. I've always said I wanted to be married in June, and here it is the middle of June now."

"You talk to Arthur," Esther advised. "I'm sure he'll agree with me that there's no sense in such a crazy hurry, after you've known each other all your lives."

"All our lives!" Dora choked and swallowed and said pitifully, "Yes, all our lives. We'd have been married ten years ago if it wasn't for you. Now our lives are gone. I'm forty-five years old this minute, and he's older. And that's your doing, Esther."

"Mine? You never said a word to me till lately."

"I didn't have to say a word. I couldn't say a word. You've always just had to look at me!"

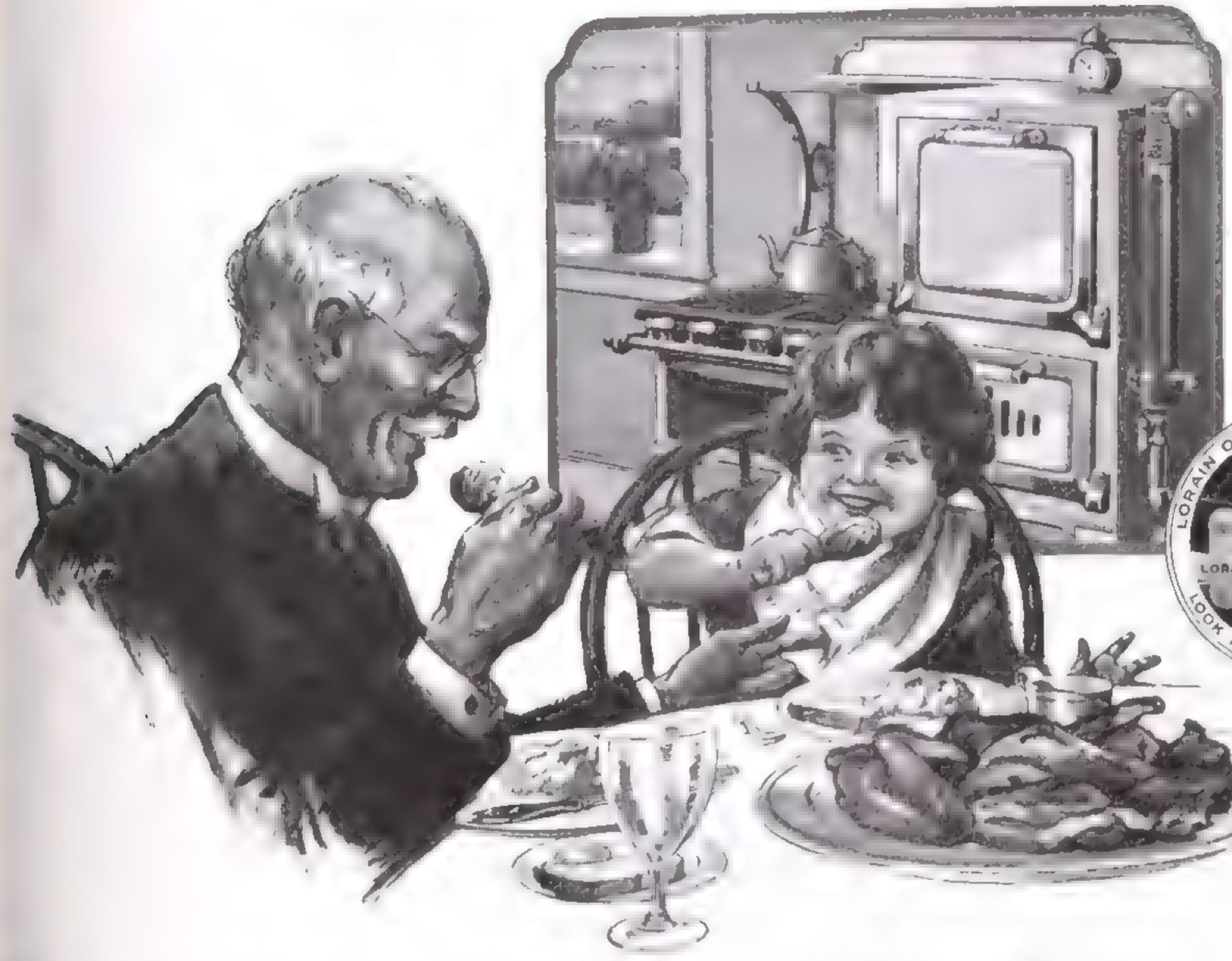
Esther said gently, "You'll find Arthur will say you ought not to hurry so. You'll want some new clothes. A year from now, if you want to get married in June."

"Not a year!"

"Then later on in the summer. You're too old to want a June wedding, Dora. It's only girls that pay any attention to things like that."

"I want to be a girl," Dora cried in a voice like a wail. Her nails bit her palms.

(Continued on Page 200



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking. In this magic oven you can roast meats and bake the most delicate desserts without ever a failure; can fruits and vegetables perfectly; or cook Whole Meals at one time while you're miles away.

The Story of the Big Tough Chicken and the Little Red Wheel

ONCE upon a time there was a big chicken that had lived so long that his owner decided he was good for nothing but t, crow, and eat corn.

But one day there was delivered at the owner's house a wonderful new gas range that had, attached to the side of the oven, a Little Red Wheel engraved with many figures.

With the beautiful new range came a Direction Book that told, among other things, how the Little Red Wheel could be used to make the toughest kind of meats sweet and tender when cooked in the oven controlled by the Red Wheel.

So, just to prove to herself that the new gas range would do what the Direction Book said it would, the owner killed the big tough chicken and baked him in the oven, exactly as explained in the Book.

And Lo and Behold! The whole family, from granddaddy with his false teeth to Betty Jane who didn't even have all of her first set, proclaimed the big, tough chicken to be the best meat they'd ever enjoyed.

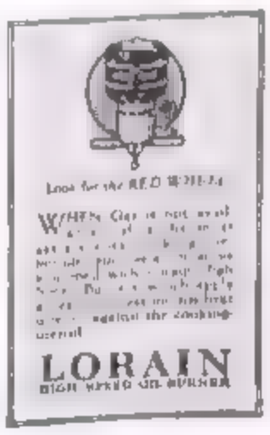
And if YOU don't believe this to be true just go to the nearest dealer or gas company where gas ranges equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator are sold, and ask the first salesman you meet to prove it.

You'll be told that the foregoing is only *one* of *many* wonderful things that you can do with a Lorain-equipped Gas Range—that the Magic Oven will cook delicious Whole Meals for you while you are miles away from the kitchen enjoying yourself—and that you can do all your canning in the oven by a new process that is easier, quicker, and better.

The salesman will explain in detail how the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator enables you to regulate the heat of the oven at any desired cooking temperature—how it then automatically maintains *that* exact temperature—and how all this enables you to obtain perfect results—*every time.*

And now if you'd like to learn more about how the Little Red Wheel can make big, tough chickens tender and delicious, fill in and mail the coupon for a free copy of the "Time and Temperature" Recipe for Lorain Baked Chicken.

This recipe has been prepared in the Research Kitchens of American Stove Company by one of America's foremost Food Experts, and tells you exactly how to achieve perfect results the first time, and ever afterward.



These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator:

NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio.
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Company Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio.
CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio.
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these.

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of your Recipe for Lorain Baked Chicken.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____
State_____

Check your favorite stove:
☐ Clark Jewel ☐ New Process ☐ Dangler
☐ Quick Meal ☐ Direct Action ☐ Reliable
SEP-4-24

Continued from Page 198

"Oh, Esther, I wish to God I was a girl again! I'd do so different!"

Esther said sharply, "Don't be silly! Go back to bed, Dora. We can talk about it when Arthur comes out Sunday."

Dora clung chokingly to her determination. "I'm not going to go to bed. There's no use your talking. It don't do a mite of good, because I won't listen to you. I'm going to write to Arthur tonight to come out; and I'm going to marry him right away."

Esther sighed. "Well, if you will be unreasonable. As soon as we can get ready. It will take time, though."

Dora boiled over. She came to her feet and strode toward her sister with a swift, ferocious movement, so that Esther was almost frightened.

"No! No!" she cried in a voice like a scream. "You've always had reasons and delays, and put things off. I won't let you. I won't let you do it again. You haven't anything to do about it. I tell you we're going to get married right away. Next week. And you shan't stop us, Esther You shan't. Oh, times I think about it all, I could kill you!"

Esther summoned her courage; she was never a coward; she rose to her feet and faced her sister.

"You're crazy, Dora," she said sternly. "Keep still! You'll wake Aunt Mary and Caleb. I'm not going to have you make a fool of yourself over Arthur Tuck, at your age. You go back to bed."

Dora seemed to chew unuttered words; her jaws worked; her placid round face was contorted. Suddenly and without a word she caught her sister by both shoulders and shook her, in a towering fury; she felt faint surprise to find that Esther was so small and so easily shaken; she was instantly ashamed of her own violence, and thrust Esther down into her chair with a final pressure that jarred the older woman like a blow.

"You sit down!" she cried thickly. "You be still! You let me alone!"

For a long moment she seemed to crouch above Esther; and Esther adjusted herself in her chair with little nervous movements, as though she half feared she might find herself broken in many places. Then Dora drew back; she crossed the room; she turned and leaned against Esther's low dressing table, her hands resting against its edge, her head lowered, her eyes fixed on her sister. She was panting heavily, gasping for breath.

Esther lifted her eyes from the floor and looked at Dora; she seemed puzzled, uncertain. She had never guessed there were such depths in her sister; she was, abruptly, ready to submit; had a moment's dreadful fear that Dora would go away, shut her out, leave her to share with Caleb an empty world.

"We can't get the house ready," she said at last, almost pleadingly.

"Then we'll be married in East Harbor, by the justice of the peace," Dora replied implacably.

Esther shook her head; she rose.

"We Dillards were always married at home," she said gently. Her surrender was now complete. "We'll manage, Dora."

She moved a little toward her sister. Dora stared at her hard and long, unwilling to accept this yielding as genuine; she did not move till Esther's hand touched hers.

Then, all in an instant, the sisters were weeping in each other's arms.

XVI

THE wedding was prepared in an atmosphere superficially cordial. Esther threw herself into the work that had to be done without complaint. She decided—and Dora, her main point won, was willing to accept Esther's decisions, as she had always done—that they should be married in the parlor, the front room, and that it ought to be papered for the occasion. Joe Frye, who lived in the village, had some skill at such work; he and Caleb did it together. Each night, when they were done, Esther and Dora laboriously cleaned up after them. The men were at the task three days.

Dora needed new clothes. The two sisters and Aunt Mary sewed almost constantly for the ten days before the wedding; and in addition Dora went to East Harbor and bought a new suit, in which she would be married. She urged a similar extravagance upon Esther; but Esther smiled and refused.

"I'm not getting married," she reminded her sister.

Thus the old Dillard house was during these hurried days a place of outright tumult and confusion. Caleb, except when he worked under Esther's orders, kept himself out of the way. He had expressed at once his approval of the marriage; had said to Dora in a dogged tone, "I've always thought if a person wanted to they ought to."

She answered wistfully, "I wish you'd married, Caleb. It's made such a difference in Leon."

If he winced inwardly under the implied comparison he did not let her see his suffering. Caleb had learned to accept himself as he was; he was long since done with hopeless striving.

Arthur Tuck met his long delayed good fortune with a grave equanimity which concealed his fears. He had always wanted to marry Dora; had at least wanted it for as long as he could remember. But now that the thing was within his grasp he was not so sure; he had misgivings, doubts and fears. Arthur had lived as a bachelor for so long; he trembled at thought of the changes Dora must make in his manner of life. Yet mingled with these fears were others, infinitely more acute. He feared that even now something would prevent the marriage. He was afraid to go forward, yet afraid to stand still; it was not hard to feel a certain pity for Arthur in his perplexities.

Dora had little time for him. She had written him a letter that was also a summons; had almost impersonally announced her decision and her victory, and when he came to her had found herself surprisingly clinging to him with her arms around his neck. His astonishment made him rigid and still; she had a moment's terrible fear that he did not want to marry her after all. She had heard of such things. But Arthur was able to reassure her.

When Dora was done with him she thrust him aside; she had so many things to do, while he needed only to prepare himself for the day. But Esther made an occasion to have speech with him. She told him how happy she was that he and Dora had decided to get married; she said she expected he would make Dora a good husband.

"Of course," she explained, "she can't bring you much except herself, Arthur. If father had lived things would have been different. But as it is, she'll only have her share of what little remains to us here."

He protested that he did not want Dora to bring him anything. He did not put this on sentimental grounds; to do so would have been affectation. "I have a good practice," he explained. "And I've had no one to spend on, all my life. I've plenty."

Esther shook her head. "We wouldn't feel right if Dora didn't have something of her own," she insisted. "Of course it will mean selling off some land."

"Now don't you think anything about that," he urged. "Dora wouldn't want it, and I don't want it. You and Caleb will need it all."

"Caleb and I don't need much," Esther replied. "Of course we had over four hundred acres when father died, where we've got less than three hundred now. But that's plenty. It's really too much. Sometimes I think Caleb and I will be better off for selling some. And then Dora can have what she's entitled to."

She was for a long time stubborn in this insistence on dowering Dora; but in the end, when Dora united her urgencies to Arthur's, she allowed herself to be overpersuaded. Thus Dora went to her husband with little more than the clothes she wore. This was a circumstance with which Esther would always reproach herself.

They were married a little after noon, so that they could drive to East Harbor afterward in time to take boat for Boston, where they would spend a few days. Only half a dozen people were invited to the wedding. Esther wrote these invitations; but Dora, on her own account, and without consulting Esther until after the deed was done, wrote and urged Leon and Jennie to come. When the letter was gone she confessed to Esther; but Esther seemed not to hear what she said, and Dora's happiness was marred by fear of what Esther might do if Leon came. The danger disappeared when Leon replied that he and Jennie could not manage the trip. He was unusually busy on the farm; Jennie was involved in household affairs. Dora, reading between the lines, understood that he was not willing to intrude himself upon Esther. She wrote again, telling her brother how she would miss his face among the others; but the matter rested there.

Arthur came out from East Harbor in his car, freshly washed and polished till it shone, and with a new tire to replace the one that had played him false on the trip to Leon's farm. Dora was waiting in her own room. Caleb met Arthur, and he and Arthur put Dora's suitcase and small trunk into the rear seat of the car. Then Caleb took Arthur to his own room to make ready; and a little later someone started to play on the old organ downstairs, and they went down and were married. Esther had salmon salad and homemade root beer and cake ready on the table in the dining room; there was an interval when they all stood about this table, laughing nervously together, talking in high-pitched voices, painfully striving to be gay.

Dora needed not to strive. Her countenance was transfigured. She was not, could never be a lovely figure; she was too stout, her cheeks were too round, her hair was too dull. But her eyes were beautiful in this hour; so beautiful that Caleb could not help watching her. Arthur was in a sad state of confusion; his thin hair was all awry, his mustache unkempt, and on his bony brow beads of sweat stood glistening. It was a relief to everybody when Caleb at last reminded him that to catch the boat he must be starting soon.

So they drove away, and Dora waved good-by from the front seat of the car, and they disappeared where the road entered the lowlands through the alder swamp toward East Harbor. As soon as they were gone the others started to go. By supper-time Caleb and Esther and Aunt Mary were left alone in the big house, which seemed now unusually still.

Esther asked Caleb if he wanted her to cook supper, and he assured her he was not hungry; so they ate lightly of the remnants of the luncheon. Caleb left her and Aunt Mary to clear away the dishes and put the kitchen in order while he drove to the village for the mail. When he came back he found them settled in their accustomed chairs about the kitchen lamp, as though nothing had happened. The only difference lay in the fact that while his own chair was waiting, Dora's was pushed back against the wall. While he read his paper the two women discussed the simple details of the great event, till at last it was time for bed.

Then Esther, going to the mantel for her lamp, remarked, "I'll empty Dora's lamp and put it away tomorrow."

Caleb, vaguely feeling that some comment was required of him, said, "Yes. Yes, she's married now."

"I expect she'll live to regret it too," Aunt Mary announced pessimistically.

Esther smiled a little, in a fashion faintly triumphant. "At least," she suggested, "we have one comfort." They both turned at her expectantly. "She won't have any children anyway," she explained.

Aunt Mary nodded with satisfaction that was like an echo of Esther's feeling. Caleb said nothing. So they took their ways to bed.

XVII

THE life of a nation, a community, a family or of a single man may often be divided into three parts. The first part is the period of growth, when everything waxes, the powers do daily show increase, strength is constantly augmented, and the tally of achievements grows longer year by year. The second is the period of stagnation. It is not always easy of perception, for the fruits of the period of growth are all about; the nation, the community or the man seems prosperous, well ordered, well to do. All seems to go on as before; and only the acutest observation discloses the fact that there is no longer any growth or any progress or any new achievement. The third is the period of decay; it begins slowly and in small degree and accelerates year by year. Only in the later stages may the casual eye discover its progress except over long periods of time. You see this man today and a year from now, and he seems as he was before; you see him today and ten years hence, and you perceive that he has retrograded, that his powers have failed, that his substance has been dissipated and his strength is no longer in him.

This cycle seems to rule all life. Nations rise and fall; communities and cities pass through periods of prosperity and alternating periods of stagnation and decay. Families which are great in one generation are insignificant in the next. Men and women, your neighbors, reach their apogee and then visibly decline.

Fraternity is nowadays in a period of decay. The number of abandoned farms increases year by year; incorporated towns are on the verge of relapsing into plantations; valley lands which cut a fine crop of hay twenty years ago are now gone back to alders and to marsh. Only here and there one man more industrious or more skillful than another is widening his acreage of tillable lands, laying away his substance or increasing his powers. Most of the farmers are content with subsisting. So long as the little farms will furnish a living, men cling to them; when at last they are driven to the cities, they depart, and grass grows rank in the farmyards, and orchids break the walls, dogwoods with stones, and spiders spin their webs across the doors. A farmhouse which a month ago was filled with life abandoned in the meantime, assumes in a matter of hours an atmosphere of neglect and decay so that it is hard to believe people have dwelt there within a generation's time.

To visit such a community for a few days is to receive the impression that it is already dead; but its condition is worse than death. It is not dead, but dying. Death is peace; but dying is a painful process, often long drawn out. Fraternity has been dying for twenty years and more. The wooded lands encroach on the farms, widening their kingdom year by year; and the deer and moose and the wildcats that were banished fifty years ago have come again. It is like the letting in of the jungle. The wild things grow more bold year by year; encountered on a lonely road, they stare at man as though he were the trespasser.

To perceive the true condition of Fraternity it is necessary to visit it at intervals of years. Twenty years ago men had begun to note the fact that more farms were being abandoned than were being opened up; ten years ago this process had already attained momentum, the young people were going, the town was become a place where dwelt only men and women of middle age and past. Today the tragedy is well nigh accomplished.

There are families whose cycle coincides with that of the town; they founded themselves in the soil; they prospered and throve; they reached a high point, stood for a while apparently secure; and then, with increasing speed, they began to fail.

For four generations the Dillards and the town had gone hand in hand. Together they were dying now.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Big and Little Redfish Lakes, Sawtooth National Forest, Idaho

ROTOGRAVURE

Prints *Perfect* Pictures ~ the Universal Language

Kimberly-Clark Company manufacture Rotoplate, a perfect paper for rotogravure printing. It is used by the following newspapers:

City	Paper
Albany, N. Y.	Knickerbocker Press
Asheville, N. C.	Citizen
Atlanta, Ga.	Constitution
Atlanta, Ga.	Journal
Baltimore, Md.	Sun
Birmingham, Ala.	News
Boston, Mass.	Herald
Boston, Mass.	Traveler
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Standard-Union
Buffalo, N. Y.	Courier
Buffalo, N. Y.	Express
Buffalo, N. Y.	Times
Chicago, Ill.	Daily News
Cincinnati, Ohio	Post and Tribune
Cincinnati, Ohio	Enquirer
Cleveland, Ohio	News-Leader
Cleveland, Ohio	Plain Dealer
Denver, Colo.	Rocky Mountain News
Des Moines, Iowa	Register
Detroit, Mich.	Free Press
Detroit, Mich.	News
Erie, Pa.	Dispatch-Herald
Fort Wayne, Ind.	News-Sentinel
Hartford, Conn.	Courant
Havana, Cuba	Diario de la Marina
Houston, Texas	Chronicle
Indianapolis, Ind.	Indianapolis Star
Kansas City, Mo.	Journal-Post
Los Angeles, Calif.	Times
Louisville, Ky.	Courier-Journal
Louisville, Ky.	Herald
Memphis, Tenn.	Commercial Appeal
Mexico City, Mex.	El Universal
Milwaukee, Wis.	Journal
Minneapolis, Minn.	Journal
Minneapolis, Minn.	Tribune
Nashville, Tenn.	Banner
New Orleans, La.	Times-Picayune
Newark, N. J.	Call
New York, N. Y.	Courrier D'Amerique
New York, N. Y.	Evening Post
New York, N. Y.	Forward
New York, N. Y.	Herald
New York, N. Y.	Il Progresso
New York, N. Y.	Times
New York, N. Y.	Tribune
New York, N. Y.	World
Omaha, Neb.	Bee
Omaha, Neb.	News
Peoria, Ill.	Journal-Transcript
Philadelphia, Pa.	Public Ledger
Providence, R. I.	Journal
Rochester, N. Y.	Democrat-Chronicle
St. Louis, Mo.	Globe-Democrat
St. Louis, Mo.	Post-Dispatch
St. Paul, Minn.	Pioneer Press Dispatch
St. Paul, Minn.	Daily News
San Francisco, Calif.	Chronicle
Seattle, Wash.	Times
South Bend, Ind.	News-Times
Springfield, Mass.	Republican
Syracuse, N. Y.	Herald
Syracuse, N. Y.	Post-Standard
Washington, D. C.	Post
Washington, D. C.	Star
Waterbury, Conn.	Republican
Wichita, Kansas	Eagle

Intaglio printing is variously called gravure, photogravure, rotogravure and similar names. There are many printing plants in the important cities of America equipped to supply rotogravure sections to newspapers. We will be pleased to furnish complete information on request.

Your Weekly Trip Around the World ~

THE Rotogravure Section of a newspaper gathers for you the moment's high lights of interest throughout the world. From your home town to Borneo, from polar ice fields to orchid-laden equatorial swamps, from the Court of St. James to the cannibal's hut, Rotogravure gives you a quick picture of the world's important events.

The newspaper that gives you this modern form of journalism is generous, thorough, up-to-date in its policies and well worthy of your continued interest.

If there is a Rotogravure Section in your local paper you will find it listed in company with the finest newspapers published in America.

Kimberly-Clark Company

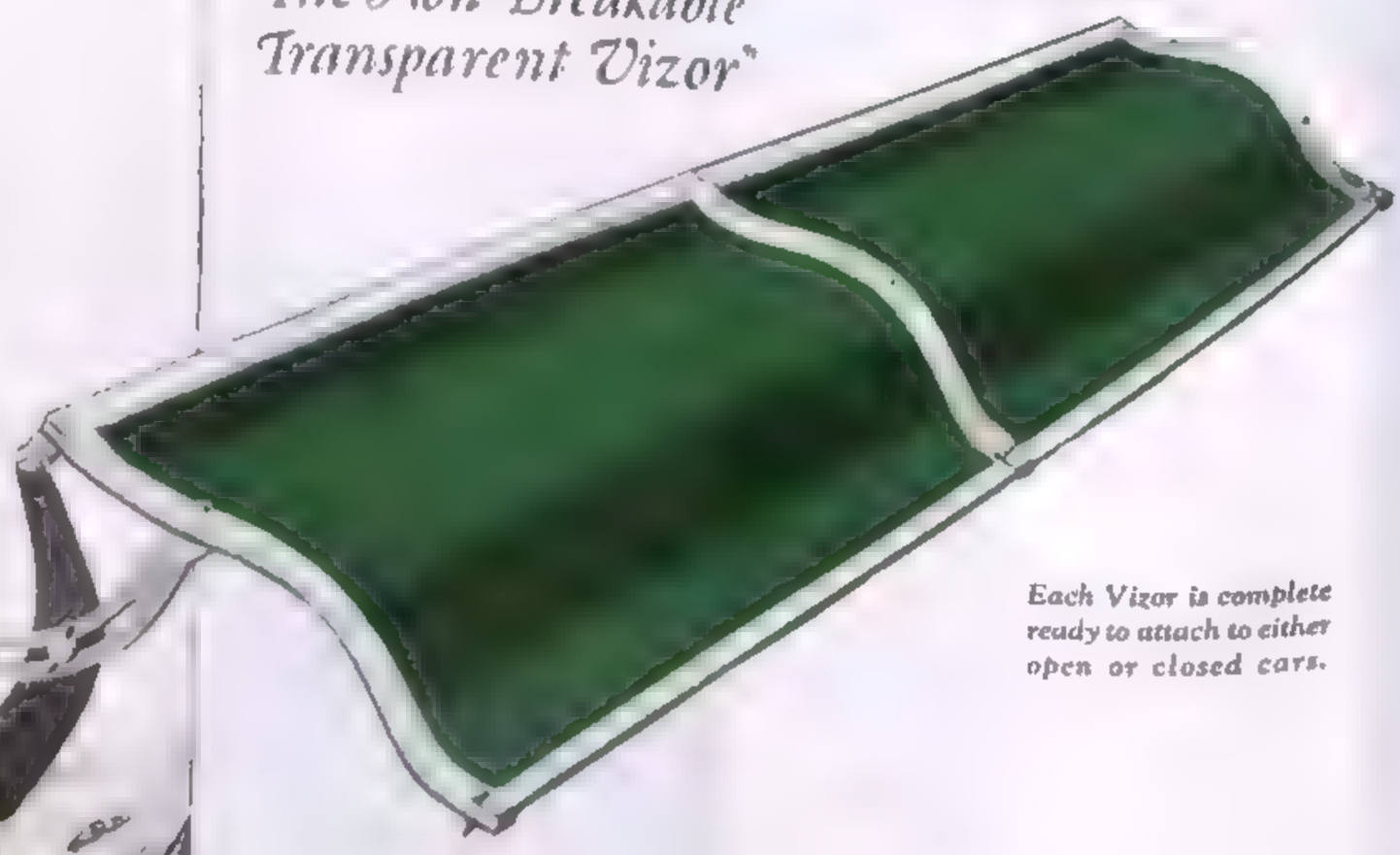
Neenah, Wis.

"AS YOU WOULD SEE IT IF YOU WERE THERE"

GCH

PREMIER

"The Non-Breakable Transparent Vizor"



Each Vizor is complete ready to attach to either open or closed cars.

STANDARD MODEL

40 inches wide, aluminum frame, black and nickel trim, fits 80% of all cars, including—Buick-4, Chevrolet, Chandler, Dodge, Dort, Durant, Essex, Ford, Haynes, Jewett, Jordan, Lafayette, Maxwell, Moon 6-40, Nash, Overland, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Paige, Reo, Rickenbacker, Stearns, Star, Studebaker, Stutz, Velie, Wills Ste. Claire, Willys-Knight, etc.

$7.50

MOGUL MODEL DE LUXE

44 inches wide, aluminum frame, all nickel trim, for cars having extra wide windshields, including —Buick-6 (1924), Cadillac, Cole, Franklin, Hudson, Hupmobile, Marmon, Packard, Peerless, etc.

Note: Either Model supplied in all black frame if preferred.

$10.00

"Triple Curve" VIZOR

PREMIER *Driving Comfort*
Safety by Day or Night

Glare causes accidents. The PREMIER protects the driver from sun glare by day and from glaring street-lights and head-lights by night. In addition, it protects the windshield from rain, snow or sleet.

We have exclusive rights to the use of genuine

DU PONT PYRALIN

for transparent vizors.

Non-Breakable—Beautiful—Transparent—Durable—the G-G-H PREMIER vizor has stood the test of time because it is *built right*. The full-floating, pre-formed, triple-curve Pyralin panes prevent cracking, warping or sagging.

Refuse Substitutes

Insist on G-G-H PREMIER—the genuine DU PONT PYRALIN vizor.

For sale by the best garages and supply dealers everywhere. Your choice of Green, Blue or Amber.

Sole Manufacturers and Patentees

GRIGSBY–GRUNOW–HINDS–CO
4540 ARMITAGE AVE.
CHICAGO–ILL.

"American Beauty"
ELECTRIC IRON

ALWAYS ready for use. No delayed ironings with *this* iron—no troublesome repairs to bother with. Its sturdy construction assures years of uninterrupted service. Of course it costs a little more at first, but is cheaper in the end.

Sold by dealers and electrical companies everywhere

American Electrical Heater Company
DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

Oldest and largest exclusive makers in the world —established 1894

THE BEST IRON MADE

JERSEY THE UNTAXED

(Continued from Page 18

There are families here in Jersey who are the direct descendants of the knights and soldiers who fought with William. We are not English; there isn't a drop of English blood in our veins, taking us as a whole. Neither are we French, as the modern Frenchmen go. We are Normans, full-blooded Normans; and we are all that remains of the old Duchy of Normandy, which conquered England. Try that on your accordion."

This being tried on the accordion is found to be the fact.

The British Exchequer then tries another tack, this time on the sentimental side:

"Granting what you say is true, O most admirable Norman confederates of ours, surely you will drop a few simoleons in the hat for poor old Britain, won't you? If you will not accept an income tax, for the benefit of the crown wallet, couldn't you manage to spare a little contribution every year to help us pay off the war debt? For of course you love England, don't you?"

The Jerseymen reply, "You are getting the argument all mussed up. You are mixing two major questions. One is: Will we tax ourselves to help England pay her war debt? The answer to that is: We won't. The other question is: Of course we love England, don't we? The answer is to that: Not. We respect England; we have no complaint against England; we would rather be in a political union with England than with any other nation; but what has that to do with it? We are not of English blood, like the Canadians or Australians or the Yankees. We have not that sentimental attachment which comes from ties of consanguinity. We do not speak English, except for commercial purposes. Our children do not speak of Santa Claus. They talk of Papa Noel. That small fact says a volume."

"But you rallied to the support of England during the recent war. You sent a greater number of volunteers per capita than any English county."

What They Fought For

"We did. But we were not fighting for England. We were fighting, as of old, under the banner of our Duke of Normandy, who happens to be your King; and for orders which we did not care to see goose-stepped under orders from Potsdam. Can't you understand, respected English friends, that Jersey is not a British colony in the sense that Canada is; that on the contrary we are governed by ancient charter, a republic, practically self-contained and self-governing? Try to get that into your heads, please."

The Jersey dilemma, in effect, is just what has been going on between the British Government and the Island of Jersey for more than two years. The attitude of the Jerseymen is not one of defiance. And as a matter of fact it must be said that the British Government has not been in the least oppressive or overbearing. No force or threats of force have been used to compel the Channel Islands to share in the heavy taxation which Britain is paying as a result of the war. The Islanders are, very likely, that the British cabinet ministers are fully persuaded of the soundness of their position. But they find it difficult to persuade the British taxpayer that Jersey is not a tax dodger, or that little part of the Empire which refuses to pay its share of what it looks as though it had, in the name, entered into a compact with Magna Charta, Britannia, the Rights of the Englishman and the English-speaking peoples who never, never will be a party to.

It is all because the average Britain cannot see through his head that the States are rich and the Channel Islands are self-governing political units and not part of Great Britain at all.

The thing came to a head in this way. In the very beginning Britain did not have it in mind to tax the Channel Islands. The idea was to prevent the tax dodgers from leaving Britain and going to Jersey and Guernsey to live in clover. The obvious way to effect that end was to induce Jersey and Guernsey to lay on an income tax sufficient to take all the joy out of life for those Britishers who were pouring into the islands, buying homes, and establishing the requisite legal residence.

It was proposed then to the governments of Jersey and Guernsey that they should inaugurate a series of income taxes, death duties, inheritance taxes, excise taxes, and all the rest, commensurate with those existing in the British Isles. To the extent of adopting an income tax of sixpence in the pound, which was one-ninth of the income tax of Britain, the Island of Guernsey fell for the blandishments. The Guernseymen have been regretting it ever since, and a few weeks ago the Guernsey States met and reduced the income tax to fourpence in the pound, which is the first step in reducing it to nothing.

The Invasion of Tax Dodgers

The Jerseymen would have nothing to do with the income tax at all. They said shrewdly, "We know all about this 'moderate' income-tax business. It's sixpence in the pound this year, and a little more next year, and please can't we make it a shilling the next year; and before we know it, it will be a real, saw-toothed income tax, such as we chiefly study to avoid. Not for us, thank you. We do not favor taxes of any kind."

The result of this answer was a new influx of tax dodgers into Jersey, and a new and furious interpellation in the House of Commons.

Then the British Government had a new idea.

If Jersey wouldn't set up income taxes, why shouldn't Jersey be asked to make an annual contribution to the Imperial Treasury—just to help out the Old Country, you know—not insisting on it, old chaps, y'understand, but it would be a nice thing to do. Make it, say, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, to start with, for a period of five years. If that sounded good on the piano it might be increased. Isn't that nice?

The Jerseymen, who are nothing if not thrifty, scratched their left ears and took thought. It didn't take them long to see the point. If they paid an annual contribution—the British Government was always careful to use this word, "contribution" to the Imperial Exchequer, the money would have to be found somewhere. The only possible way of finding the money would be through an income tax. An income tax was precisely what they didn't intend to have. There they were—and where were they?

Now, it is not the easiest thing in the world, even if you have a solid ancient charter of self-government, to turn down a request from your duke, especially when your duke happens to be the ruler of the greatest country and power in Europe. The Jerseymen understand that. They understand, also, the advantages that they derive through their union with the United Kingdom. They held a moot in the capital of the island and got tremendously excited about it—in the Norman manner—which is to say, they appeared to be excited, but were as cold-blooded as the Spanish inquisitors. Every Norman citizen of Jersey came to the meeting with the determination not to pay a lead nickel to the Crown of Great Britain or anyone else. They were prepared to engross a resolution to the effect that England was the finest little old country in the world; that the happiness it gave them to call themselves grandfathers of the United Kingdom was too great for utterance; they were prepared to swear eternal allegiance to the Duke of Normandy; but as to a contribution, nothing doing. They wrung their hands and wept as they told one another how poor they were; how the early potato crop had failed two years in succession; how the middlemen had been macing them in buying Jersey tomatoes; and at last, out of all this sparring for time, a brilliant idea occurred to the Jerseymen. It took this form:

"We have no representation in Parliament. The American colonies refused, in a similar circumstance, to pay taxation without representation. As we are not precisely a colony, how much more terrible it would be for us to pay taxes without being represented in Parliament."

That sounded right. That had the true ring of golden logic. But having uttered this sage resolution it suddenly occurred to the Jerseymen that Great Britain might reply, "Pay the contribution and we'll give you representation in Parliament." The very thought of having their bluff called in this way put the islanders in a panic. So they added to their resolution the words:

"And we don't want representation in Parliament anyhow."

There, at present, the matter rests. Jersey remains the Mecca of the tax dodger. The last and rather feeble threat from the other side of the Channel was that the early potatoes and tomatoes and hothouse grapes and other produce of the islands coming into the great Covent Garden vegetable market in London should be marked "foreign" unless Jerseymen should consent to pay a contribution to the Crown. The threat has its effect on Jersey, undoubtedly. It would be a step toward cutting off the revenue of the islanders, who have no income whatever except agriculture and summer visitors.

A Remarkable People

On the other hand, legislation of that kind works two ways and cuts two ways, and the Jerseymen know it. The Jerseymen buy practically all their manufactured goods and much of their foodstuff through England. As merchants, they have been faithful to their English connections, during a period when French exchange has been so low that they would have been money in pocket to do their buying in the country which, in physical proximity and language, is much nearer to them. So they feel rather safe on that score. The chances are that Jersey will remain for some years yet the only considerable untaxed political unit in the world.

Now, this little comedy which is being played between Great Britain and her tight-fisted little Channel partner has more merit than the mere slapstick fun itself. It serves to call attention to the most remarkable self-governing people in Europe. For that is just what the Jerseymen are. If there were no other proof of it, this would be enough—that they are the only people in Europe today who realize as a body that there is a connection

(Continued on Page 207)

Milking Time in Jersey. No Cows Except the Jersey Breed are Permitted to Land on or Exist in the Island. Jersey's Principal Export of Pure-Bred Stock is to the United States

Home-Study
Business Courses

Do you want a more important, high salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. [illegible] and read the coupon [illegible]

Coupon

LaSalle Extension University

Dept. 471-R Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send without obligation [illegible] Ten Years' Promotion in One.

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Railway Station Management
- ☐ Law: Degree of LL.B.
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Industrial Management Efficiency
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
- ☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
- ☐ Personnel and Employment Management
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching

Name

Present Position

Address

5-Room ALADDIN $548

We Pay the Freight

You can buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the mill—[illegible] lower at big savings on the lumber, millwork, hardware, [illegible]

7-Room ALADDIN $1,068

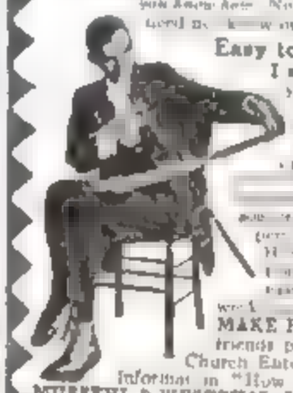
Price includes [illegible] to fit, highest grade [illegible] flooring, windows, [illegible] Write nearest mill today for FREE Money Saving Aladdin Catalog No. 968.

The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Ont.

PLAY A SAW

You can produce wonderful, soft, sweet music from a common carpenter's saw with a violin bow or soft [illegible] If you desire. No [illegible] you can [illegible]



Easy to Learn in 3 Weeks

I absolutely guarantee [illegible]

FREE [illegible]

MAKE BIG MONEY [illegible] your friends playing for dances, Lodge and Church Entertainments. Write today for [illegible] information in "How to Play a Saw"—sent free.

MUSSEHL & WESTPHAL, 513 2nd St., Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

Safe Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, the Aged, etc.

Avoid Imitations

The English Coach

New LINES STYLE BEAUTY COMFORT

The Auburn English Coach is a totally new idea in closed cars .... a *real* Sedan. It will be love at first sight when you see it.

Its new-type body construction permits greater strength with less weight and avoids the faults of ordinary top-heavy and cumbersome Sedans.

Curves are its theme. Rounded rear and sides, with high European waist, blend into a symmetry of original lines; low and clean as a projectile.

Deliberate quality-building and custom-like methods enable Auburn to perfect and introduce this new style.

The general appearance gives the impression of being poised for action. The interior reflects a restful refinement and a refreshing daintiness.

Full equipment is standard on Auburn cars and the English Coach has five balloon tires of course, disc wheels, front bumper, and all things necessary for comfort, convenience and smart appearance. One of the new features is the dual-ventilation in the cowl and curved visor at top.

The English Coach is another evidence of Auburn's steadfast devotion for twenty-three years to the ideals of quality and beauty.

It is one of several new fully equipt types. For information about the newest in motor cars—write us.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

AUBURN
MOTOR CARS

(Continued from Page 205)

between government expenditure and taxation. It sounds absurd to say this, but what are the facts? In England, in France, in every large country there is a continual cry for a reduction of taxes, and a simultaneous voting of money from the public funds for increases of salaries, new public works, bigger armies, and the raising of expensive monuments to illustrious nobodies, starting all the way from the man who invented the tuna shirt, to the celebrity who was born Billy Patterson. There are already almost as many statues in Europe as there are unemployed.

In the recent British elections all three Parties went before the people with a program of reducing taxation and increasing public expense. Of the three parties the Labor Party was the only one to admit that it couldn't be done without a levy on capital. Even in the United States we have seen how easy it is for a politician to convince the voter that he can have reduced taxation and a raid on the Treasury at the same time.

The Jerseymen have no such illusions. One of the reasons is, of course, that they live on an island eleven miles long by seven miles wide. They see the whole machinery of government going on under their eyes. Their entire government is like the old New England town meeting. They know, and their wives know, that if a lot of salaried public functionaries are going to be elected, the money to pay them is going to be subtracted directly from the amount their own early potatoes are going to fetch them in the market. They realize that, if they want new public buildings, new and extraordinary political experiments, they have got to dig into their stockings and pay for them, cash on the nail.

A Thrifty Government

As a consequence of this close-up focus of the law of cause and effect in government, the Jerseymen have secured to themselves the most efficient and the cheapest government, to my knowledge, in the world. The Government is often quoted as the most undemocratic and economical. Compared with the government of the States of Jersey, the Swiss have thrown themselves into the hands of bureaucratic pirates. There may be small states which are governed as simply and cheaply as Jersey, but these are mere patches so small that you have to kick around in the tall grass to find them; whereas Jersey, though an island, is a flourishing, international-trading and wealthy country with all the elements in it to conduce toward extravagance, if the people were not otherwise.

In the first place the Jerseymen start with the idea that when you create a lot of salaried officers you are creating political jobs. So they begin on the assumption that a citizen ought to be willing to serve for honor. The Royal Court consists of a bailiff and twelve jurats, the latter chosen by the electors. This body enforces the laws and very few laws, too—made by the States Assembly. The bailiff is the only salaried official of the court; he gets about six thousand dollars a year. The jurats serve without pay, and are elected solely on their reputations as men of integrity and soundness of judgment. It would seem that the jurats should have legal training, but this is not a necessary qualification for them, and evidently their chief requisite is common sense.

The nominal head of the island government is the lieutenant governor, appointed by the British Crown. And, lest he should get on his dignity, and presume to announce himself as somebody, the Jerseymen have decreed that the chair in which he sits at the States Assembly should be several inches lower than the chair on which the bailiff sits! The Jerseymen want no misunderstanding about their self-government. They render unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's and unto themselves what is theirs and Cæsar gets the pretty box the candy came in.

There are twelve parishes in Jersey. In each parish, there is a little local free-hand government composed of a connetable, or chief officer, several centeniers, vingteniers and other parish officers. Very likely the centeniers and vingteniers are a curious relic of the old Roman leaders of hundreds and twenties. Theoretically the Jersey centeniers are responsible for the welfare of a hundred families, and the vingteniers for twenty families. Actually in these days the centeniers and vingteniers form a sort of social-service band, who keep things running in good order without calling in the police and without bothering the local courts. These are unpaid positions, and positions which insure to the possessor the greatest degree of annoyance without the slightest chance or profit. The centenier is always in the graceful position occupied by a man who steps in to put an end to a family quarrel. But, to make sure that no citizen declines with thanks when he is elected to the position of centenier, it has been arranged that he shall have no choice in the matter. He can serve, or go to court and explain.

A People Without Crime

About 90 per cent of the cases which normally clog the lower courts and cost hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to the taxpayers in other countries, are settled in Jersey by the centeniers and vingteniers. Is there a man in the parish who is drinking too much and neglecting his family? The centenier goes to him and says, "You watch your step, my friend. Cut out the booze and look out for your wife and children." If the delinquent refuses he is not dragged off to the police court and given three months, while the state takes care of the family. Oh, no. The centenier goes to the man's employer and says, "After this you will pay me this fellow's wages every week." The employer does this. The centenier pays the bills of the family, gives the delinquent a couple shillings for tobacco, and continues this arrangement until friend souse has gotten on his feet again, and is able to handle his own wages.

Up to a few years ago there were no paid policemen in the Island of Jersey. The war, with its peculiar insidious attack on the morale of Europe, and the automobile, with its demand for traffic cops, have made twenty-six policemen necessary for the fifty thousand people. But a scrutiny of the newspapers of Jersey, day after day, shows that there is practically no major crime in the country, and very few misdemeanors. I was told by a Jerseyman that before the war there had not been a felony for so long a period that when, one night after the Armistice, a robbery took place, there was such a rush for locks and bolts on the local hardware men that they sold out their stocks in fifteen minutes. The people up to that time hadn't even been locking the doors at night.

It needn't be assumed, of course, that Jersey is inhabited exclusively by saintly folks who are bereft of the usual human emotions. The freedom from crime is probably due to two things: First the centuries of law and order, which have been enforced with an iron hand; and second the fact that a criminal cannot possibly escape. All that is necessary to do is to set a watch on the boats which leave the island, and put out a dragnet through the parishes. Anyone contemplating putting over a neat burglary in Jersey can save himself a lot of trouble by going to the jail and engaging a room in advance.

The Jersey laws are like the Jersey people; they are of Jersey and for Jersey. They are like no other laws in Europe, for the most part; and the most astute barrister in Great Britain, if he came to Jersey to try a case, would be an infant in the hands of his local solicitor. In the first place the Jersey court procedure is in Norman French, because the legal code is in Norman French. When a young legal blood of Jersey hangs out his shingle you can safely assume that he can speak, read and write three languages—English, French and Old French. Without that equipment he would be mired in his first dog-bite action.

A bright young Philadelphia lawyer could go into a British court of justice and follow any case intelligently. So far as common law principles were involved, the law would be just what he learned in law school. If he sat awhile in a Jersey court, assuming that he could understand French and Old French, he would have to adjust his mind to a legal code which has phases as far removed from ours as that of Afghanistan. He would discover that there is no such thing in Jersey as a married woman's property. A married woman in Jersey is property. A married woman cannot hold property. In recent years, to escape the palpable injustice of this complete control of the husband over the wife's property, the Jersey courts have been allowing a queer sort of property separation, known locally as the *séparation quant aux biens*. The wife is divorced from her husband, so to speak, in all matters relating to property, but not in any other sense. She resumes her maiden name for property purposes. This is how it comes about that you may read in the newspapers in Jersey that "a deed has been given by Miss Wilhelmina Poindexter, wife of Mr. William Poindexter."

But, on the other hand, the old Norman law of dower is also adhered to. A Jerseyman cannot, to spite his wife, leave his property away from her, or deprive her of what she is entitled to get. She has a life interest of one-third of all real property or mortgages her husband possessed when they were married or afterward acquired. And the widower has his rights too. If there have been children the widower is entitled to enjoy all the property his wife had when she died—but only as long as he remains unmarried. And, as no such stipulation is made in regard to a widow's remarriage, it can't be said that the Normans gave women all the worst of it, in spite of the Salic law.

Curious Realty Laws

The peculiar Jersey laws of inheritance have led to some extraordinary and involved results. When a Jerseyman mortgages a piece of real estate the mortgage he gives is called a *rente*. In most, if not all cases this *rente* is in perpetuity. It cannot be foreclosed so long as the interest is met; the mortgagor need only pay his interest promptly and the principal can go on forever. Now these *rentes*, which have been in existence, many of them, for years and years, have been subdivided and subdivided in the process of being handed down to heirs, so that a man may own a piece of real estate today and find himself paying mortgage interest to a hundred different people in tiny fragments.

I was talking with a Jerseyman who had just bought a piece of property in St. Hélier, the capital of the island. With it he bought a host of *rentes*, some of them so small that the interest was only ten cents a year. He needed the services of a public accountant to keep track of all the persons, and the amounts payable to each, who had a claim on his property. The ten-cent mortgagees might not call around for ten years—or until their interest amounted, say, to a flat dollar, but the record had to be kept just as sedulously as though the amount ran to a king's ransom. As most of these mortgages were made in the days when 3½ per cent was considered a fat rate, and as the interest rate can never be altered so long as the interest is paid and the *rente* holds, it is possible to acquire a piece of property, now and then, in Jersey at next to no expenditure of cash, and at an interest rate which makes it almost a gift.

But the most curious relic of Norman law is that of *La Clameur de Haro*. Any Jerseyman who considers that he has been wronged, by injury to or trespass on his property, may set up a cry of "*Haro! Haro! Haro! à l'aide, mon prince, on me fait tort!*"

At this cry a centenier will come on the run. It is an appeal which must be answered at once, and taken to the Royal Court for trial. The cry means, in English of the modern period, "Rollo, Rollo! Give me a hand, my prince! They are trimming me!" To explain why Rollo should be called on, rather than King George V or the nearest policeman, you have to go back a thousand years or so to the days of the great Norman Rollo, who overran the lands of Charles the Simple, and forced him to make a deal by which Rollo got a big slice of territory in Normandy, and probably also the Channel Islands. Rollo, therefore, to the descendants of the Normans was the big chief, the Tammany leader, the man who saw to it that things were done.

The Appeal to Rollo

A few years ago a Jersey company wanted to put up some poles near a man's property. They proceeded to lop off the branches of his trees, which were in their way. He asked them not to do it, but they were hard of hearing. They forgot Rollo. They forgot the *clameur*. The first intimation they had of the awfulness of their crime was when this aggrieved Jersey citizen went down on his knees and bawled, "*Haro! Haro! Haro! à l'aide, mon prince, on me fait tort!*"

The next thing the offenders knew they were being heavily fined in the Royal Court; and the Jerseyman went away with great dignity and a fervent belief that there was something in this man Rollo after all.

But let me warn you not to call on the name of Rollo in a frivolous or curious spirit. Visitors to Jersey will not do well to drop on their knees and cry "*Haro!*" just because they have been sold some wormy chestnuts at the grocery store. This mistake costs money. An Englishwoman, visiting in Jersey last year, heard about the *Clameur de Haro*, and was very anxious to see how it worked. Finally she managed to get into an altercation with a shopkeeper over a piece of dress goods. She flopped on the sidewalk and set up a shrill cry for Rollo, her prince. The cry was answered, of course, but the Royal Court decided that the English lady was a flippant and unworthy foreigner, and it cost her about a hundred dollars to leave the hall of justice. The moral is that you should not call Rollo unless it is something worth Rollo's carfare; and, also, I think, another moral is that you had better not call on Rollo unless you pay taxes in Jersey. This lady was only a transient, and the Jerseymen have no great love for boarders, even though they make money out of them.

When a Jerseyman goes bankrupt, which doesn't happen very often, the law takes an extraordinary course. The bankrupt's property is held to be *en décret*, and the creditors are ordered to state their claims. Those who do not state their claims within a reasonable period are held to have no claim whatever. When the claims are all in, the creditors are summoned to court, and the last man who lent money to the insolvent, or gave him credit, is addressed as follows:

"Are you willing to take charge of this man's affairs, pay all the preceding debts, dating before your own, and take the remainder for your own claim?"

The likelihood is that the latest creditor refuses, in which case his claim is marked off the list. The same question is addressed then to the next to the last lender. As soon as he refuses he is likewise chalked off the slate. The offer is made until finally some creditor along the line thinks he has a show to pay the remaining debts and still break a little more than even. He is therefore awarded the bankrupt's estate. It sounds

(Continued on Page 210)

Jersey Cabbages. The Stalks are Manufactured Into Canes and Sold to the English 'Arrys and 'Arriets in the Summer

Bobby will bang the glass against the faucet—"*Safe*dge" prevents chipping

The clatter and bang of the dishpan often prove fatal—"*Safe*dge" can't chip

With most glassware a slip might mean a chip—"*Safe*dge" glassware can't chip, the beaded edge prevents it

The hostess may be absent minded, but her glassware is safe with "*Safe*dge"

ANNOUNCING *Safedge* *the Beaded Rim*

A Sensational Accomplishment by America's Foremost Glass Manufacturer

"*Safe*dge" *Glassware* we consider the greatest development in our 106 years in the glass business. To the industry this accomplishment is new; revolutionary. In the broader sense of public benefit this new discovery constitutes an event of unparalleled importance, startling in the possibilities of savings it will accomplish in every home in the world.

The problem was to perfect a self-protecting glass; temper the sides to resist breakage so that this glassware could be durable, serviceable and economical; shapes thin; attractive; beautiful. With this accomplished, the task was to produce "a glass that lasts" at a price that anyone can afford to pay.

—*Then "Safe*dge" *Was Discovered*

The rolled bead or edge of the glass acts as a reinforcement. The walls of "*Safe*dge" glasses are heat-treated, giving the glass a greater amount of resistance against breakage. The glasses are made by an entirely new process of manufacture, thoroughly covered by patent application.

What the glass industry terms "strains" have been entirely eliminated. "Strains" in glassware tend to make glasses shatter upon the slightest provocation. By eliminating these strains, "*Safe*dge" glassware withstands sudden shock from boiling heat to freezing cold, without effect.

Chipping in common usage has heretofore added to the perplexing problem of the housewife and to the cost of service in hotels and restaurants. Even heavy unattractive tumblers become chipped in handling—and when chipped, are unfit and unsafe for use. People prefer glass to any other drinking container—*there simply isn't any substitute for glass.*

Known by "the Beaded Edge"

The housewife will want these glasses because they are thin and graceful; look attractive; and because "*Safe*dge" glassware stands long *wear*. Heads of homes would want "*Safe*dge" glasses if they cost twice or three times as much as they do, because they stand more abuse and give longer use. They save the housewife money and worry. They *cost* so little she can afford them. They *look* so well she is proud of them.

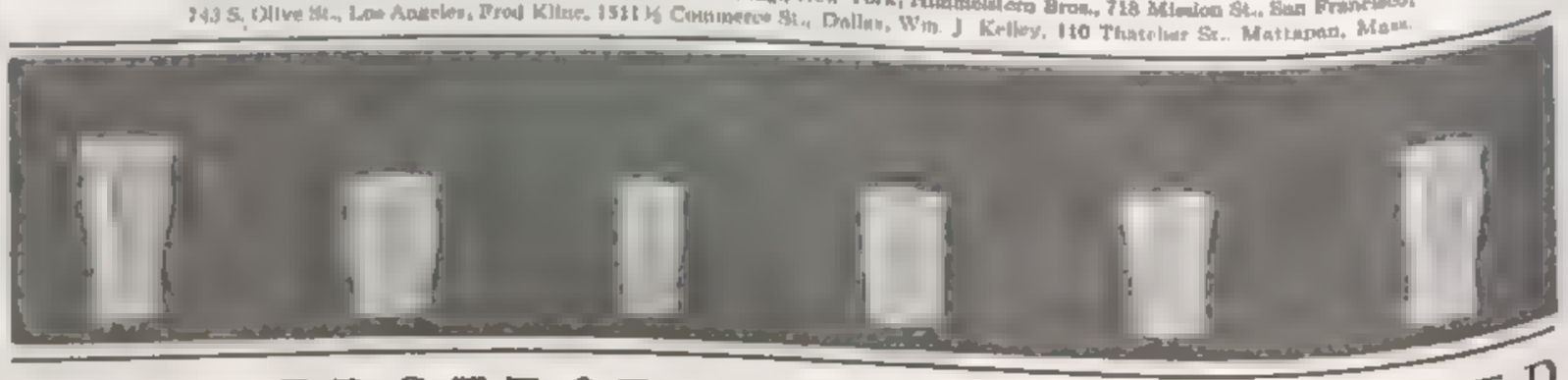
All of these arguments apply equally well to large users of glassware, such as hotels, restaurants, soft drink dispensers and hundreds of others, for economy in service.

There is only one "*Safe*dge" brand of glassware. Both the process of manufacture and the beaded edge are covered by patent application. Look for "the beaded edge." Insist upon it. If necessary *wait* for it. Most dealers are displaying "*Safe*dge"; if yours hasn't it, write us. We will refer you to a dealer.

DISTRIBUTORS, JOBBERS, DEALERS, *wire us for information about the startling discovery—"Safe*dge" *glassware. Get ahead of the demand. Send for further information at once.*

THE LIBBEY GLASS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

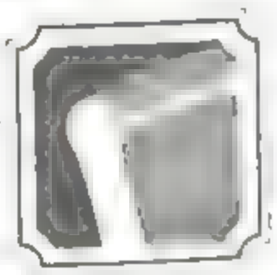
Sales Representatives: Libbey Glass Mfg. Co., 5th Ave. Bldg., New York; Himmelstern Bros., 718 Mission St., San Francisco, 743 S. Olive St., Los Angeles; Fred Kline, 1511½ Commerce St., Dallas; Wm. J. Kelley, 110 Thatcher St., Mattapan, Mass.



SAFEDGE GLASSWARE PROTECTED BY THE BEADED

NCING Glassware by Libbey EST. 1818

Prevents Chipping



Cross section of "Safedge," showing the Beaded Edge

LOOK *for the* BEADED EDGE

The development of 106 years of Glass Manufacture

Chipped glasses are not safe for babies. Give him a safe glass—"Safedge"

Freezing ice—boiling tea—a strain for all glasses except "Safedge"

Soft drink dispensers, hotel and restaurant managers demand "Safedge"—"the Beaded Edge" permits quick service with safety

MAIL THIS COUPON

LIBBEY GLASS MFG. CO.
Toledo, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Please write me concerning your proposition to

Distributors Jobbers Dealers

Name

Firm Address

Executive Capacity

City *State*

It is understood there is no obligation connected with mailing this coupon.

EDGE IS MADE IN A COMPLETE LINE OF TABLEWARE

Corns

Lift Right Off

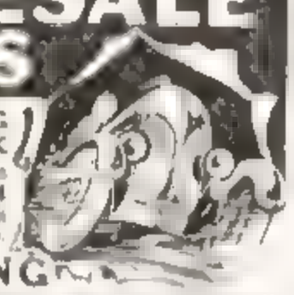
Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

WHOLESALE PRICES

SEND FOR OUR BIG FREE BARGAIN BOOK of the best Auto Supplies made! You'd be surprised if you knew our sources and names of manufacturers.



EVERYTHING

Special made Bodies—Tires—Tubes—Batteries—Spotlights—Bumpers—Tools etc.

BODIES $20.95 AND UP

NEW YORK AUTO & RADIO SUPPLY CO
Washington at Peoria Street Chicago, Illinois

AUTO SUPPLIES

BOYS!

Change This to This

This looks like ... watch it work! ... The Saturday Evening Post ... and start ...

The Curtis Publishing Company *Sales Division*
799 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

IMPROVE YOUR RADIO SET

RADIO WORLD, ... Special Anniversary No. on News-stands April 5. 15c. Yearly (52 Nos.) $6. Trial: 10 issues $1 ... mailed FREE on request.

RADIO WORLD, 1493 Broadway, New York

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" Send model or sketch of your invention for *Examination and Instructions FREE.*

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED

Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 644 G St., Washington, D. C.

ALUMINUM CHICK FEEDER for FEED, GRIT, MILK or WATER. Simple, safe and sanitary. Chicks cannot get feet into contents. Send 30c. Check or stamps for one postpaid. Money back if not satisfied. American Poultry Journal, 419-423 Plymouth Ct., Chicago **30c**

(Continued from Page 207)

like a rule which might lead to forty different kinds of swindling, but the Jersey business men assured me that it works pretty well.

The Jerseymen's dislike of taxes comes partly, as I have said, from their ability to see clearly, under the microscope, just what the relation between public expenditure and private assessment is. They have no wild notions about the public treasury being a stocking out of which gold comes tumbling by request. They may believe that the ravens fed Elijah, but they have never seen anything of the kind happen on their island.

The greater reason for the Jerseymen's dislike of taxes is their dislike of spending any money at all. Thrift was invented in the land of Jersey. The French and the Belgians have been held up to admiration as the masters of nonexpenditure. Compared with the Jerseymen they throw their money around like congressional junketeers. The husky four-minute orators who taught us during the war how to make nutritive broth out of peanut shells and the brown paper the meat came wrapped in, were wasting their time. All they really needed to do was to distribute pamphlets describing the lives and habits of the citizens of the Jersey States.

A little instance of this thrift will indicate just why the request for a contribution to the British Exchequer was met with cries of pain in the tight little island—"tight" being a word I use with proper forethought. As you come into the tiny port of St. Hélier, and walk up a narrow street, you wander finally into a large open space on one side of which is the Government House. At the farther end of this square is a statue, gilded gayly, and bearing on its base the letters "G. R." The letters refer to George Rex; not the present George Rex, but one of his ancestors—George II.

What George II did for Jersey that the careful spenders of the island should have been keen to put up a statue to him, nobody now seems to know, and nobody cares. It is worth recording that that Hanoverian misfit did something for somebody, or was alleged to have done something good for somebody. He certainly never did anything for Great Britain except to muss it up. But, at any rate, the Jerseymen felt that they should put up a statue to the monarch.

Statues, of course, cost money. Even a little statue costs money. Even a picture postcard of a statue costs money. And the Jerseymen wanted a statue which would be even cheaper than that. They may have suggested to George that he put up his own statue. For a time the statue hunger flickered and flared uncertainly in the hearts of the grateful Jerseymen, and seemed destined to expire gently as one of those good intentions which make such excellent paving blocks in warm climates.

No Wonder George Laughed

And then—the statue came. It came in the night, in answer to the fine faith of those Jersey followers of Doctor Coué, who had been repeating "Every day in every way we are nearer and nearer to getting our statue—for nothing." A ship was driven ashore on the island, and was pounded to pieces by the lashing seas. When the storm abated the Jerseymen went out to see what was worth saving. What should they find but a nice statue.

It was not a statue of George II, of course. The ship was a Spanish ship, and was on its way from some Channel port to South America. It had as part of its cargo a fine ready-made statue of a Roman emperor or a Spanish-American dictator—nobody knows to this day exactly what the figure was meant to represent. The slim, dissolute-looking young man, wearing a wreath of laurel, half a toga, and two-thirds of a suit of armor, looks about as much like George II as it does like Doctor Cook, the Arctic pole vaulter.

The face of the person on the pedestal is that of a pre-Volstead gentleman who has been at a fancy-dress ball, and is now on his way home during the small hours, disconcerted to find that the street where he lives has been moved to another part of the city.

But the statue has one great merit. Out of the seven million statues which decorate the world's cities, in both hemispheres, which do not resemble anyone at all, this is the only statue which doesn't claim to resemble anybody at all. The Jerseymen are absolutely consistent and logical about it. They say that no claim is made that this is a likeness of George II. It is merely a statue placed there in honor of George II. It is said that when the Duke of Normandy—His Majesty George V—visited the island in 1921, he saw this statue, and even now has periods of uncontrollable laughter when it recurs to him.

The discovery of this seat of thrift explains something else, too, which has always been a bit of a puzzle to Americans. Sometime in the early part of the nineteenth century Henry D. Thoreau, a gentleman residing in Concord, Massachusetts, and a close friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, was placed in the village lockup because he wouldn't pay his poll tax. He not only refused to pay the two dollars in cash but he refused to work it out on the road in the good old New England manner; that is to say, by sitting under a maple tree, hoe in hand, up some back street, spinning yarns with the other citizens.

This was a *cause célèbre* of the period. I believe Emerson finally paid the tax for Henry, and rescued him from the clink. But not before the gentle author of Walden and other books had made his point, which was that he didn't believe in paying taxes.

Hereditary Aversion

Now Thoreau's attitude has not been well understood up to the present time; but I think I can make it clear. Thoreau's ancestors on his father's side came from the Island of Jersey. His great-grandmother was a Le Gallais, and that name is still one of the commonest names in the island. Generations of untaxed Jerseymen spoke out of the past to the philosopher of Walden, and urged him not to be taxed without representation and not to desire representation if it meant that he was to be taxed.

There is undoubtedly a good deal of old Norman Jersey blood in the State of New Jersey today, among the old families. In 1664 Charles II granted "the territory" to the Duke of York, who turned over his rights to Lord John Berkeley and Sir George Carteret. Carteret was one of the great seigneurs of the Island of Jersey, and the name is still one to conjure with in the island, though the male line is extinct. There is an interesting document in the fifteenth Bulletin of the Societe Jersiaise showing the will of Philip de Carteret, dated 1682 in Elizabeth Town, in the Province of New Jersey, in which he leaves all his property to his wife "and all my goods and chattels, quick and dead, and all my negroes and other servants, excepting Black Jack, who I set free from servitude the day after my burial." This Philip de Carteret was the first governor of New Jersey.

Also, the Jersey records show that in 1666 it was recommended by the jurats of Jersey that some of the poorer folk emigrate to the new colony across the sea. This recommendation took the usual form of that period. Those who wanted to go went; those who didn't want to go were forcibly seized and put on board ship. The early colonization of the United States was certainly performed, in part, in a delightfully casual manner. It is a solemn thought for those of us who delight to talk of our lineage, that many of our ancestors were dumped into the New World with about the same polite ceremony employed by a cohort of strong boys in the baggage room of the Grand Central.

Nevertheless these Jerseymen were the stuff that empire is made of. They were men who could navigate the most awful graveyard of ships in the charted seas, the terrible coast that lies between Cape La Hogue and Ushant Rock. They used to cross gayly in smacks over to Newfoundland and fish on the banks—and continued to do so until a few years ago, when the steam trawlers took the profit out of the business. Iceland—and the waters between there and the Orkneys—was a slight excursion for them. Even today you can see groups of whiskered salts hanging round the harbor of St. Hélier, every man jack of whom has carved his name on the bars of pubs in every world port.

Nowadays there are two occupations in Jersey, both of which have been raised to brilliant heights of perfection. One of these is the cultivation of the soil, including the breeding of the Jersey cattle; the other is the skinning of the summer visitor from Britain, and the tax dodger from the rest of the world.

As to agriculture, you don't believe it after you see it. That Covent Garden, in London, can be flooded with early potatoes from an island which is composed partly of granite and the remainder of sea sand; that *côtils*, or hillsides, so steep that a man can hardly stand upright on them, can be made to produce two and even three crops a year, in the same latitude as Labrador; that a man with four *vergées* of land—two and a quarter *vergées* to the acre—can support a family and actually put money in the bank by putting it into tomatoes, and make them bear as tomatoes bear nowhere else in the world.

Even the sea is made to contribute liberally to the Jersey farmers' exchequer. All winter you can see the farmers gathering their fertilizer along the rocky shores of the island, in the form of seaweed. The natives call this seaweed *vraic*. For the pronunciation of this word I can give only one rule and that is approximate. First, think of all the ingenious ways in which *vraic* could be pronounced by ignoring all the letters in the word—and then it will be somewhat different from any of them. At times it seems as though the word began with a "g." At other times it strikes you that the Jerseyman is only making an unpleasant sound in his diaphragm.

But the most popular kind of farming is the cultivation of the tax dodger. And here we come to a sort of Nemesis—that even balance of life which prevents human beings from escaping their obligations or getting something for nothing.

The tax dodger is lured to Jersey by the freedom from taxation which exists on the island, and by the widely advertised slogan that Jersey has a fine, mild and equable climate, particularly in winter. How this illusion of fine climate managed to become current in England, which is only a hundred miles away, is more than I can imagine. It must mean that the Jerseymen are as shrewd advertisers of climate as the real estate men of Southern California. The plain truth is that the Channel Islands have as vile a winter climate as could possibly exist in the world. It is, very possibly, mild and equable, judging from the thermometer alone. But every storm which gathers in the wide Atlantic comes to rest upon these little islands off the French coast. And in summer a blanket of wet heat prostrates everybody except the natives, who were born in the Turkish bath.

Tax Dodgers Between Two Fires

I have seen some miserable exiles in my life, but never any more hopelessly marooned creatures than the tax dodgers who come and settle in Jersey in order to escape taxation somewhere else. Not being of the soil and having no earthly interests in their prison, they meander round the streets of St. Hélier aimlessly, hoping for an earthquake, a conflagration, even a dog fight which will break the terrible ennui that envelops them. They were told that everything was cheap in Jersey; that they could live like kings on their unimpaired incomes. They find that the Jerseymen have settled all that out of their superior wisdom and thrift.

The Jersey shopkeepers simply figure out the difference in money which the freedom from taxation affords the tax dodger, and raise all the prices exactly to eat up that difference in the course of a year.

I got this painful situation of the tax dodger from one of the tax dodgers direct—a frank-speaking Englishman who had just sold his Jersey home and was going back to England, after a tax-absence of two years.

"Yes," he said, "I'm going back to face the income tax and the inheritance tax and all the rest of the nuisances. I'm so anxious to get back to those taxes that I can hardly wait till I've passed the papers on my property. I'm fed up. Jersey is a fine place—for the Jerseymen. But I've been in exile here just as much as though I'd been in some island in the South Seas. In fact, after two years, I know more about the people in the Sudan, and understand them better, than I do these Jerseymen."

Every boat leaving Jersey for England takes away a number of tax dodgers who have discovered that there are worse things in life than taxation, even when it is ponderous. To be sure, every boat coming back from England brings a number of tax dodgers who are yet to discover that fact. On the whole, I think the interpellants in Parliament who want to force Jersey to adopt an income tax, and thus prevent Britishers from escaping, are merely wasting their time. The laws of ennui and of loneliness will do the job just as well.

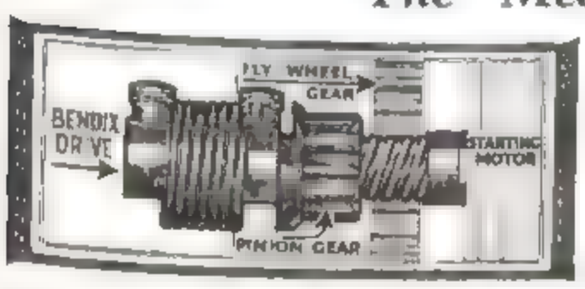
And *Then* She Began to Drive a Car

Electric starting made it possible for her to operate her own car — just as it has broadened the use of motor cars in every phase of human activity. Easy, convenient, dependable starting was once a serious problem. The Bendix Drive aided in solving it — helped make it a *forgotten* problem.

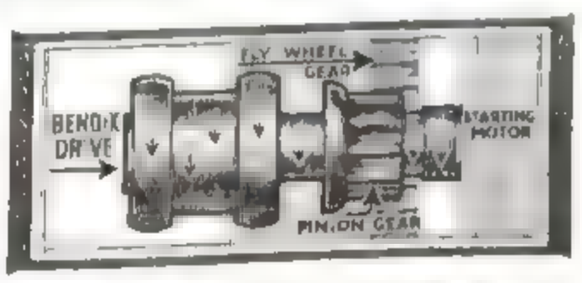
The Bendix Drive, through its efficient, dependable service, has won its place as standard equipment on the electric starters of a majority of the world's automobiles and trucks.

Look for the name BENDIX. More than 1,000 dealers and garages supply genuine service parts for Bendix Drive. Each genuine part is plainly marked "Bendix", and is built to meet the needs of this exacting service. Insist on genuine parts should emergency necessitate replacements.

The "Mechanical Hand" That Cranks Your Car

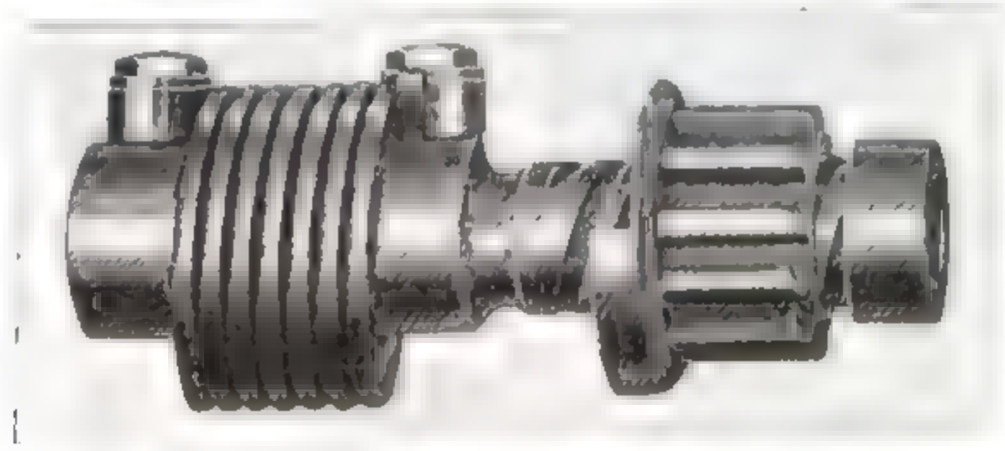


AT REST—The Bendix Drive is attached to the armature shaft of the electric starting motor. This motor is generally located in front of the engine fly-wheel, and the Bendix Drive serves as an automatic connecting link between the motor and starter.



MESHES AUTOMATICALLY—When you step on your starter, the Bendix Drive is made to revolve instantly at tremendous speed, carrying its pinion gear along the screw shaft into mesh with the fly-wheel gear of the engine. The electric motor now cranks the engine.

DE-MESHES AUTOMATICALLY—With the engine started the fly-wheel runs away from the pinion gear and instantly throws the pinion gear back along the screw shaft to its original position — where it stays until you wish to use your starter again.



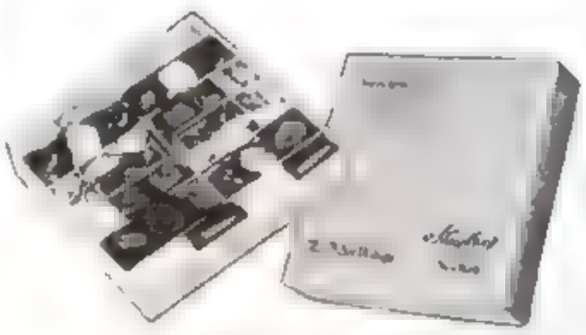
The BENDIX DRIVE

Manufactured by ECLIPSE MACHINE CO., ELMIRA, N.Y.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Ltd., WALKERVILLE, ONT.

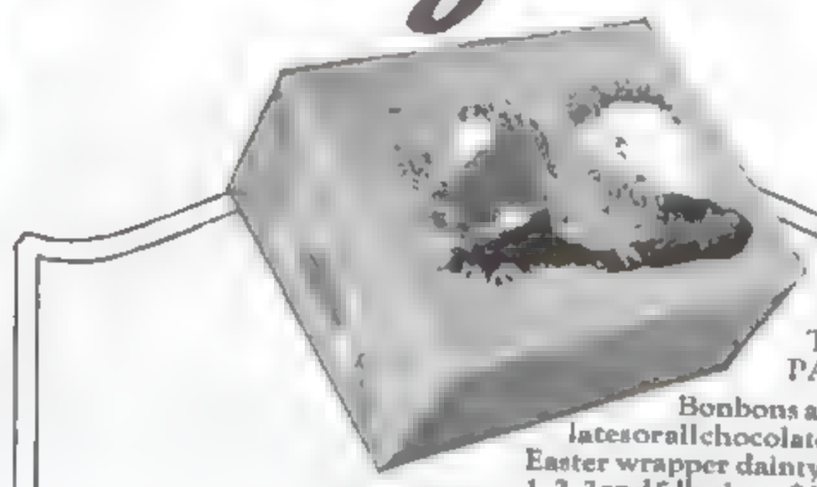
For Easter – America's foremost fine candy

Huyler's



THE TIDBIT PACKAGE

A special assortment of Huyler's most popular candies. In 1 and 2 lb. sizes $1.25 per lb.



THE TOKEN PACKAGE

Bonbons and chocolates or all chocolates. Special Easter wrapper dainty in design 1, 2, 3 and 5 lb. sizes. $1.50 per lb.

THE PERSIAN PACKAGE

Assortment of finest chocolates and imported glacé fruits in beautifully colored metal box. In 1 and 2 lb. sizes $1.75 per lb.

THE EGYPTIAN PACKAGE

Assortment of the finest bonbons and chocolates in colored metal box. In 1 and 2 lb. sizes. $1.75 per lb.

This is the only shopping list you need for Easter candy

The Huyler suggestions pictured here cover every Easter candy requirement.

Make your selections and place your order *early* with the Huyler's dealer or store in your community, so that your candy may be reserved when the fresh Easter shipments are received.

If there is no Huyler's dealer or store near you, order direct from us. Enclose check or money order, and state what day you want the candy to arrive. We pay shipping charges on orders of $3.00 or more. Address orders to Dept. 25.

Huyler's

18th St. & Irving Place New York City

Frank DeKlyn Huyler, President — Coulter D. Huyler, Sec'y & Treas. — David Huyler, Vice Pres.

Make your Easter desserts with Huyler's Cocoa and Chocolate

THE GIFT PACKAGE

A splendid box of Huyler's finest bonbons and chocolates. In 1 and 2 lb. sizes. $1.75 per lb.

BRAZIL NUT BONBONS

Whole Brazil nuts dipped in vanilla bonbon cream. $1.50 per lb.

ASSORTED NUT CHOCOLATES

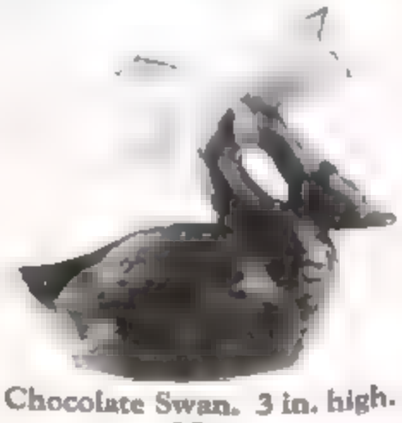
Whole nut meats — walnut, pecan, Brazil, filbert — chocolate covered. In 1 and 2 lb. sizes. $1.75 per lb.

Chocolate Rooster. 6 in. high. 45c.

"Fresh Every Hour"

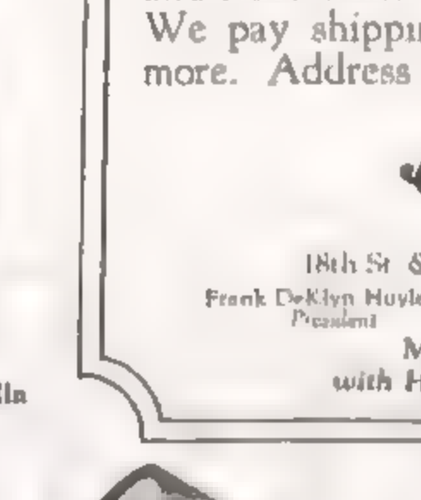
Assorted hard candies in ½, 1 and 2 lb. sealed tins —80c per lb.

Hand decorated chocolate egg.
6 in. high. 75c
3 in. high. 20c

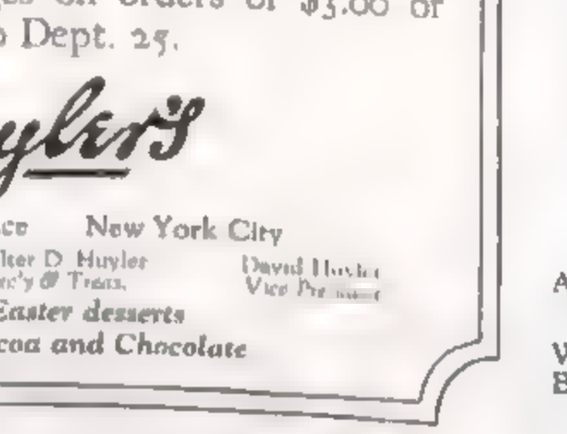


Chocolate Swan. 3 in. high. 25c.

Crate of assorted eggs, natural egg size. $1.00



Easter Jelly Eggs in Easter package. ½ lb. 50c



MAH JONG FAVORS

Mah Jong Pop 50c each.

Mah Jong Doll 50c each.

Chocolate Rabbit.
10 in. high. $1.00
6 in. high. 30c

JUNGLE FOLK—THE DINNER THIEF AND PICKPOCKET

(Continued from Page 23)

before he was caught, convicted and sent to prison. He told me he often remained for days in a lady's closet, concealed behind garments hanging on hooks, overheard conversations and eventually stole every bit of jewelry to be found. He was caught only once—then by a pastor, one of those good-hearted clergymen, who forgave him, let him go and told him to sin no more. I got him through the confession of a confederate. He was a wonderful thief, but wound up with ten years in Sing Sing Prison. He worked in robes and discarded them for street clothes when not on jobs. Anyone can figure how difficult an identification of him would be under these circumstances.

The dinner thief seldom works with other criminals. He finds his prospective job, makes observations to get the knowledge of it necessary, plans the crime and carries it out alone. A more daring type of thief working along the same general lines is the second-story climber, who fastens a rope to a chimney, descends to a window, enters an apartment, locks the door, secures valuables and escapes over roofs.

These criminals thrive not only through their physical adroitness and elusiveness, but by their close observation and knowledge of human nature. The best protection against them, if you have valuables, is to study your own habits and stop the careless ness and criminal negligence that make their work successful.

The victim always wonders how the thief gets his loot. The hiding places of most people are alike. Practically every woman puts jewelry in the top drawers of bureaus, usually the right-hand side. Or they conceal it in linen or lingerie in other drawers, hide it under paper in bottoms of drawers, put it behind pictures, under rugs, in sofa pillows, laundry bags, clothes baskets and other similar hiding places. The thief knows this and is an adroit finder.

Job pickers in this line are numerous nowadays. They frequent the theaters, restaurants, cabarets; spot people who are wearing costly jewelry; follow and find out where they live and determine what the chances of robbing them are. The job often spends freely to get his information, has his own car to trail victims and for the getaway after the trick has been turned. It is not unusual for the thief to appropriate clothes, gloves and other feminine belongings to create the impression that the job was done by female servants or insiders.

Jeweled Invitations to Crooks

The wearing of jewelry has not only grown to a startling extent in the past ten or fifteen years, in the value of the gems, but in the regularity with which the jewels are worn and the number of places. A generation ago the average woman had perhaps a few hundred dollars' worth of rings, a bracelet or two and a gold-bead necklace. A thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was a fairly high average, and $10,000 worth a real curiosity. Women wore their jewelry on grand occasions—the opera, the ball, a formal dance at home. Men wore little jewelry—a heavy gold watch chain, a ring that had some sentimental value, a stick pin with a modest diamond. Today women go about our big cities wearing tens of thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry in the hotel, the cabaret, the theater and movie show. They wear valuable gems while going about to questionable places and late at night. Where the rich merchant's wife of other days alone could afford diamonds, now they are in the possession of the bootlegger's wife and the bootlegger's lady. Hundreds of thousands of immigrants from other countries put their savings into diamonds and put them on their women.

Altogether there is so much jewelry worn in our big cities that it offers great attraction to the professional thief and lamentable temptation to the amateur. The professional can literally pick booty off people, as was shown some months ago when a thief reached through the window of a New York elevated train as it was pulling out of a station and deftly removed several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds from the person of a matron.

Give your wife a valuable jewel and for a time she will realize its value. But familiarity breeds contempt. The sense of value fades as time goes on, and the jewel is always found where the owner had it until she wants it. She forgets that it is so much money, although she would take extra pains to safeguard the equivalent in bank notes. Generally valuable jewelry is insured, which tends to make owners careless; though the belief that they cannot lose, even if insured jewelry is stolen or lost, is making the insurance companies extremely cautious about writing policies. Women have an innate belief that no thief could ever rob them. Valuable jewelry that the owner has had several years will often be less carefully watched than new gowns or hats worth less than a single gem. The jewels are an old story, while the new gown or hat still impresses its value upon the possessor.

Many valuable jewels are lost in the wash rooms of hotels and restaurants. Women come into town wearing their rings, take them off to wash their hands, and actually forget to put them on again. When the loss is realized it is usually too late—the gems have disappeared. They are very seldom recovered, but it is not the professional thief who takes them one in fifty times. They are found by the next person, who is tempted and becomes an amateur thief. The first impulse is to be honest—not to steal. But jewels exert a fascination upon many women, and the next person is a woman.

"If I don't take them somebody else will," the finder argues with her conscience, and the jewels are quietly hidden away.

Many theatrical women wear costly jewels, partly for stage display and partly vanity. Jewels are also the stage woman's form of saving. In the bustle of her life at hotels and on trains she either becomes careless or keeps her valuables in exactly the places a thief would first look for them, knowing women's habits.

Country-House Robberies

The jewel thief will spend weeks studying the premises where there is the possibility of a big job and observing the daily habits of the people who live there. And he will spend weeks shadowing a woman who carries valuable gems, or a jewelry salesman with valuable samples, waiting for the opportunity to steal and make a safe get away.

By far the greater number of jewel robberies are committed in country houses and villas at the most fashionable summer and winter resorts. These places are usually large, so bedrooms and the whole upper floor will be left by the family and servants at dinnertime. They are often in neighborhoods with little police protection. Expert jewel thieves travel with the seasons, spending the summer at places like Southampton, Newport and Bar Harbor, the autumn months at Asheville or Pinehurst and the winter at Palm Beach or Miami.

No society reporter ever wrote so intimate a personal sketch of a social leader as is written mentally by the porch climber before stealing her jewels. He knows when she dines, where the servants are at that hour, whether she is careless and extravagant, careful and stingy—he is as keen about her habits as her French maid. When the right moment comes he works quickly. With skeleton keys he can open everything but a safe, and will often carry away a small safe containing valuables. It is his habit to replace carefully boxes that have held jewels, relocking drawers, trunks and closets, for this often leads to the passing of several days before losses are discovered and gives him so much more valuable time for his get-away—even a few moments may be precious delay while he is leaving the premises.

I recall one case in which a woman, living in an apartment house where others were robbed, insisted that her jewels were safe because she kept them in a locked drawer that nobody had been able to unlock for weeks. This was still locked, therefore her jewels must be safe. But as it turned out, the thief had unlocked that receptacle, taken the lady's jewels and locked it again.

A record of the maker, case and works number of every watch should be carefully recorded. Every article of jewelry should

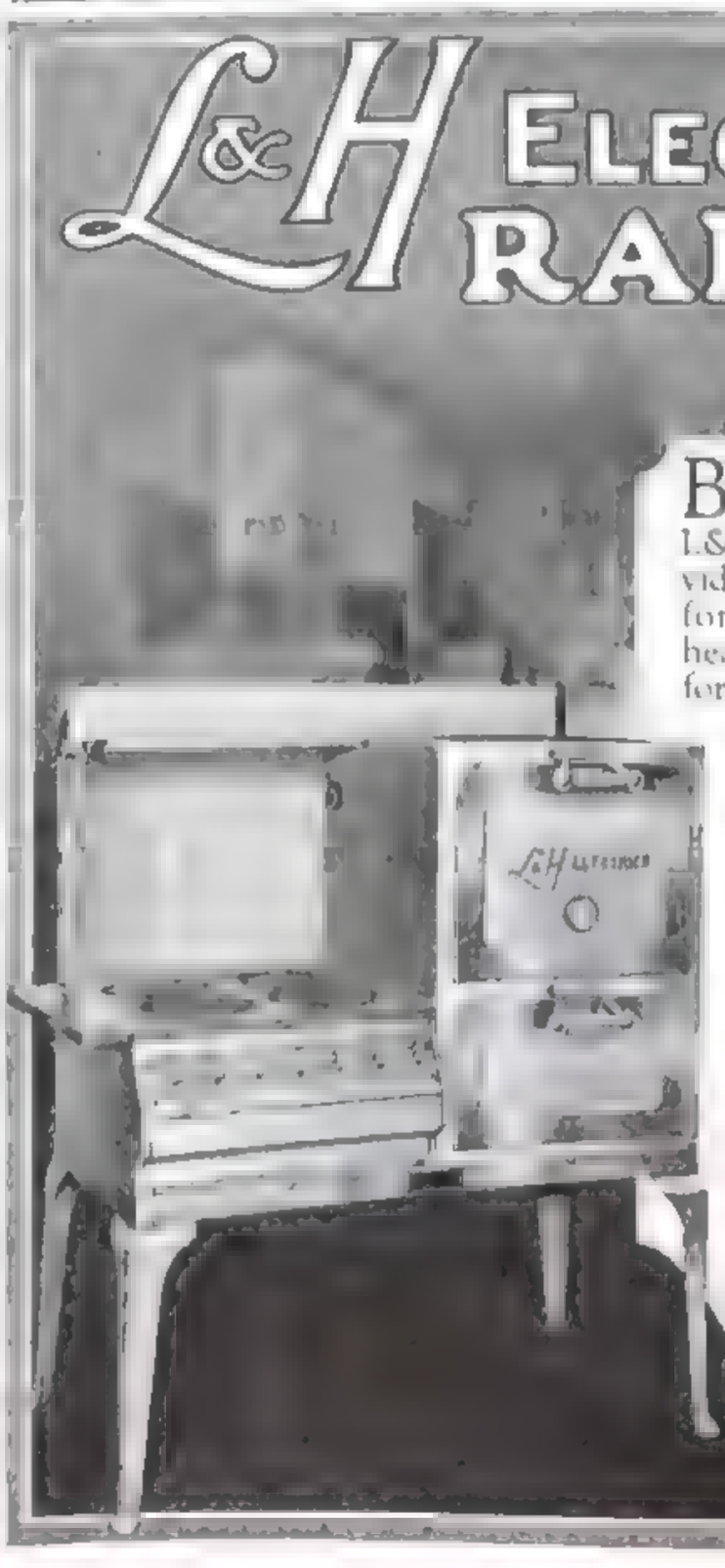
The FLORSHEIM SHOE

THE good looks of The Florsheim Shoe is more than a surface finish—it endures—it is the outward expression of the genuine quality within.

Most Styles—Ten Dollars
The Henley—M-142
One of Two Hundred Styles
Booklet of Styles on Request.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers • CHICAGO

L&H ELECTRICS RANGE



BEAUTIFUL? Yes,—but more than this, the L&H Electrics Range provides an improved method for getting the greatest heat with the least cost for current. Saves much time in the kitchen besides, because it cooks quicker and better. Made in a variety of styles and models. The safest plan is always to insist on

L&H Electrics
Appliances
"The Better Electrical Line"

L & H Electrics Table Stoves
L & H Electrics Irons
L & H Electrics Turnit Toasters
L & H Electrics Hot Plates
L & H Electrics Heaters
L & H Electrics Curling Irons
L & H Electrics Heating Pads

Manufactured by
A. J. LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO.
427 Cleveland Ave.
Milwaukee, Wis.

SHALER

5-MINUTE VULCANIZER

Only $1.50

Slightly higher in Canada and Far West

Complete outfit includes nickel plated vulcanizer, and 12 Patch & Heat Units. Get a Shaler for your car from any dealer in auto accessories.

VULCANIZE *First and Make It Last*

Make your punctured tubes as good as new with Shaler *heat-vulcanized* repairs. They are not affected by heat or the friction of driving. They cannot loosen or come off because the repair is *welded* to the tube. Over two million motorists use the Shaler and recommend it to their friends.

Standard equipment on the leading cars

C. A. SHALER CO., 1400 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.

FYRAC

Spark PLUGS

One INCH *firing surface*

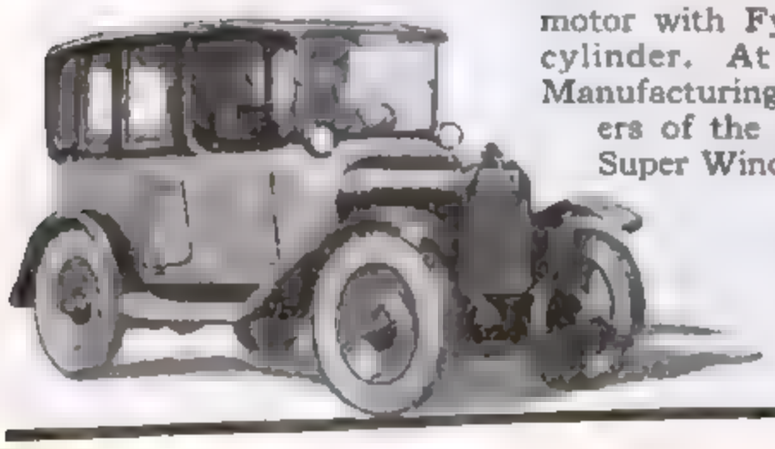
in YELLOW CABS

The Yellow Cab Companies of New York and Chicago—the latter the world's largest taxicab system—have been using Fyrac Spark Plugs for two years.

Yellow Cab pays more for Fyracs than they would have to pay for other plugs. Yet they find Fyrac cheaper in the end.

Fyrac's one INCH firing surface—with 7 to 10 sparks for each explosion—gets every ounce of power from every atom of gas. It means gasoline economy, more power and smoother motor performance.

A billion miles of experience enable Yellow Cab to KNOW. Equip *your* motor with Fyracs—a Fyrac in every cylinder. At your dealer's. Fyrac Manufacturing Co., Rockford, Ill., makers of the Fyrac Night Guide, the Super Windshield Spotlight.



Fyrac Z Plug for Fords, 60c

be photographed and described, whether insured or not. If it is stolen, these descriptions are invaluable to the police and detectives. They are also a great aid to insurance companies.

Valuable jewelry should always be considered for its cash value. Would you, dear reader, put a $1000 bill in a bureau drawer with a chance for someone to steal it? No, you would not. Then why so carelessly disregard the value of jewelry and become the criminal's partner? There is almost as much criminal negligence by the citizen as there is crime by the criminal. Prevent crimes by preventing carelessness. Don't give anyone a chance to steal from you. If the thief discovers that you are careful he will rate you as a poor risk.

What becomes of all the stolen jewelry? The amount purloined by thieves each year must be astounding.

Generally it is broken up, the gems sold as loose stones and the gold melted and disposed of by the thieves, in many cases to Uncle Sam over the counters of his assay offices. There is more than one curb market for the sale and purchase of loose gems in New York City, and there are many dealers. It is virtually impossible to identify loose gems unless they are of notable size or extreme rarity.

The climber stalks his quarry alone, like the lion—I believe the lion hunts alone. The pickpocket, however, hunts in a pack, like the wolf—or we might say the jackal. Yet the pocket-picking mob, or troupe, is practically invisible, too, following the instinct of the jungle, being in plain sight, yet unseen by its victims.

Fat Men Favorite Victims

Pickpocket camouflage is something like the queer striped effects that were painted on ships during the war to make them difficult targets for submarines. The pickpocket and his accomplices do not actually keep out of sight like the dinner worker, but conceal their real identity and purpose by taking the offensive against their victims, being quarrelsome and truculent, and so exciting him and diverting his mind in desired directions that he does not suspect their true nature until his loss is discovered afterward—and sometimes not then.

One of the favorite targets of the pickpocket has always been the fat man. A fat man is easily perturbed and less likely than thin folks to feel his watch or pocketbook being removed. He rises like a fighting bull to the stall's jostling and indignantly wants to know what he means. He enters with zest upon the argument that follows, and then, being a fat man, when he discovers his loss his anger has evaporated. Where a thin, determined person would hold the thought and report his loss to the police, the fat man, even if he starts for the nearest police station, will stop after a block or two and say, "Oh, well, how do I know I was robbed? Maybe I lost it."

A humorous device for exciting a fat man's anger—humorous, that is, to everybody else—is sticking a pin in some part of his person where he will instinctively put both hands. That uncovers his front and gives the half minute in which deftly to relieve him of his valuables.

The pickpocket, or dip, of a generation back usually specialized in people who, like the fat man, were easy marks—the half-tipsy citizen, the green countryman, the slow-witted and sluggish person, the born boob. But today his art has been so developed, principally through the cleverness of the stalls who divert suspicion, that the first-class pickpocket does not hesitate to tackle anybody with valuables worthy of his attention. The citizen who thinks himself far too intelligent or sophisticated to escape the pickpocket's attentions is more likely to lose valuables from the person than one who is frankly afraid of thieves. His own conceit will be used to help in his undoing.

A pocket-picking troupe usually consists of one first-class pickpocket, or tool, one or two stalls, and sometimes an efficient female booster. Such troupes are routed over the country like theatrical companies, visiting fairs, conventions and other places where crowds gather and the working conditions are most favorable. This criminal profession has been so systematized that now there are leaders corresponding to managers in the theatrical profession, who select from capable thieves the men or women to make up each outfit, pick the territory they are to work in and supervise them like salesmen, so that each group will be stealing in different sections of the country and not encroaching upon other groups' territories.

The tool is nearly always of small stature, boyish in appearance and expert in various degrees. In some instances a woman is the tool, or dip—just as clever or skillful as a man. The pickpocket who steals watches and stick pins is looked upon as a bungler and has no professional standing with the skillful. A real graduate from the school of pocket picking must be capable of taking insiders—that is, leathers, or pocketbooks—from inside vest pockets. Naturally he would lift any hip-pocket leathers available.

The stall is always a person of large physique, disagreeable, uncouth, a disturber, using all kinds of subterfuges to give the pickpocket, or jerver, an opportunity to rob the victim. He jostles the victim, treads on his toes, breathes the odor of onions in his face, settles against him and disturbs his hat so that he has to lift both hands to adjust it. This is often done as though accidentally. It is a great trick to get the victim's hands up. It is the same as having someone put your hat on for you. The owner must touch it to make it set comfortably. Far from being sorry for these bad manners, the stall blames the victim. Only in extraordinary cases are the most violent methods resorted to.

Pickpockets don't steal from poor people. It is a waste of energy. They always select worthwhile victims. The stall, a good student of human nature and a clever sizer-up of people, picks out the victim and figures on how he can be got. What is apparently unintentional disturbance of the victim is always the best plan. Bumping and jostling him in a crude, clumsy way is best. There are hundreds of people who are not stalls for pickpockets, and in no way connected with thieves, who are so awkward they are always annoying others. We have all come in contact with them. They leave doors open, walk in the wrong direction on the street, tread on people's feet and are just naturally obnoxious. This is the character the stall impersonates. In a natural way agitating the victim. Sometimes when it is necessary to pull the rough stuff an argument may ensue.

The Female Booster

"What do you mean, you big stiff?" the victim demands indignantly.

"What do you mean yourself, you pot-bellied hick?" shouts the stall, coming closer, glaring into the victim's face. "I'll show you what I mean, you blankety-blankety-blank!" His language is obscene, and still further excites the hatred and combativeness of the poor devil who is about to lose his bank roll. "Blind rage" is a common term. Pickpockets literally blind their victim with his own rage, and the madder he grows the more easy to rob him.

The female booster sometimes works with the stall, or may herself be the stall for the pickpocket. She starts the argument by alleging that the victim has insulted or tried to flirt with her; the victim indignantly denies it; the stall takes her side, and in the twinkling of an eye it begins to look as though there would be a free-for-all punching bout in what was a peaceful trolley car or sidewalk crowd just a moment ago. The woman insists, the victim defends himself, the stall suggests getting off the car or going into a side street, as the case may be, to settle this thing; the woman crook cries that her heart won't stand any more excitement—she is about to faint—and in the hullabaloo the dirty work is done.

I spoke of female dips—pickpockets. They are not so numerous as the male, but are more clever. People are always looking for the male grafter. It does not occur to them that a woman would be doing the work. The same applies to stalls. In most cases a woman is a better stall than a man—less likely to be suspected. Besides, a man will overlook what a woman does that is disagreeable, where he would argue with a man.

Picking pockets isn't different from any other exciting occupation. People who work at it are always quite intense. Every muscle in the body and face may be perfectly natural, but the eyes are the telltale. Every pickpocket, male or female, will betray his work by the intense, alert expression of the eyes. No matter how adroit, Mister Pickpocket always registers anxiety when making the touch.

(Continued on Page 217)

Brandes

The name to know in Radio

Table Talker . . $10.00
Navy Type Headset 8.00
Superior Headset . . 6.00

All Brandes products are sold under a money back guarantee by reliable dealers everywhere.

Table Talker 50c additional west of the Rockies

C. Brandes, Inc., 1924

Save it with *Kyanize*

Yes, you can refinish old furniture yourself
—*the Kyanize way is the easy, fascinating way*

Thousands of old odd pieces of furniture are each year made, to all appearances, new again by amateur brush wielders everywhere. KYANIZE comes to you all ready for instant use—nothing to mix—nothing to add—just spread it on with a good clean brush.

To preserve the natural beauty of the wood grain
Use KYANIZE Floor Finish in any color you prefer. Just flow it on with a good clean brush; works like magic—levels out to a smooth ridgeless lustre, *dries overnight* and gives to the wood a finish of rare beauty, brilliant, lustrous and waterproof. Tough enough for floors—*the very reason* it's ideal for all furniture and woodwork. Will not scratch white. Stains as it varnishes—one operation—one application.

To obtain the new tinted effects—now so popular
Tint with KYANIZE Celoid Finish. This newest of KYANIZE products is a medium-gloss waterproof enamel of silken lustre resembling the costly "hand-rubbed" effects. Ready for instant use—simply spread on with a good clean brush. For walls (metal, plaster, wood or fireboard), for all woodwork and for furniture—anywhere about the house, use KYANIZE Celoid Finish.

RESULTS GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY

When KYANIZE Products are used in accordance with the simple directions, absolute satisfaction is guaranteed or our dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price for the empty can. If they don't, we will.

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY, 13 Everett Station, Boston 49, Mass.

SPECIAL OFFER:
If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and ONE DOLLAR and we will forward to you, charges prepaid, a full pint can of KYANIZE Floor Finish or KYANIZE Celoid Finish and a good brush to apply it. Mention color desired.

KYANIZE Celoid Finish Tints
Mellow Cream, Sunset Pink, Dixie Gray, Niagara Green, India Buff, Gulf Blue, Havana Brown, Granite Gray, Pure White

KYANIZE Floor Finish Colors
Light Oak, Walnut or Brown Mahogany, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Golden Oak, Colonial Green, Cherry, Natural or Clear, Rosewood or Dark Mahogany

FREE

A beautiful booklet illustrated in colors—"The Vogue of Painted Furniture"—will be sent you absolutely free of charge if you will send us your name on a postal. The booklet tells clearly the proper way in which to refinish old mismated pieces of furniture in the new modern way. Send for your copy today.

(Continued from Page 214)

Careless men carry their pocketbooks in right-hand hip pockets, where they are easily stolen. Money carried in inside coat pockets is not much safer, because thieves steal as easily from there. Valuables placed in the inside vest pocket and secured with a safety pin are harder to steal, but the deft dip will get them out with the assistance of a resourceful stall, sometimes cutting his way through from the outside. The best plan is never to carry much money on your person. If you do, don't carry it in your hip or trousers pockets, because some day you are sure to lose it.

The stealing of watches, studs and pins by the pickpocket is decreasing. In fact, it seldom occurs any more. Various devices and tools, clippers, scissors and specially made cutters are and have been used for cutting valuables out of clothing and taking out pockets. More watches were stolen when they were attached to chains and worn in the vests than since they are worn in trousers fob pockets, which are usually buttoned shut.

A clever pickpocket working on the road with an expert female stall generally marries her and she continues working, and if they have children they are trained in the profession—it is as much a matter of course as the doctor's sending his son to a school of medicine or the lawyer's taking his son into his office.

When I have finished this part of my article the reader will know much about the inside workings of the pocket-picking game—the result of many years' experience with this class of crime. But it is not impossible that he may lose his own wallet tomorrow, even though he remembers all I have written, because these criminals are exceedingly resourceful in diverting people's attention from their valuables long enough to abstract them.

Clever new methods of stalling are the very life of the profession. While you are passing through a railroad station, for example, a poor Italian peddler's stock of balloons escapes his grip and soars to the ceiling. You are interested, amused, sympathize with the poor Dago, and perhaps join the crowd in helping him recapture the balloons. Everybody is looking up, some are pointing and reaching.

A pickpocket stall! The Italian was paid by the pickpockets to release his balloons for a diversion, and one or more dips are working on the uncovered front of people whose whole attention is concentrated upward. And the harvest, during the ten or fifteen minutes that the crowd enjoys the free show, will be plentiful.

The Easy Fob Pocket

In the old days of the grafting circus it was common to hear the stentorian shout, issued in the crowd around the front entrance of the side show, "Look out for pickpockets! See that your watch and pocketbook are safe!" I have heard the conductor on a European train shout the same warning in several languages, and for the same purpose—to make people, by suggestion, feel for their valuables and thus themselves point them out to pickpockets.

Before valuables can be stolen they must be located. Each pocket in a man's clothes has its thieves' term. Pockets in general are called kicks. The right-hand trousers pocket is the right britch kick, the inner pocket of the coat and vest are insiders, and so forth. Valuables are sometimes located by rubbing up against the most likely pocket, feeling for wallet or watch. But the more valuable hauls are usually located by observation. People draw money at the bank and put it away in a certain pocket, or take their pocketbooks out to pay fares or purchase theater tickets. So clever have the most skillful pickpockets become nowadays that instead of plucking a few leathers day by day, they will locate a victim carrying a large sum of money or a package of jewelry and follow him until a favorable opportunity offers for a silent robbery. The quarry may be shadowed days, and even weeks, and the trail be followed thousands of miles; actresses are especially good prey for this kind of theft, and many famous stars have lost jewelry to these gentry—and not always jewelry for publicity purposes, believe me!

The fob pocket is a gift to the thief. Safety devices have prevented many a theft of both watches and stick pins. Most pickpockets look for watches in the right fob pocket. Wearing the watch in the left fob pocket is a preventive, but not a positive one. Keep out of crowds—known as crushes—and you are unlikely to get a touch of any kind.

What I have said about carelessness with jewels applies with equal force to pocket picking. It is small comfort for the victim of these thieves to be told by police officers that his own thoughtlessness has been partly responsible for his loss, yet it is absolutely true, and the frequent advice given the public by police officials concerning valuables should be heeded and literally followed. Thoughtlessness in carrying large sums of money and valuables on the person makes the opportunity for pocket picking and is contributory thereto, setting up temptation. If people carried few valuables the industry would languish, whereas today it thrives, because police officers cannot be on guard at every point in great cities or the large gatherings where pickpockets are likely to operate. There are not enough of them in any city. It is only when losses multiply so that there are many complaints that systematic work can be done to apprehend and convict the thieves. Study your own habits for a day, note where you go and how often it is necessary to reveal the place in which you carry your money, and probably give a pretty good idea of how much your bank roll contains, and you will realize how often you lay yourself open to the light-fingered gentry. Remember that in the common everyday scene around you lurk these jungle folk, and be on your guard as though you were actually in the jungle, likely to be attacked by wild animals.

Fagin's School for Crime

Women are generally easier victims than men. Having no pockets they carry their money or jewels in hand bags, easily opened and frequently laid down in public places while they are examining merchandise. Also, women are apt to be more thoughtless with money and valuables, probably because they do not handle them as a business and have not learned how to make their purchases with a small amount of cash and a check book. Thus it often happens that madam suddenly finds her hand bag open on her arm and her purse gone. Uncertain as to whether she has been robbed or simply lost the money accidentally, such thefts are seldom reported to the police.

Most of the thefts from women's hand bags are committed in street cars, railroad trains, department stores, theater lobbies and other places where women congregate in crowds. And they are almost invariably the work of boy and girl beginners, pupils in this field of crime, undergoing instruction by trainers, or Fagins.

Oh, yes, Fagin is still with us, and always will be. In the thickly crowded sections of our larger cities, where pushcarts are numerous, young boys and girls begin minor street thieving from these carts in vacation time and, after they become adept, graduate to stealing watches from fob pockets. Their parents believe that they are on the street playing innocent games with other children in the neighborhood. It does not take very long for the novice to graduate into the high school of pocket picking, and once he is capable his services are enlisted by older and more experienced thieves and he acquires the higher learning of the profession.

For two reasons the picking of pockets is alluring to many children. They discover an easy way to make spending money when stinted at home, and the adventure of the thing appeals to active youngsters who find home life dull. Parents can prevent many children starting on this career of crime by making opportunities for them to earn spending money honestly, and making home life more congenial and interesting. Nowadays boys and girls need more spending money than they did when I was a youngster, for there are more amusements and sports that require paid admission. When I was a kid we had no movies, few theatrical shows and the circus once or twice a year. There were few professional baseball teams—we played the game ourselves. There were absolutely no sports connected with school life. Today young people have all these things, and they require spending money in moderation. These diversions are a part of young folks' education and equipment for life.

Expert pocket picking requires quickness, alertness and strength of fingers amounting to sleight of hand, which must be acquired by long and constant practice. Training develops such cleverness that the hand that does the work is practically invisible,

Hot or Cold Liquids are Insured if carried in a STANLEY VACUUM BOTTLE. The outer case and the inner PORCELAIN LINED BOTTLE are made of steel, electrically welded and are guaranteed not to break.

AT THE BEST STORES

STANLEY VACUUM BOTTLE

"It Will Not Break"

Manufactured and Guaranteed by THE STANLEY INSULATING CO Great Barrington, Mass.

FINE HOSIERY

RENEW that supply of hosiery for Spring with some Shawknit TS Numbers of silk. Men who insist upon a well groomed appearance will appreciate not having to pay more than seems necessary.

SHAW STOCKING CO.
Lowell, Mass.

Clever Equipment for Luggage-Carrying

AT last, a luggage holder that is a real addition to the car—the GRIP RACK. When not in use, it folds neatly at edge of running board—out of sight. Yet it snaps open into a sturdy, roomy, good-looking carry-all.

GRIP RACK permanently equips all cars for luggage carrying. Useful the year 'round for shopping, carrying grips or sample cases, sport equipment, etc. Durable—won't rattle or rust. Bolts solidly to running board. Three sizes to fit all cars.

[illegible] GRIP RACK [illegible] Ask [illegible] for [illegible] descriptive Booklet A

MILWAUKEE MOTOR PRODUCTS, INC.
Milwaukee Wisconsin
Manufacturers of the famous Milwaukee [illegible]

MILWAUKEE GRIP RACK

Priced $5, $6, $7, (higher in Canada)

Smart Styles for Young Men

COLLEGE men — noted everywhere for being style leaders — are choosing Ralston shoes for Spring.

Why? Because Ralstons are correct, timely and dependable — *always*.

This Smart "Cambridge" Model—made of Creese and Cook's Brown Spartan Calf—is one of the popular College styles the local Ralston dealer will gladly show you. If no dealer in your town write for booklet.

Most Ralstons $9.00

RALSTON SHOEMAKERS
983 Main Street, Brockton, Mass.

Ralston

even if it were not covered by the distractions of the stall, or some other device, such as an overcoat thrown over the thief's working arm—a very effective method of concealment. A newspaper pushed under the victim's head is another effective cover. It may be held by a stall or the pickpocket himself, intently reading and apparently nearsighted, with his eyes close to the page, so absorbed that the newspaper is pushed under the victim's chin. That conceals the latter's front—he cannot see anything going on beneath the newspaper. If he speaks to the absorbed reader the latter does not hear him.

Like most other professional criminals, the pickpocket is proud of his ability to the vanity point. He must have confidence in his own skill to be able to work at all. Indeed, the work is nerve racking, and many pickpockets will be found laying off at health resorts for their nerves—at some place where they can play golf or tennis, have ocean bathing, exercise and sometimes medical treatment. Like the banker and business man, they need rest in preparation for the next season's arduous activities. The stall, on the other hand, who is a roughneck, does not appreciate such genteel resorts and does his rusticating in city pool rooms or at the winter race tracks, or with frequent games of poker or stunts near his home.

Making the Get-Away

Though I have never been able to explain it to my own satisfaction, it is probably nervousness and strain that make the pickpocket give a peculiar coughing or clicking noise as soon as the victim has been touched and relieved of his pocketbook or valuables. As nearly as the sound can be put into print it is a "Cl-x-x-x!" that says to his confederates, "I've got it. You needn't work any longer." This is also the signal for one of his accomplices to take the loot from the actual thief. For it is the latter who runs the greatest risk, and who will be chargeable with the actual crime if caught, and given the longest sentence. The loot must not be found on him in the event of capture. If the victim discovers his loss before the troupe can get away the pickpocket himself distracts attention from his confederates, and particularly the one who has the property. He pretends to assist in the chase, pointing out some other person instead of the one who has the valuables, or interferes in every possible way with the pursuit. In most cases one of the stalls, helping the victim pursue an imaginary thief, is carrying the loot.

There is nothing more disconcerting to these criminal workers than quiet scrutiny by the victim they have attempted to anger, or by attentive watching bystanders. When the victim does not rise to the red rag they become suspicious of a trap, begin worrying, and as soon as possible quietly leave the scene, taking every precaution against arousing suspicion.

In the old days picking pockets was one of the privileges with the traveling circus, like the shell game, thimblerigging, three-card monte, and crooked gambling devices generally; but today the big circuses carry special detectives to cooperate with local police officials and keep pickpockets not only off the circus lot but away from railroad stations, trains, street cars and other places where crowds gather when the circus is in town. Pickpockets often follow important personages on their tours, mingling with the crowds that come to hear a celebrity speak, the throngs that watch the passage of a President, a governor, a political candidate of prominence.

I was once called from New York to a Western city to accompany a presidential candidate, addressing large crowds from the rear platform of his observation car, who, while speaking, was so much annoyed by the boldness of pickpockets that his speeches were frequently interrupted. With the assistance of local officers we arrested nineteen thieves at one of his stopping places. Big amusement places such as the amusement parks at summer resorts, theaters, moving-picture houses, boxing exhibitions and the like are harvest fields for the sleight-of-hand grafter.

The movie theater is an especially good place to be on your watch, because the audience does not pass directly into the house as in an ordinary theater, but crowds around entrances and lobbies waiting for the feature picture to end and the old audience to vacate the seats. The platforms of railroad trains and street cars are good camping grounds for the pickpocket. When people with valuables are getting on the train the pickpocket troupe is getting off, making a great bustle, accidentally crushing hats and so forth.

I am sorry to say that in certain sections of the United States it is still possible to work under police protection—that is, before beginning work the leader or manager of pocket-picking troupes confers with detectives and makes arrangements whereby, for financial consideration, they can operate unmolested. The old-time dip who finances these criminal organizations knows exactly where the best pickings are in that line.

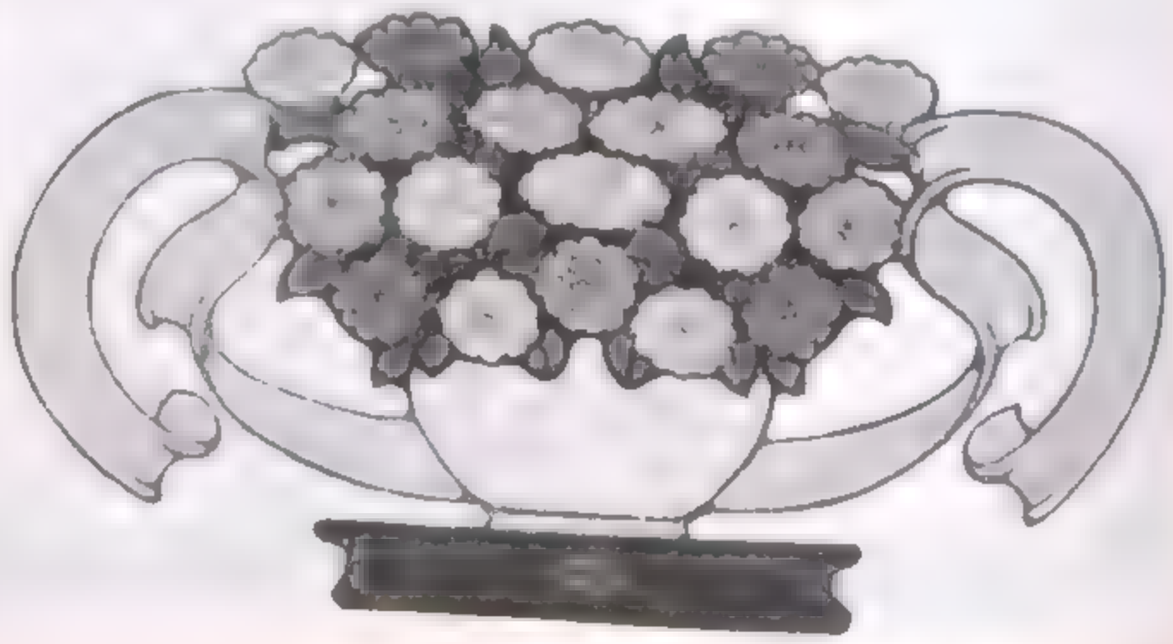
A certain percentage of the money stolen by pickpockets is held out by the director of the gang as fall money, used for cash bail in the event of arrest and serious charges and to engage attorneys for defense. Frequently professional bondsmen are hired. Once or twice a week the leader of the troupe forwards to the director or organizer a part of the loot, especially watches and jewelry that cannot be easily disposed of except in large cities, along with a percentage of all cash stolen. This is the fall money.

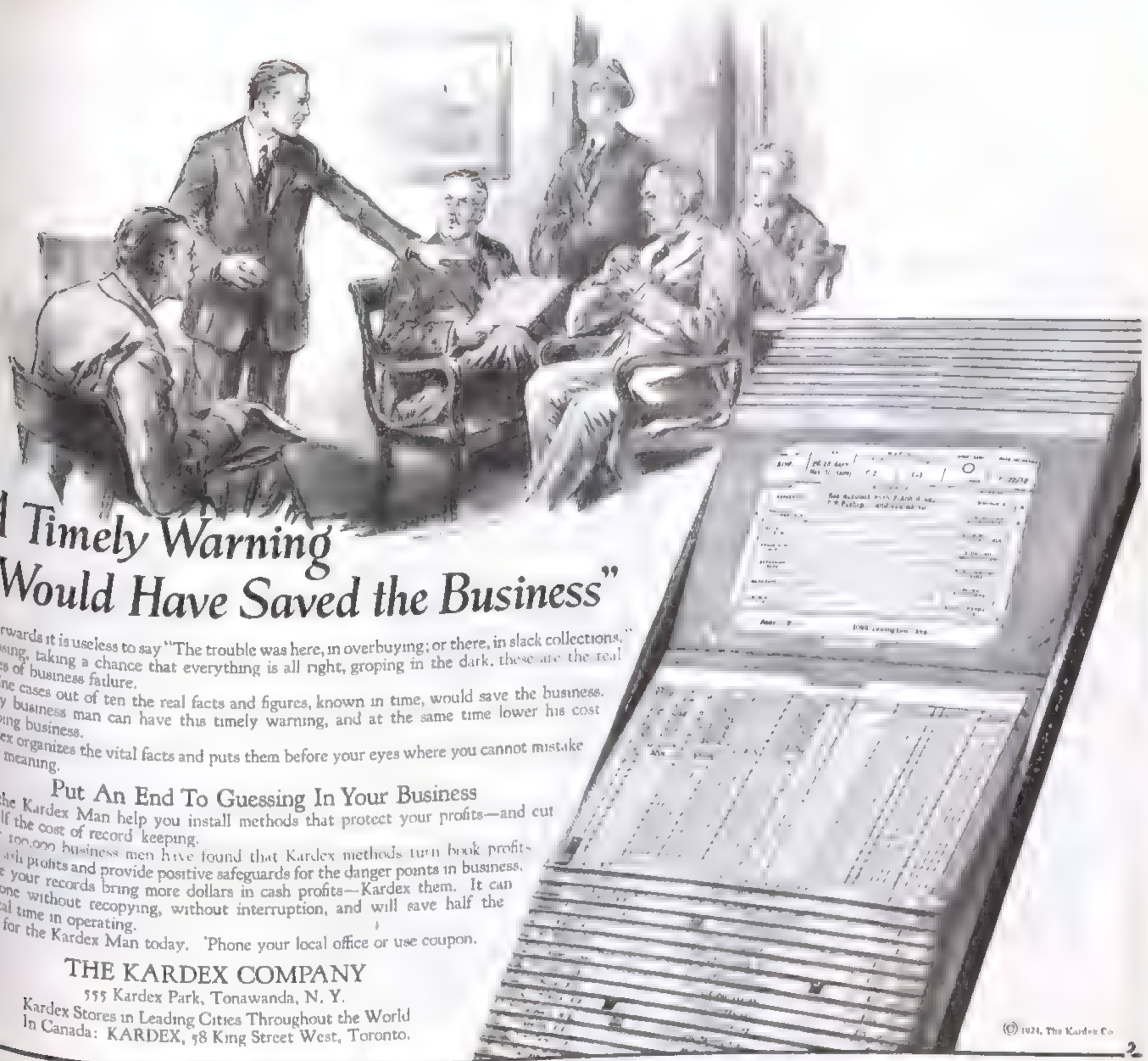
A Blind-Alley Trade

The extent of yearly thefts by pickpockets cannot be estimated in the United States. They are legion and ply their trade in every part of the country.

One white girl who operated under these methods acquired a fortune at it. She always posed as a stenographer or private secretary, was quite demure and modest. Once I met her on a steamer coming from Europe. Before dinner one evening she said she was going down to her stateroom to light up. When she appeared at the captain's table she was bedecked with a fortune in precious jewels. Many a winter she spent at Palm Beach. Few people knew her real occupation. She was a California product, as pretty as a picture, and died quite young a few years ago. Pickpockets seldom graduate into any other field of crime. Few, if any, save money, because they are for the most part inveterate gamblers, and eventually take to narcotics to bolster up their nerves. The average career is not long, for this kind of crook is easily detected at work by the experienced detective, is photographed and fingerprinted, and becomes well known to the police. The ex-pickpocket frequently degenerates into a hanger-on in the wire-tapping game, a capper for confidence men and an accomplice in sure-thing games of various kinds.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Dougherty. The next will appear in an early issue.





"A Timely Warning Would Have Saved the Business"

Afterwards it is useless to say "The trouble was here, in overbuying; or there, in slack collections." Guessing, taking a chance that everything is all right, groping in the dark, these are the real causes of business failure.

In nine cases out of ten the real facts and figures, known in time, would save the business. Every business man can have this timely warning, and at the same time lower his cost of doing business.

Kardex organizes the vital facts and puts them before your eyes where you cannot mistake their meaning.

Put An End To Guessing In Your Business

Let the Kardex Man help you install methods that protect your profits—and cut in half the cost of record keeping.

Over 100,000 business men have found that Kardex methods turn book profits into cash profits and provide positive safeguards for the danger points in business. Make your records bring more dollars in cash profits—Kardex them. It can be done without recopying, without interruption, and will save half the clerical time in operating.

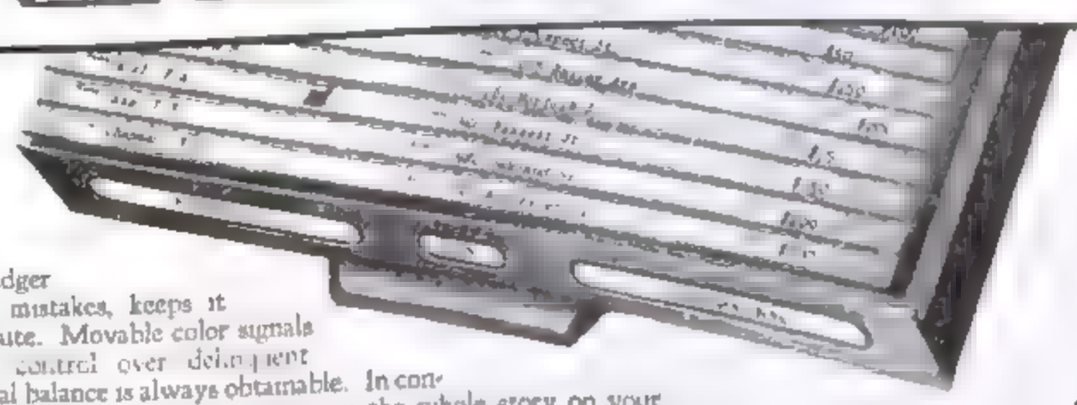
Send for the Kardex Man today. 'Phone your local office or use coupon.

THE KARDEX COMPANY
555 Kardex Park, Tonawanda, N. Y.
Kardex Stores in Leading Cities Throughout the World
In Canada: KARDEX, 58 King Street West, Toronto.

© 1924, The Kardex Co.

KARDEX

THE KARDEX MAN has helped over 100,000 businesses, great and small, to increase cash profits. Ask him to show you the Kardex Book of Forms from which you can select the best features from thousands of successful record-keeping methods.



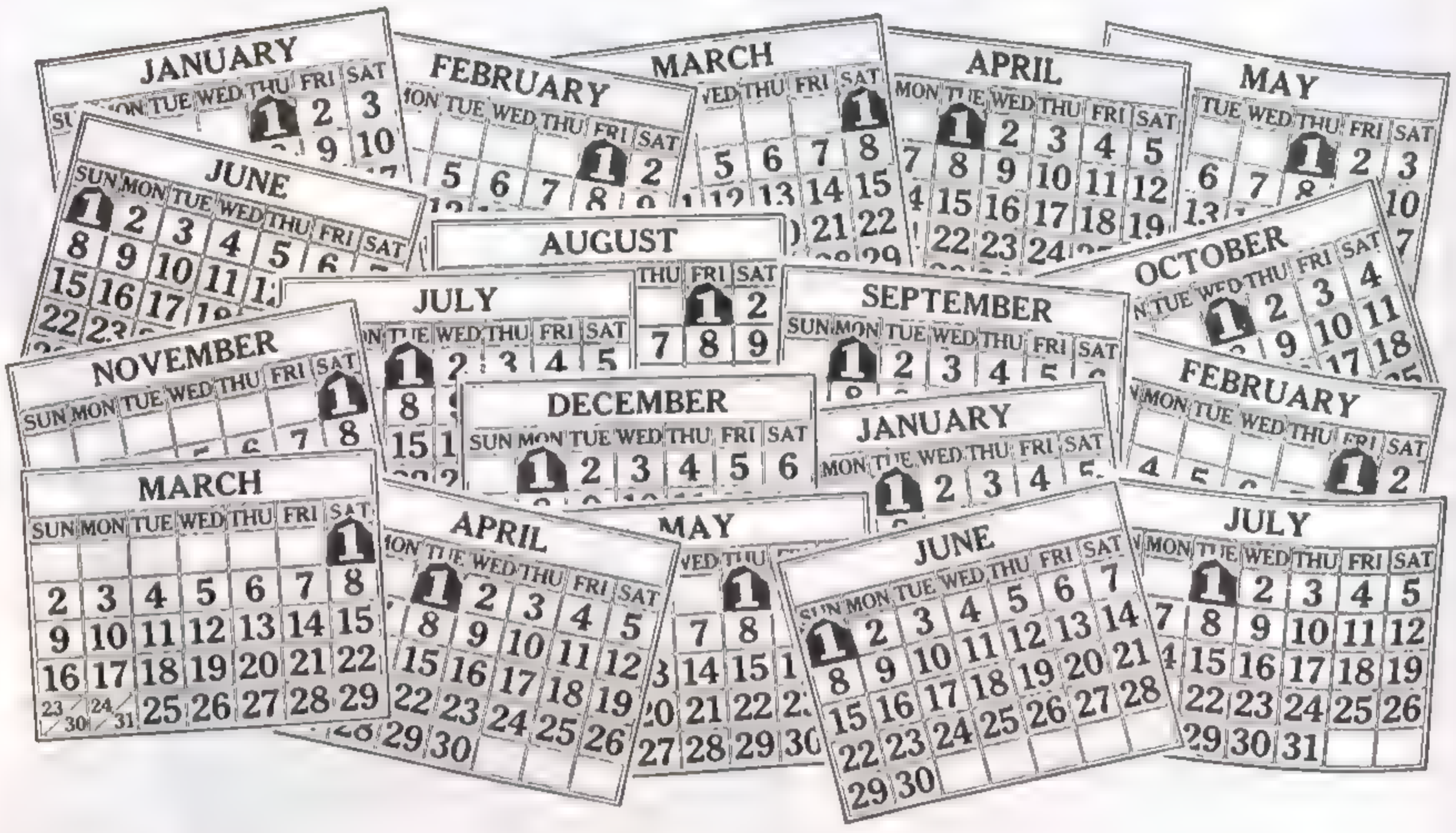
This Kardex Method makes your ledger proof against mistakes, keeps it up to the minute. Movable color signals give positive control over delinquent accounts. Trial balance is always obtainable. In connection with a Kardex Budget, it gives you the whole story on your finances, keeps your business always under control.

Have you entered the Kardex Prize Contest? 200 Cash Prizes amounting to $5,570 will be given for the best facts on business records. Send for the Prize Contest Folder which gives full details.

Tear off and send to KARDEX 555 Kardex Park, Tonawanda, N.Y.
☐ Please send me folder "KARDEX Contest"
☐ Please send Kardex Man
Name
Street
City
State

What hath this day deserv'd? What hath it done
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?

—King John, Act III



THE DAY ON WHICH THE PRUDENTIAL CHECK COMES

To the family that has lost its breadwinner the first of the month may be either a day of bills and new anxieties or a day of gratitude and praise for a father's loving care. A *Monthly Income* policy is the surest way to provide a secure and regular income for wife and children in case something should happen to the father. On the first day of each month comes the sustaining check from The Prudential—*Gold from the Rock of Gibraltar.*

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN
Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President*

Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

LABOR ARRIVES IN ENGLAND

(Continued from Page 4

were more potent than the principles of political logic, or even than the dubiously subtle political tactics they claim in justification of their action.

Mr. Asquith has never forgiven the intrigue that threw him from power at the crisis of the war in December, 1916, and it was chiefly the Conservative element in the Coalition that forced him to abdicate in favor of Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Lloyd George entertained similar bitter feelings with regard to Mr. Baldwin, who is credited with being one of the prime authors of that rupture of the Coalition which hurled him from the seat of the mighty in 1922. Since December, 1916, Mr. Asquith has never had part or lot with the Conservatives—despite the various Liberal-Conservative Coalition governments that succeeded one another—and this was the first occasion on which he had had an opportunity of effectively manifesting his feelings toward them. He seized it almost precipitately and announced that the first and most sacred duty was to drive the Conservative Party, described by him as "a decaying corpse," out of office. Mr. Lloyd George made haste to second this uncompromising resolution.

The Liberal rank and file received these pronouncements of their leaders with something like dismay. They agreed with the cynically amused comment of the Labor-Socialists that the Liberal Party was committing suicide. They would infinitely have preferred the Liberal-Conservative Coalition shouted for by the Rothermere-Beaverbrook press, with a government in which Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Austen Chamberlain would divide the leading rôles and from which Mr. Baldwin would be excluded. More than thirty, in fact, revolted flatly and declared their intention of voting on the Conservative side in the fateful division, and sixty more stated to the Liberal whips that they would not vote at all.

The result of this, of course, would have been that the Conservative Party would have remained in power. Only after the strongest political pressure had been exerted and after Mr. Lloyd George had personally exerted all his powers of persuasion at the party meeting, were the recalcitrants brought to a half-hearted acceptance of the decision of their leaders. And even then, when at nearly midnight on Monday, January twenty first, a crowded House of Commons divided on the Socialist leaders' amendment to the royal address, "It is, however, our duty respectfully to submit to your majesty that your majesty's present ministers have not the confidence of this House," and the Liberal Party went with the Labor Party into the division lobby against the Conservatives, ten Liberal members defiantly voted with the late government. The result was that the Conservative government was defeated by 328 votes to 256.

The Labor-Socialists — contemplating themselves from the standpoint of three months before, it must have seemed like a miracle to them—were in nominal command of the British Empire.

Mr. Lloyd George's Tactics

That is the way in which the present British Labor Government came into being. And it may safely be said that in the opinion of the majority of Britishers it reflects no credit upon either the honesty or the political acumen of the Liberal leaders. The Liberal vote at the election was definitely an anti-Socialist vote, and it has been used to put a decidedly minority Socialist government into power. The Socialist vote was 41 per cent of the total, as against 69 per cent anti-Socialist. Mr. Asquith thinks he can control that Socialist government and eventually succeed to its place. The country at large thinks that the Liberal Party has betrayed its trust. Almost certainly, at the first crisis, the Liberals will find themselves obliterated and the lists set for a straight fight between Socialism and anti-Socialism.

Mr. Lloyd George, who, since the election, has suffered not a few petty but bitter humiliations from those ancient enemies of his own house, the Asquithian Liberals, evidently thinks so also. He has been going out of his way to be ostentatiously amicable to the Labor Front Bench. Labor has, however, so far given no sign that it would welcome this dangerous recruit; but about the Welsh wizard it is impossible to prophesy. One can only deduce that in his mind Labor is not doomed to the speedy extinction upon which Mr. Asquith is counting.

From the morrow of that election which made a Socialist government a virtual certainty, to January twenty-first, when the question was definitely decided, a mild panic shook out something like £100,000,000 of aggregate value from stock-exchange securities and slumped the sterling-dollar exchange by some twenty cents to the pound. A part at least of the immense foreign balances kept on deposit in London was in process of immediate removal to the United States—incidentally, by no means advantageous to the United States, already suffering from a plethora of credit. No one knew what this Socialist government might or might not do.

The Personnel of the Cabinet

At a great victory gathering at the London Albert Hall on January eighth, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald made a carefully noncommittal and poetically reassuring speech; but the effect was somewhat spoiled by Mr. Robert Smillie, one of the stalwarts of the Labor movement, getting up and assuring his hearers that the revolution was still coming—he could hear the beating of its wings, in fact—and the proceedings terminated with the enthusiastic singing of the Red Flag. It was obviously the first care of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald to allay this widespread uneasiness, which might otherwise have prevented any Labor-Socialist government from functioning at the very start.

He did so. On the day after the Conservative defeat, the new premier announced to the House of Commons that he had been received by his majesty the King and that his majesty was graciously pleased to approve of the following list of appointments:

First Lord of the Treasury, the nominal post held by the Prime Minister, who does not officially exist as such, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, *The Rt. Hon. James Ramsay Macdonald, M.P.*

Lord Privy Seal and Deputy Leader of the House of Commons, *Mr. John R. Clynes, M.P.*

Lord President of the Council, *Lord Parmoor, K.C.V.O.*

Lord Chancellor, *Lord Haldane, K.T., O.M.*

Chancellor of the Exchequer, *Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P.*

Secretary of State for Home Affairs, *The Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson.*

Secretary of State for the Colonies, *The Rt. Hon. James Henry Thomas, M.P.*

Secretary of State for War, *Mr. Stephen Walsh, M.P.*

Secretary of State for India, *Sir Sydney Olivier.*

Secretary of State for Air, *Brigadier General Christopher Birdwood Thomson.*

First Lord of the Admiralty, *Viscount Chelmsford, G.C.M.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.B.E.*

President of the Board of Trade, *Mr. Sidney Webb, M.P.*

Minister of Health, *Mr. John Wheatley, M.P.*

Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, *Mr. Noel Buxton, M.P.*

Secretary for Scotland, *The Rt. Hon. William Adamson, M.P.*

President of the Board of Education, *Mr. Charles Philips Trevelyan, M.P.*

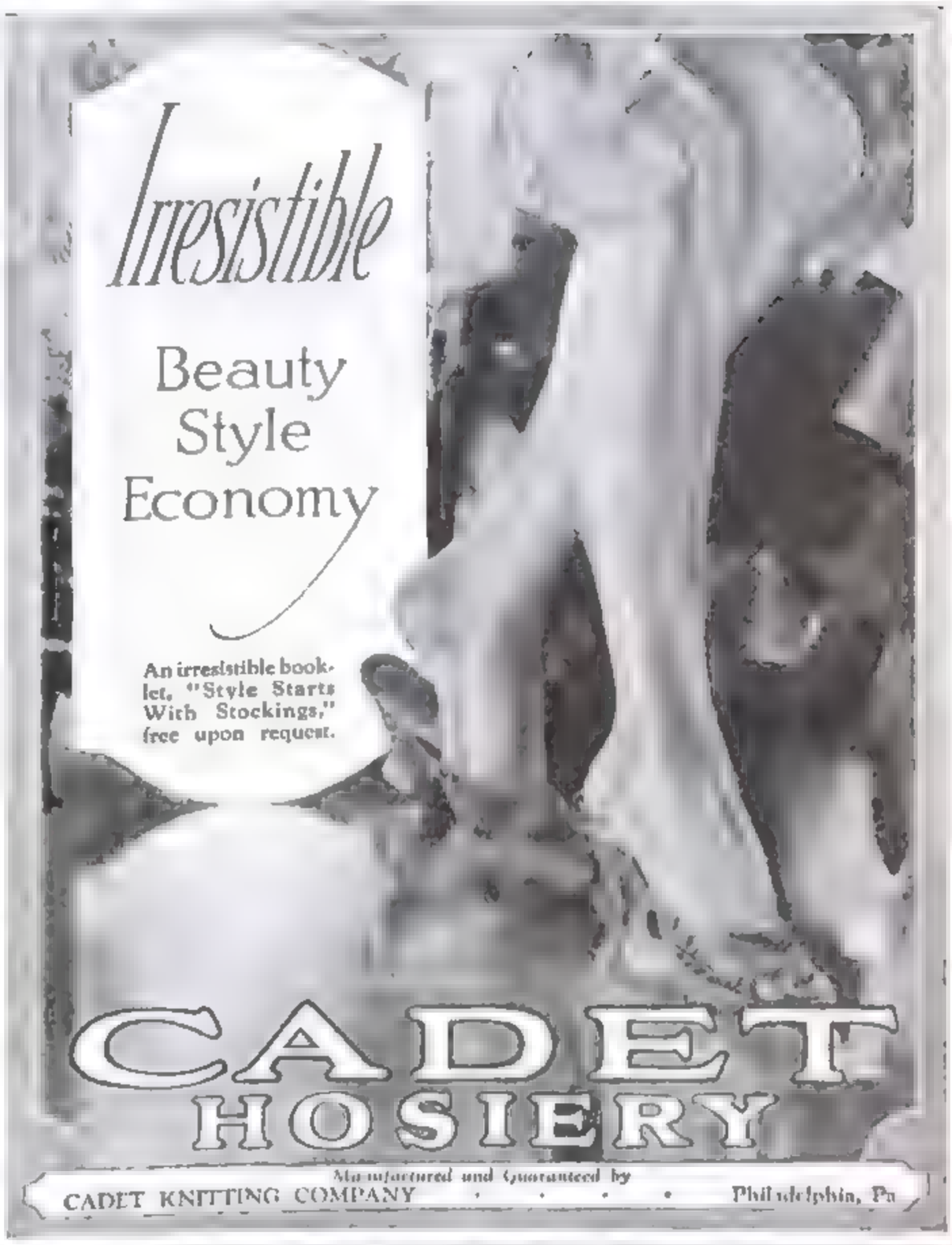
Minister of Labor, *Mr. Thomas Shaw, M.P.*

Postmaster-General, *Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, M.P.*

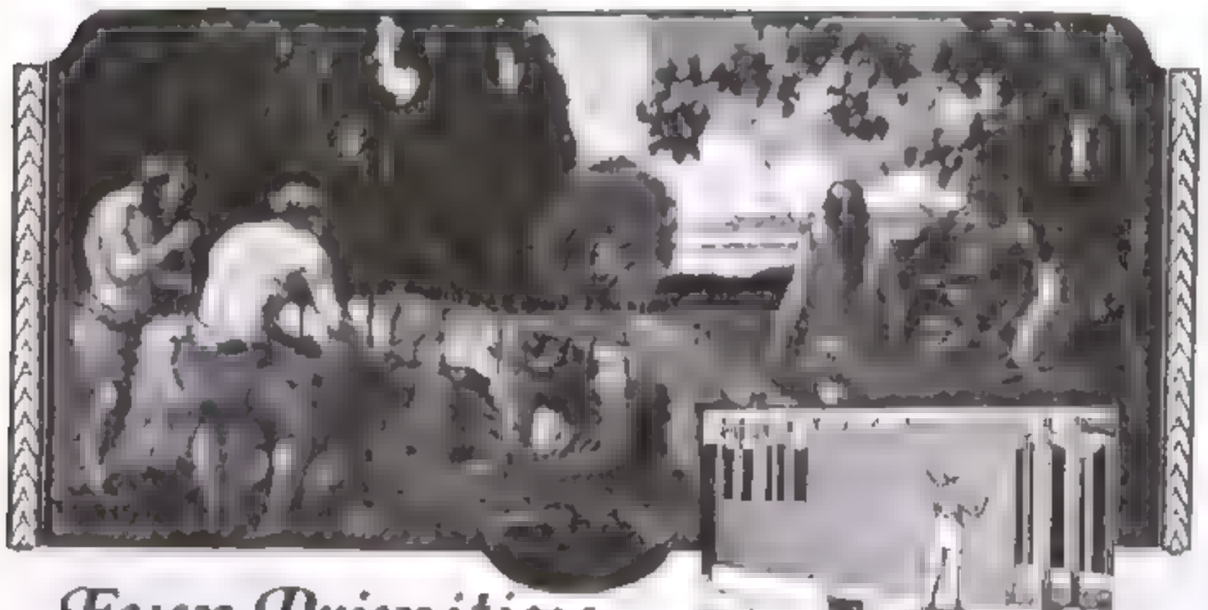
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, *Col. Josiah Wedgwood, M.P.*

First Commissioner of Works, *Mr. F. W. Jowett, M.P.*

The effect of the publication of this list was an instant revival of confidence. It was, almost cynically, not a Socialist government at all—it was a parade of moderation. It was received with sarcasm by the Socialists at large, and only the quickly passed-round slogan, Have Confidence in Your Leaders, silenced angry protests. Coupled with inspired statements that the Labor-Socialist government entertained for its term of office no ideas whatever of introducing any of the specifically Socialist schemes it had always kept in the forefront of its policy, and reënforced by optimistic public speeches from the leading British bankers—uneasy at the diminution of their foreign-owned deposits—the personnel of the new government seemed a complete guaranty against red revolution. Incidentally, only nine out of the twenty have ever done any manual work. The bears rushed to cover and stock-exchange securities recovered about half their losses in the



Man Power
WHETHER a man is an office employe or factory worker his day's work is measured by the atmospheric conditions of the room in which he toils. And there's nothing so important in promoting human welfare, efficiency, safety and contentment as fresh, invigorating air—it's the life force of man power.
Any work shop, office, store, etc can be correctly ventilated with an ILG Fan for a few cents a day. And the ILG is the only ventilating fan with a fully enclosed self-cooled motor—made, tested, sold and guaranteed as a complete unit—it's painted green. For sale by electrical and hardware dealers everywhere.
Tell us your ventilating problem and we'll submit expert advice—there's no obligation. Ask for a copy of our latest illustrated pocket size catalog.
Ilg Electric Ventilating Co.
2856 North Crawford Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
HIGH EFFICIENCY
TRADE
ILG
MARK
VENTILATING MACHINERY
Ventilation
For Offices
Stores
Factories
Public Buildings
Theatres
Restaurants
Houses
Etc



Even Primitive Man Reinforced His Home ~

We have COMBINED FIVE BUILDING MATERIALS into ONE

For Interior Plaster and Exterior Stucco. A combined base and *reinforcement* which is applied either direct to studs and joists or over sheathing or insulation.

In National Steel Fabric, *reinforcement*, sheathing, building paper, furring strips, and lath are all combined in one material, which is installed in sheets, by one man, in one operation

Before you build, learn this lesson from primitive man

There are two ways of plastering the walls and ceilings of your home—One is to "key" it (or expect it to hold itself) in place, *in the ordinary way*, on some kind of a "lath."

The other is to *reinforce* the plaster by embedding in it a galvanized steel wire fabric, which not only strengthens the entire framework of the building, but also "binds" or holds the plaster together and thereby permanently insures it against cracking and falling

Even primitive man knew and practiced this principle of *reinforcing*, for he embedded twigs in the mud of which he built his home.

When you build, be sure to tell your architect, contractor, or engineer that all plaster, stucco, cement, and concrete must be *reinforced*.

Before you build, be sure to send for our new catalog

Dealers Write us for our dealer proposition, catalog and samples

National Steel Fabric Company

(SUBSIDIARY OF PITTSBURGH STEEL CO.)

725 Union Trust Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Atlanta Chicago Cleveland Denver Detroit Houston Los Angeles New York City Philadelphia Pittsburgh St. Louis San Antonio San Francisco

"Give me two Crescent MoToR KiT Pliers"

"ONE for the house and one for the car." They are just as necessary to the house as they are to the garage. The housewife needs them, the children's toys can be repaired, the radio outfit adjusted, and countless other things come up that require the use of pliers. MOTOR KIT Pliers are *the* pliers for home use, because of their sturdy construction, absolute dependability and wide range of usefulness.

Five or six inch sizes at 50c each.
At hardware or accessory stores.

CRESCENT TOOL COMPANY
211 HARRISON STREET
JAMESTOWN, N.Y.
Originators of the CRESCENT WRENCH

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

CRESCENT TOOLS

next few days, while the sterling-dollar exchange appreciated considerably.

To students of the Labor-Socialist movement its first government was perhaps more interesting for the men it left out than for the men it included. Two of the best-known extremists, considered to be certainties, Mr. Robert Smillie—he of the Albert Hall assurance that the revolution was still coming—and Mr. George Lansbury, proud of the friendship of Lenine and intimately connected with the Labor Party's only newspaper, the Daily Herald, were significantly omitted. Of the much-feared "wild men" from the Clyde, only their leader, Mr. Wheatley, a wealthy publisher, was given the innocuous post of Minister of Health, though eight others were subsequently thrown the sop of minor positions. Mr. Pethick Lawrence, the arch exponent of the capital levy, was not only not made Chancellor of the Exchequer, as many Socialists expected, but was left out of the ministry altogether.

The Inclusion of Peers

As for those included, Mr. Philip Snowden, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, is one of the best intellects of the Labor Party—and since he became chancellor he has written and published an article in which he significantly disowns the capital levy as a Socialist proposal at all. Mr. Clynes is a highly respected man whom England would have liked to see leader of the Labor Party in place of Mr. Macdonald. Mr. Sidney Webb is the Fabian Society in person, and Sir Sydney Olivier is another old Fabian. Mr. Thomas was the secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, and to his action in 1921 Great Britain owes it that a politically intended general strike—All Power to the Proletariat as its motto—failed to materialize.

The inclusion of three peers in this first Socialist government caused not a little surprise, naïve, sardonic or angry, according to viewpoint. It is possible that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald put them in for the same reason that the British company promoter tries hard to get the name of a peer upon his prospectus. To a very large proportion of the British pulse the name of a lord is synonymous with gilt-edged security. Of these three peers, Lord Haldane has long been designated as Labor's first Lord Chancellor, though his Socialist views are merely vaguely academic. Lord Chelmsford, totally unsuspected as a Labor minister, is the responsible author of the famous Chelmsford-Montagu Reforms in India, which so far have produced nothing but the weakening of British authority in that country. Lord Parmoor is a Conservative politician, who accepted a Liberal peerage as he now accepts a Socialist ministership, and other than as a distinguished lay churchman is unknown to the public. No one of these three peers is likely to have any real influence over a determinedly Socialist cabinet—should it, improbably, metamorphose itself into that.

Mr. Macdonald's Youth

Whither is Mr. Ramsay Macdonald going to drive this innocuous-looking team? The answer to that depends upon the character of Mr. Macdonald—and the real character of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is an enigma that all England is trying to penetrate. The common and glib pronouncement that he is a Kerensky soon to be replaced by a Lenine may be dismissed at once. He may or may not be replaced by a Lenine, but he certainly is not a mere windbag orator like Kerensky. He is a very capable Scot, cautious, farseeing, stern with his own followers when necessary. In office he may reveal himself in quite a new guise; but on his past record he is a high-minded man, passionately wedded to genuine ideals of a Socialist millennium, but canny in his application of them, though uncompromisingly firm in his adherence when put to the test.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was born in 1866 in the Scotch fishing village of Lossiemouth, and brought up in very poor circumstances by his grandmother. His subsequent career is due to himself alone. He started earning his living as a pupil-teacher in his native village, but soon came to London and found a job as an invoice clerk at an exiguous wage, carrying on with his studies the while. When he was twenty-two he became private secretary to a Gladstonian M. P. Thence he drifted into journalism, and, in association with Keir Hardie, into the Socialist movement. He was one of the earliest members of the Independent Labor Party and its leader in the House of Commons from 1911 to 1914.

A convinced pacifist, his violent hostility to the war measures of the British Government wrecked him with his colleagues, the majority of whom were genuinely patriotic. For the war years he was something like a political pariah, and certainly no Britisher was more execrated by the British public. One of the earliest professed admirers of the Russian revolution, he actually endeavored to set up a soldiers and workmen's soviet, on the Russian model, at Leeds in 1917—with, of course, the hearty good wishes of his country's enemies. As a reward for this he lost his seat in Parliament at the next election and did not return until 1922, when he replaced Mr. Clynes as the leader of the Labor Party.

Whatever his enthusiasm for the Russian Communists in 1917, he subsequently became their bitter opponent in all the obscure Socialist-Communist squabbles at various Continental congresses during the next few years, and he was indefatigable in endeavoring to revive the old Second Internationale in effective opposition to the Third. Failing in this, he was one of the prime movers in establishing the new Labor and Socialist Internationale the one the Bolsheviks call the Two-and-a-Half Internationale—at Hamburg last year. Since this new Internationale expressly pledges its members to the class struggle, it is difficult for the mere bourgeois mind to distinguish any essential difference between it and the one enthroned at Moscow; but as Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is so persistently and bitterly attacked by the Communists the difference must presumably exist. Certainly Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has veered rapidly and outspokenly from the Communist dogma. He is at great pains to assure not only the British public but Socialists generally that what he really believes in is an impereeptible revolution by act of Parliament. Thus, in an Open Letter to a Communist—The Venturer, January, 1921—he proclaimed:

"I, being a modern creature, believe in government rather than revolution or dictatorships."

The trouble is that most of his followers believe in nothing of the sort.

What Will He Do?

What is he going to do, now that he is in power, precarious though that power is? The official Socialists make a great parade of their certainty that their tenure of office will be very short, dependent as it is, constitutionally, on the forbearance of the two other parties in the House of Commons. In fact, a large section of the Labor Party was extremely adverse to taking office at all under those conditions. It would have preferred to wait until there was a real majority behind the party. But since Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was determined to snatch at this opportunity of power, however unsubstantial it might seem, he vitriolically denounced any attempt at wangling the political situation; that is, any combination of Liberals and Conservatives that would keep Labor out—he must have some purpose in his mind. He himself announces that he has come to work, unprovocatively, for the benefit of the unemployed millions, and not to maneuver for a dissolution on an election cry that will give the Socialists their craved-for majority. In short, his first allegiance is to be to the nation and not to his party.

If Mr. Ramsay Macdonald means this, the Labor-Socialist government may well last longer than most people expect. There are many difficult questions of internal economy, such as housing, unemployment and a threatening recrudescence of large-scale labor disputes, which the other parties would gladly give a Labor government the chance of dealing with, so long as that government refrains from introducing such contentious measures as a capital levy, nationalization of mines, railways and land, and other similar Socialist panaceas. And Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has told an American journalist that he considers the time opportune for none of these things.

The more extreme supporters of the new government, however, ridicule the idea that its mission is merely to show the nation with what moderation Socialists can govern—that is, by temporarily forgetting all their own loudly professed principles—and then quietly to resign on the first adverse

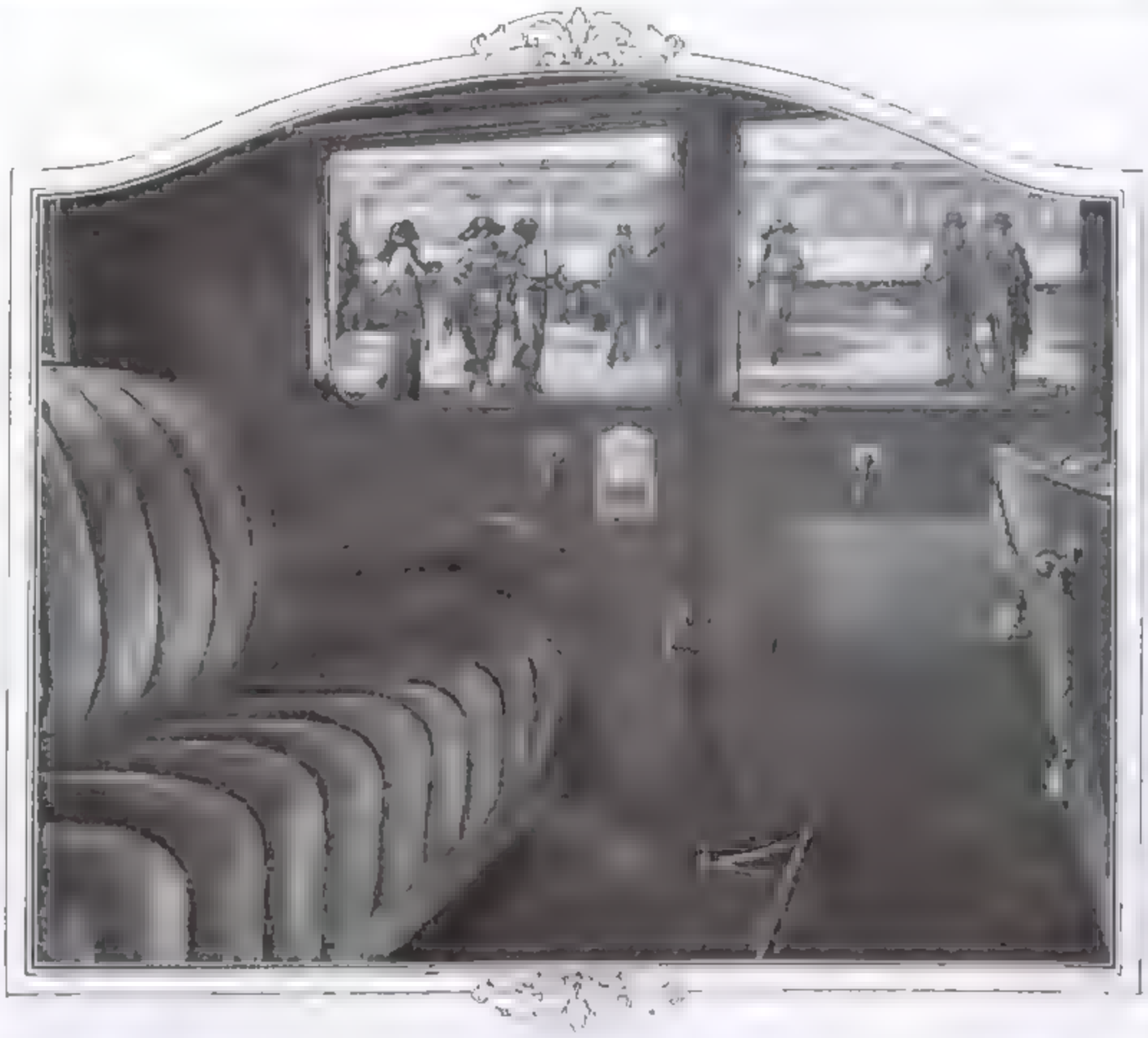
(Continued on Page 225)

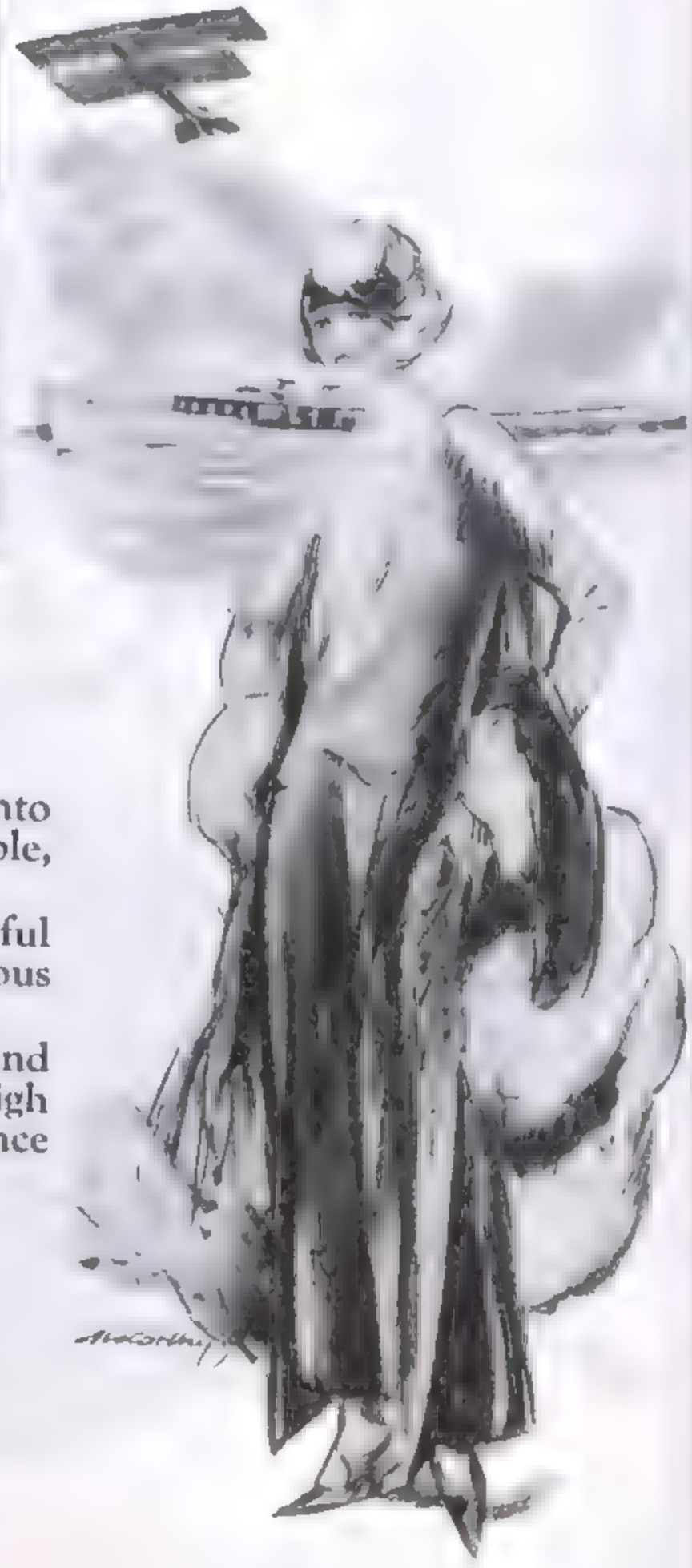
There is a dual advantage in owning an Auto-Lite equipped automobile. To the unquestioned superiority of this electrical system . . . its twelve year record for unsurpassed efficiency and dependability . . . is the added protection to car owners in Auto-Lite's nation-wide service facilities. Expert service stations with genuine Auto-Lite parts dot the map of the United States. This vast service system is part of our unceasing efforts to maintain and protect Auto-Lite's priceless reputation.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
Office and Works: Toledo, Ohio

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition





The Travel Fabric - *that contributes elegance and beauty to the closed car.*

Engine, axles, springs, body—every element that enters into production of the closed car, is of the finest material available, to meet the requirements of modern travel conditions.

That is why manufacturers of cars, noted for their beautiful interiors, use for upholstery Chase VELMO—the luxurious Mohair Velvet.

In its rich variety of patterns and colorings, its sturdiness, and its almost imperishable beauty, Chase VELMO has won high reputation as the Travel Fabric that enhances the appearance of any closed car in which it is used.

L. C. CHASE & CO., Selling Agents, Boston

NEW YORK DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

Write for the Booklet that explains why Chase VELMO upholstery will stand the test of the car itself.

CHASE

Velmo

MADE BY

·SANFORD MILLS·

SANFORD, MAINE

Perfected Mohair Velvet *woven from* Lustrous Angora Fleece

(Continued from Page 222)

vote in Parliament. Something like a censorship has been established over the periodicals under the immediate control of the Government group, and their utterances during the past few weeks have been strangely confused and purposely vague. But the utterances of other Socialist organs not so controlled are explicit enough.

"Real politics have begun," says the editorial page of the Labour Monthly for January. "The struggle for power is here. . . . The object is Power itself, the Power of Government and the State, power to mould the world anew and bring in a Workers' society. . . . Therefore the first need for all of us at the present moment . . . is to unite in support of a Workers' Government and its supremacy first and foremost, and to exert all our forces one and all to fight on its behalf foursquare against the whole capitalist world . . . The formation of a Labour Government itself may be only a stage in the struggle, it will exist only to prepare for the next General Election."

This chimes with the hint given by Mr. Arthur Henderson, the former chief whip of the Labor Party and the new Home Secretary, at the Albert Hall victory gathering.

"Important as was the last election," he said, "no election will stand comparison in its importance with the next election, whether it comes this year, next year or any other year."

The editorial page of the Communist Review for January—where do these organizations get the money for their beautifully produced literature?—is even more explicit:

"At no time have we turned our eyes away from our ultimate Communist objective. Before the election, during the election, and now, while supporting the Labour Party against all the capitalist parties, we always had and have that objective in front of us. Now, as ever, we hold that complete power in the state must pass into the hands of the working class and the working class alone. This . . . is the common heritage of the whole Labour movement. Our guiding principle must always be the workers against the capitalists. On that principle, we are with the Labour Party in taking office."

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald may well pray to be delivered from his embarrassingly candid friends.

It is of interest here to analyze the relationship between the Labor Party and the Communists. The Labor Party—to quote its own official statement, Labour and the Nation, 1923, p. 29—"was formed in 1900 on the basis of an alliance between the Trade-Unions and the Socialist Societies." That is a pleasant euphemism for the capture of trade-unionism by the Socialist societies. These Socialist societies are the Independent Labor Party the predominant partner the Fabian Society, the Social Democratic Federation, the Scottish Labor Party—more extreme than the British—and the Union of Democratic Control vehemently pro-German during the war

A Policy of Reassurance

All these Socialist societies owe allegiance to the new Two-and-a-Half Hamburg International and profess opposition to Moscow. The trade-unions, as trade-unions, have very little power in the party, although they supply the bulk of the funds; the Socialist societies dictate policy. The Communist Party of Great Britain, which owes allegiance to the Moscow Third International and is chiefly supported by subsidies from that center, applied to affiliate itself with the British Parliamentary Labor Party, but, as a party, was refused. Moscow then gave its Communist friends a dispensation of conscience and directed them as individuals to enter the Labor Party and permeate it for ultimate Communist ends. As individuals the British Labor Party accepted them, and twenty-seven at least of its parliamentary candidates were avowed Communists. These, and many more in the other Socialist parties, lurk behind the reassuringly bourgeois façade of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's first government. Will they or will they not capture control of it?

Only the event can show.

The most probable assumption is that the first Labor Socialist government will do nothing very revolutionary in home politics. Its whole purpose is to reassure the nervous British public, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and his immediate followers cling to constitutionalism as the golden road to the economic and social revolution that is their aim. Any highly controversial measure of financial or social import would immediately result in a parliamentary vote of no confidence. It is by no means certain that another election would return them to power; the probability lies the other way. They might, of course under the pressure of the extremists behind them—defiantly refuse to resign; but that would be the end of Socialist constitutionalism and the signal for something like civil war in Great Britain. It is much more likely that it is in foreign policy they will exert a definite influence, for foreign policy in the last decade or so has very largely escaped from the control of the British House of Commons.

Here at the outset we are brought up against the question of the Labor government's relationship to the Hamburg Labor and Socialist Internationale. In my article for the October thirteenth issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I prophesied that before the Labor Party achieved power it would hear a good deal about its connection—then almost unknown in England—with that body It did hear a great deal about it during the election; not so much as it would have done had the country dreamed of the possibility of a Labor government, but enough to make the Labor Party very angry. During the election they pooh-poohed the "absurd idea." But after the election they admitted it.

Germany Favored by Revolutions

"It is certainly true that every affiliated party undertakes to accept the decisions of the Internationale"—Mr. Arthur Henderson, in the nonconformist British Weekly, January 17, 1924, in a symposium contributed by nine Labor leaders to allay the alarms of the British nonconformist public.

The facts are as I gave them in my article. The British Labor Party, then designate as the next British government, in May, 1923, formally relinquished its autonomy in international affairs, by Clause 8 of the constitution to which it then subscribed, to the Labor and Socialist Internationale, in which its voting power is 30 out of 245. In effect, though not nominally, Germany is in a preponderance on that Internationale, and the representation of other countries is derisory. None of their delegates, except the British, is in the least degree likely ever to be able to bind their governments. On Monday, January twenty-eighth, six members of the new British Government, including the Prime Minister, announced their resignation from executive posts in the Internationale, not because they severed their connection with it, but because the constitution of the Internationale makes such resignation automatically operative when any member of the executive "joins a government"—Clause 15. This does not imply that the British Labor Government has recovered its independence; the British Labor Party, which forms that government, is still expressly bound. It is a point on which it is certain to be fiercely attacked when Parliament reassembles; the British nation is not in the least likely to permit its foreign policy to be dictated for it by a couple of hundred obscure alien Socialists without angry protest.

In the meanwhile, what is the probable foreign policy of a Labor government in collusion with this Internationale whose supremacy it admits? It is a curious fact, which must have struck every student of the international Socialist-Communist movement from the first French Revolution to the present day, that it has always operated to the advantage of Germany and the disadvantage of France. In the first French Revolution, the triumph of the revolutionaries, heavily subsidized—6,000,000 *écus* in 1791—as they were from the secret funds of Prussia, broke the alliance between France and Austria, which was the first obstacle to be overcome before Prussia could emerge as a world power. The revolution of 1848, though Germany herself temporarily caught the contagion, paralyzed any French protest at the Zollverein then inaugurated as a prelude to the German Empire under Prussia. The Commune of 1871 went far to complete the Prussian victory in the war then just finished. In the Great War, Socialists, Communists and pacifists the world over were almost unanimous in siding with the empire of blood and iron in its bid for the

A Tom Wye Under Your Raincoat

Just the thing for raw, drizzly days. On and off in a jiffy. Tom Wye gives you just the extra warmth you need.

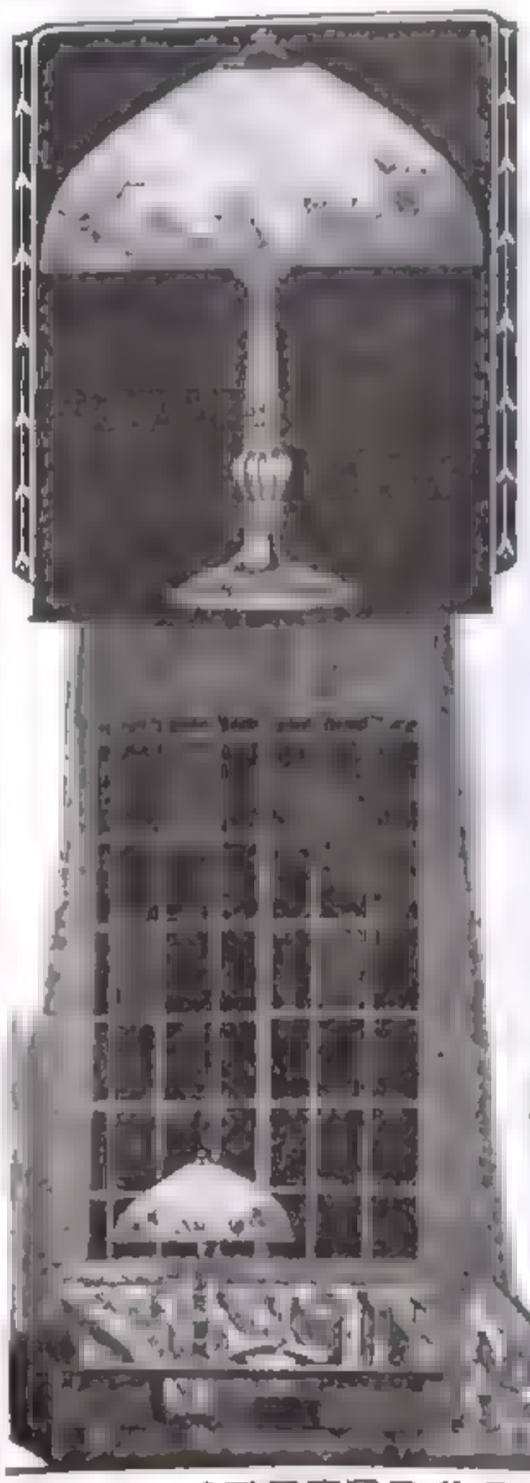
No "stuffy" feeling, either. Tom Wye fits snug and free, without bunching or bulging.

Two and four pocket Tom Wye Knit Jackets in a wide range of handsome colors and combinations. Look for the Tom Wye Label.

Made by

TOM WYE, Inc.
Winchendon, Mass.

Tom Wye
KNIT JACKET



JEFFERSON LAMPS *and their Individuality*

Jefferson Lamps are not mere pieces of furniture—they are the evolution of ideas into actual articles by craftsmen to whom painting and glass-working and metal-working are traditional arts.

There are many interesting features in each lamp that provide a source of constant pleasure and add greatly to the artistic charm of each Jefferson creation.

Jefferson Lamps therefore are inherently individual—and your dealer has one lamp at least *that expresses your own individuality*, for every nook and cranny of your home—for every sun-lit and lamp-lit hour of life.

Our little catalog-folder was prepared expressly to picture to you in actual colors the individuality of Jefferson Lamps—a brief note or the appended coupon will bring your copy

THE JEFFERSON COMPANY, Follansbee, West Virginia

Name

Street Address

City

Dealer's Name

THE JEFFERSON COMPANY Follansbee West Virginia

A Ford Fore Door in 30 Minutes

30 minutes, if you do the job yourself—less time if you have a skilled mechanic

Then, Mr. Ford Owner, instead of wriggling out from under the steering wheel like a contortionist, or scrambling over your friends in the front seat—you simply open the door of your Ford Touring Car or Roadster and *step out* just like any one does in a high priced car.

Built of the same material as the Ford Body, the Ford Fore Door matches the body exactly, fits as though it were factory hung, and lasts until the old boat falls apart.

Complete with flanged frame and latch for $9.50, at your dealer's, or shipped prepaid upon receipt of certified check or money order, with complete "foolproof" instructions for installing.

Dealers: Write for our "Live Dealer Proposition." It will mean money for you—Don't delay.

FORD FORE DOOR

"Step out" FORD FORE DOOR "in Front"

WADE-FREEMAN MFG. CO. 705 WEDGLWOOD AVE.
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Play Safe and Cool—in ZEPHERIZED *Underwear*

Be Comfortable, Cool and Safe this Summer

When you work and when you play in hot weather, you will be a great deal more comfortable if you wear ZEPHERIZED Knit Underwear.

ZEPHERIZED describes *light weight bleached* knit underwear, featured this year by a hundred manufacturers who know it is ideal for warm weather. It is *cooler, absorbs* perspiration more rapidly—permits quicker evaporation—allows free ventilation of the skin, yet protects the body from sudden chill—is very elastic and gives freely with every movement.

Made in silk, linen, cotton and mixtures, in every style—union and two-piece suits—for men, women and children.

Send for "First Principles of Underwear", a booklet every person with a proper regard for health should read. Address Roy A. Cheney, Sec'y, 6s Fifth Avenue, New York City.

WEAR Knit UNDERWEAR

MORE THAN 90,000 Retailers will be featuring ZEPHERIZED Underwear in counter and window displays the Week of April 6—13

ASSOCIATED KNIT UNDERWEAR MANUFACTURERS OF AMERICA

An Association of Knit Underwear Manufacturers representing 75 per cent of the output of Knit Underwear in the United States.

hegemony of the world. And since the German defeat those same Socialists have been indefatigable in their attacks upon the Treaty of Versailles, which was the consequence. Without expressing any opinion as to the righteousness of that treaty, one wonders whether, if Germany had won, they would have been so solicitous for the fate of the vanquished nations.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's first act after the election, while already premier designate, but not yet in office, was to give an interview to the French radical daily Le Quotidien, in which he significantly said:

"To speak frankly, France is irritating our people, who are wondering in all sincerity whether England will not find herself under the necessity of undertaking new military measures and seeking new alliances. The British nation is in a state of exasperation which must be taken into account." He hastened to attentuate this by his next sentence: "My personal conviction is that our two nations are animated by a deep feeling of amity for one another, and that the dangerous clouds which are forming today between them are the result of a complete misunderstanding regarding their real needs and desires."

Labor's Candid Friends

His next act, immediately upon becoming premier, was to send a private letter to M. Poincaré, to which M. Poincaré replied by a similarly private letter. These letters have subsequently been published, and the editorial comment of the Daily Herald, the Labor government's own closely controlled newspaper, upon them is as follows:

"Now we have a Prime Minister who very clearly understands the situation, and is determined to make it better. If anyone can induce M. Poincaré to see things as they are it is Mr. Macdonald. He has already begun on this task. There is little in the letter he wrote on taking office beyond politeness. There is, however, a timely reminder that the people of this country are by no means in accord with French policy. It is time this should be made plain in Paris. The belief persists there that British public opinion is favourable to 'keeping Germany down.'

"M. Poincaré is accustomed by now to exchanging this kind of salute with British Prime Ministers. It is the same sort of formality as that which fencers observe before they begin. But no one must be misled by the courteous phrases used and the anxiety expressed about the Entente. These are 'common form.'

"We wish we could regard M. Poincaré's letter as an indication that his eyes have been opened. To do that would be to attach to ceremonial expressions an excessive value. At any rate, 'salutes' have been exchanged gracefully. Now to work!"

Thus the Daily Herald; but at the present time, as always, the best guide to prophecy is to be found in the utterances of the Labor Government's own candid friends.

"We want no highfalutin nonsense about the Labour Government being the 'friends of France,'" says the editorial of the January Communist Review. "Millions throughout Europe are looking to a Labour Government to scrap the Versailles Treaty. Will Mr. Macdonald do it?"

The editorial of the January Labour Monthly talks of a possible war with France, and generally in the Labor press the idea of an Anglo-German-Russian alliance against France is mooted.

What do the British people think of all this? Mr. Ramsay Macdonald decidedly overstated his case when he said the British nation was in a state of exasperation against France. To the great mass of the British people at the present time any idea of fighting side by side with Germany against France is simply unthinkable. The psychological impress of the war still remains. France is still the friend, and Germany an enemy that deserves outlawry for her crimes.

Undoubtedly, quite apart from the Socialists, a section of the more instructed minority is becoming increasingly nervous at the military preponderance of France in Europe, and the fact has been reflected in British foreign policy for the past two years. They see France more powerful than she has been since Napoleon I, with a ring of armed states in her pay, in addition to military supremacy unchallenged upon the Continent. If France can make her grip upon the Ruhr economically effective they see her adding the coke of that region to the ore of Lorraine and becoming far and away the greatest steel-producing country in Europe. They see French policy steadily crossing British policy in the Near East and everywhere that the sympathy of the Mohammedan races is in question. Undoubtedly, in the course of time, if France and Great Britain continue upon their present courses, the two countries will be brought very close to war.

But public opinion in England is by no means ready for any such catastrophe; in fact, the majority of Britishers are in total ignorance that French policy is at all in conflict with British interests. They are heartily in sympathy with the French invasion of the Ruhr. When the pro-German pacifists of the Labor Party talk about "the exasperation of the British people with France" they are making their usual mistake of confounding the opinions of the British masses with their own. As an axiom, it may be taken that they are usually in direct antithesis. This will not prevent the Labor government, with the good will of the Liberals and a section of the Conservatives, from putting all possible pressure on France to release her strangle hold on Germany.

And here Mr. Ramsay Macdonald will at once find himself in an awkward dilemma. At the present time France shrugs her shoulders more or less politely at British protests and tranquilly pursues her plans—because she knows Great Britain is utterly unable to take military action. A war between England and France would be, in the first instance, an air war; and France can mobilize from ten to fifteen times the number of the fighting airplane squadrons available to England. Before Great Britain could re-create her military forces, her capital and her munition centers would be bombed out of existence.

Military Exigencies

Now Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, with the idealists of his party behind him, has always been the great apostle of disarmament. If he really means—as the International Socialist forces behind him are determined that he shall—to compel France to relax her grip upon Germany, he will be under the first necessity of giving a sensational increase to the British air forces. Personally, I confidently expect to see that increase; but in so doing he will antagonize all those idealists who are a very important section of the Labor Party and who are already planning all sorts of social schemes at the expense of the fighting forces.

The *de-jure* recognition of the Russian Soviet Government—curiously enough, the news of Lenine's death arrived just as the British Socialists stepped into power—is an integral part of the International Socialist plan to unite Britain, Germany and Russia against France. But one may doubt whether this recognition, very cautious and ambiguous in some of its clauses, has more than an academic significance. The removal of the figurehead of Lenine almost certainly plunges Russia once more into the melting pot, while Alexander's lieutenants quarrel with one another for his empire. The Communists scream victory at the recognition, but Britain, Italy and perhaps France had already decided upon the step. The fact that Russia is beginning once again to export wheat is sufficient reason for it.

It is with regard to Egypt and India that a Labor-Socialist government is going to meet its worst troubles—and at once. Over and over again, the Labor Party has reiterated officially that it stands for the complete independence of Egypt and India. As far as Egypt is concerned, Great Britain long ago granted technical independence to Egypt under an Egyptian king, and has rapidly denuded the country of the British officials who, from 1882 to 1914, lifted the Egyptian fellahin to a condition of prosperity and happiness unknown in all Egypt's thousands of years of history. The British interest in Egypt has virtually been limited to the defense of the Suez Canal, the spinal cord of the British Empire, for which purpose military garrisons are maintained at Cairo and other strategic points—one cannot defend a canal or river by merely stationing sentries all along its banks. A democratic constitution, with a suffrage on European lines, was presented to the country and Egypt was told to work out her own destiny.

The result has been to reëstablish a very close imitation of that pasha misrule which

(Continued on Page 229)

A revolutionary new electric plant for homes, camps, resorts, ships, farms, etc.

A smaller Kohler Automatic—no storage batteries; 110-volt—for only

$435

Easy payments if you like

No experience with ordinary plants, no preconceived ideas, can prepare you for the ability of the Kohler Automatic to give better light, do more work, and cause less trouble and expense. Kohler Automatic owners are living in a new electrical era.

* * *

Now there is a smaller Kohler Automatic Power and Light Plant of 800-watt capacity, the ideal size for hundreds of thousands of users. It possesses the identical exclusive advantages that have made the larger Kohler Automatic plants their reputation as the finest small independent current units in the world.

These advantages are based upon a revolutionary difference *in principle*, a difference which sharply distinguishes the Kohler Automatic from all ordinary lighting plants.

The Kohler Automatic has dispensed with the storage battery. (For automatic operation there is a small, automobile-type *starting* battery—that is all.) It delivers current, without waste, direct from the generator to the job. It reduces upkeep, care and cost to their minimum.

It generates 110-volt current. That is city-standard. It means that you can use standard lamps and appliances; that you can easily carry current long distances and light all your buildings.

It is automatic exactly as city electricity is automatic. A finger's pressure—anywhere, any time—sets the current flowing.

It gives brilliant, steady light. It is a power plant, too, delivering up to its full rated capacity. It can run day and night, month after month, under full load.

These things are revolutionary. Kohler Automatic owners know that they can do things that would be impossible with any other plant. Every day they are finding new uses for which the Kohler Automatic alone is perfectly adapted.

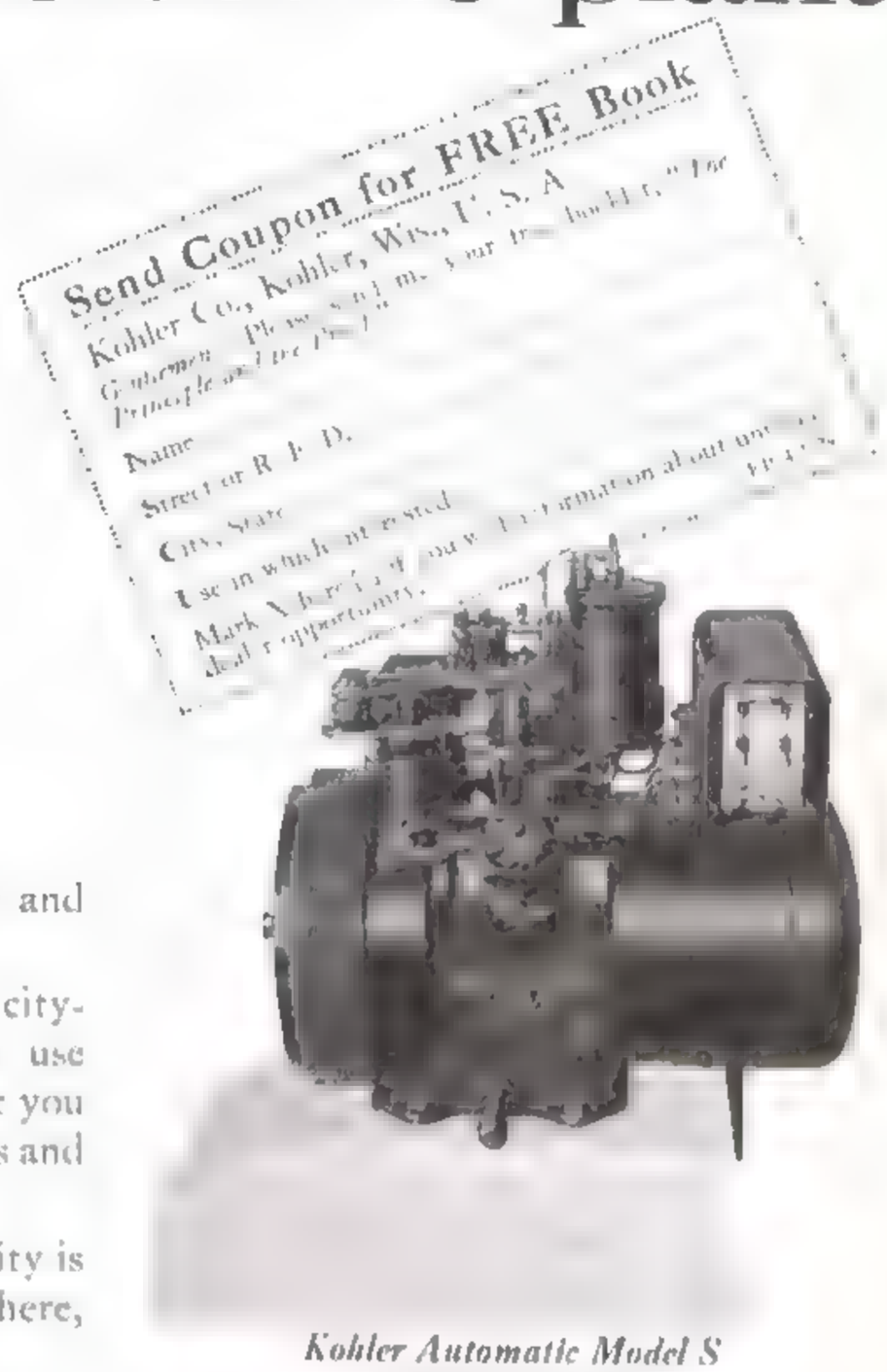
With Kohler power and light plants ranging in capacity from 800 to 2500 watts and in price from $360 to $795, there is a plant for every need.

Where Kohler Automatics are Serving

Country Homes	Farms and Ranches	Ships, Barges, etc.
Summer Homes	Churches, Schools	Motion Pictures
Summer Camps	Country Stores	Contracting
Resort Hotels	Garages, Filling Stations	Factories
Sanitariums	Mines	For Portable Current Supply
Amusement Parks	Lumber Camps	

For Auxiliary Emergency Duty
(when regular current fails)

Hospitals	Motion Pictures	Theatres
Hotels	Factories	Ships (radio)



Kohler Automatic Model S
Capacity, 800 Watts

Send for this valuable and informative lighting plant booklet—
"The Principle and the Proof"

This booklet gives an astonishing mass of evidence of Kohler Automatic reliability and efficiency. First-hand testimony from users, told in their own words, furnishes the convincing proof of actual performance.

You must send for this booklet. You must investigate the Kohler Automatic if you want to enjoy every comfort, convenience, economy, and security that electricity can give. The coupon above will bring you full particulars.

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wisconsin
Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wisconsin
MANUFACTURERS OF KOHLER ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE

Branch Offices and Showrooms:

ATLANTA, GA. ..... 84 North Peter Street
BOSTON, MASS. ..... Commercial Street
CHICAGO, ILL. ..... 35 Central Park
DETROIT, MICH. ..... Parker Street
HOUSTON, TEXAS ..... 1401 Texas Avenue
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. ..... 1401 North Delaware Street
KANSAS CITY, MO. ..... 1 West 10th Street
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. ..... 28 8th Street South
NEW YORK, N. Y. ..... 20 West 30th Street
NORFOLK, VA. ..... 8 Brambly Street
OMAHA, NEB. ..... 1121 Farnam Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA. ..... 1328 Walnut Street
PITTSBURGH, PA. ..... 1311 Penn Avenue
ST. LOUIS, MO. ..... 214 North Fourth Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. ..... 44 Second Street
SEATTLE, WASH. ..... 1220 Western Avenue
LONDON, ENGLAND ..... 139 High Holborn

KOHLER OF KOHLER
AUTOMATIC POWER & LIGHT

NO STORAGE BATTERIES · 110 VOLT D. C.

A Remarkable New Tire Pump

Here is a tire-pump that does what a pump *ought* to do! The Arvin Tire Pump relieves those inevitable and dreaded moments when a flat-tire has needlessly sacrificed your time, comfort and temper—all for the lack of a pump that would do what it *should*.

Arvin sets a new standard in pump design and efficiency. Bigger than you'll probably expect—and more powerful. The *king of pumps*—a veritable air-station! Makes a mere incident of tire-inflation and quickly sends you on your way, rejoicing!

You can't *prevent* these emergencies—but you can be *ready* for them with this big, new Arvin. When you need air, you need it on the spot—and you want it "quick and easy." That's Arvin!

Arvin agrees to serve you with new ease, comfort and dispatch for 5 long years, at less than 7 cents a month. Always ready, *when* you need it and *where* you need it! Take an Arvin away from your dealer today. Be protected!

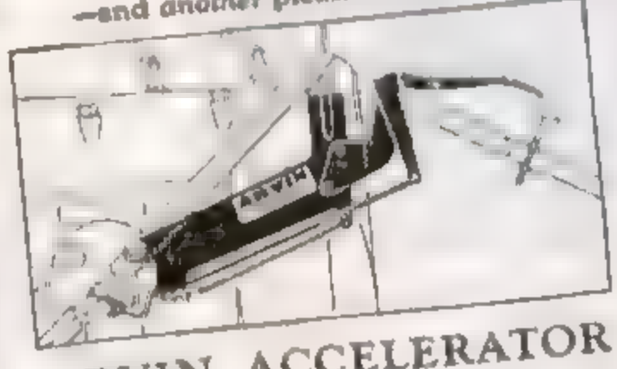
INDIANAPOLIS PUMP & TUBE CO.

Factory and Office at Greenwood

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

ARVIN Tire Pump

—and another pleasant surprise!



ARVIN ACCELERATOR for FORD CARS

The Arvin Accelerator comes *completely assembled*, so you can install it easily and quickly. It does not interfere in any way with removal of foot boards or floor covering of the car. The foot control is designed to give proper leverage—making the Arvin work easily and feed smoothly regardless of road conditions. One style fits all Ford cars and carburetors. A sturdy pedestal foot rest and instructions for installing are packed in each box.

At All Dealers'.....$1.75

(Slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada)

also

The ARVIN HEATER for

Ford Chevrolet Overland Dodge Maxwell

Here *Is* a Pump!

1. Big, comfortable handle with easy, positive grip.
2. Barrel "thigh-high"—a back-saving improvement.
3. Thirty-inch hose reaches tire valve at any position.
4. Sturdy foot-grip assures steadiness while pumping.

ARVIN is unconditionally guaranteed for five years.

At All Dealers', $4

Slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada

(Continued from Page 226)

was the direct cause of the Arabi Pasha rebellion in 1882 and the original entry of Great Britain into the country. A great fight for the privilege of despoiling the wretched peasantry is in progress between the pashas, in close alliance with the palace—as King Fuad's administration is now—and a turbulent Nationalist student intelligentzia, intoxicated with the democracy which—as applied to Egypt they interpret as innumerable bureaucratic jobs for themselves.

Now almost simultaneously with the arrival of the Labor-Socialist government in London, the Zaghlulists swept the country at a general election in Egypt—and Zaghlul's first demand to his old friends in London is for that complete independence which means nothing else than the abandonment of British military defense of the Suez Canal. What is the Labor government going to do about it?

Problems That Cry for Solution

With regard to India, that seething caldron of primitive millions to which the principle of self-government had already, wisely or not, been granted by Britain, the position is similar—if not worse. With the weakening of British authority, for the past ten years India has been propaganda ridden by native revolutionary elements supported and subsidized first by German and then Russian agents, and honeycombed with every variety of subversive conspiracy. The motives behind it all are extremely varied, but one aim is common to all of them—the driving of the last Britisher from India. What is Mr. Ramsay Macdonald going to do about it?

Here we have a gleam of light that illuminates not a little of the probable future course of this new Labor government in other respects besides India. On the eve of taking office Mr. Ramsay Macdonald telegraphed a message to India which—received in stony silence by his own party—ran not a little dashed the hopes of the Indian subversives. The significant paragraphs of this somewhat long message are these:

I can see no hope in India if it becomes a arena between constitutionalism and violence. No party in Great Britain will be cowed by threats of force or by policies designed to bring government to a standstill, and if any sections in India are under the delusion that that is not so, events will very sadly disappoint them.

I would urge upon all the best friends of India to come nearer to us rather than to stand apart from us, to get at our reason and our good will. I deplore the evidence of a backward spirit in some sections here, but let no one misread causes and effects.

This is a direct declaration that the British Labor Government does not intend to march the British out of India, as so many enthusiastically carried British Socialist resolutions have led the Indians to believe. The responsibility of office has a wonderful sobering effect. As a matter of fact, apart from the question of prestige, the loss of India would be an economic disaster to Great Britain. Despite all the boycott movements, India is still Britain's best customer and the mainstay of the British cotton-spinning industry. A Labor Government that plunged Lancashire into misery would be self-exhibited as a very unsatisfactory friend of the people. In addition to the specific importance of this message to the Indian people or rather the Indian agitators it has a very much wider significance. It denotes a distinct move to the right on the part of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and may well be an indication of the general policy of the new government under which he presides.

If this is so he can count upon the most bitter and virulent attacks from the entire Socialist-Communist movement of Great Britain, and not long will he remain Prime Minister. What then would be the course of events? Would the government pass to the other parties, or would the extremists of his own party gain control and hang on to power even in the face of an adverse vote of that Parliament which, as revolutionaries imbued with the doctrine of the dictatorship of the proletariat, they despise? At present it is impossible to make even the vaguest prediction.

But one thing is certain. No revolutionary party is going to have a bloodless victory in England. Generally speaking, in the few weeks before the first Labor-Socialist government of Great Britain really commences to function, British public opinion is calm and confident. It believes that the Socialist government will be impotent to do any harm, and may—in many domestic matters—do a considerable amount of good. Many vested abuses were firmly intrenched in the two older political parties. But the British public is not taking any risks with the Communists.

When I wrote my article of October thirteenth I said, correctly, that the Fascist movement did not as yet exist in Britain. In the last couple of months, since the danger has come nearer, at least two Fascist movements have been formed and are rapidly growing. Neither of these movements has in any way advertised itself—the capitalist press never mentions them—or appealed for recruits, and neither has a Mussolini personality at the head of it. They are, both of them, spontaneous associations of all classes of Britishers, from peers to workmen, who are determined—just as were the Italian Fascisti—that the collective suicidal mania of the Communists shall not be allowed to stampede their country into ruin.

It is not proposed, I believe, in either of these movements to make a public appeal for support until the danger shall be plainly apparent; but in the meantime the headquarters staffs of both of them—and both are even stronger in the provinces than in London—are overwhelmed with the rush of unsolicited new members that present themselves daily. One of these organizations, with which I happen to have come into personal contact, was recently the subject of a hostile article in the Labor government's own newspaper, the Daily Herald, which was grotesquely inaccurate in every detail save that the address in London of one of the members was correctly given. That article brought in 1500 applications for membership by mail next day from people who were anxious to join such a movement but did not know where to apply.

A Fascist movement is the one thing the British Socialists are really afraid of. Parliament they regard, I think mistakenly, as an instrument they can use, or, being in control of the administration, ignore at their choice. But an organized movement on the part of the middle classes to defend, by force if need be, the state against the disruptive forces that have devastated Russia fills them with acute alarm. The article in the Daily Herald was written to justify counter measures, and in fact a militant anti-Fascist organization has been started.

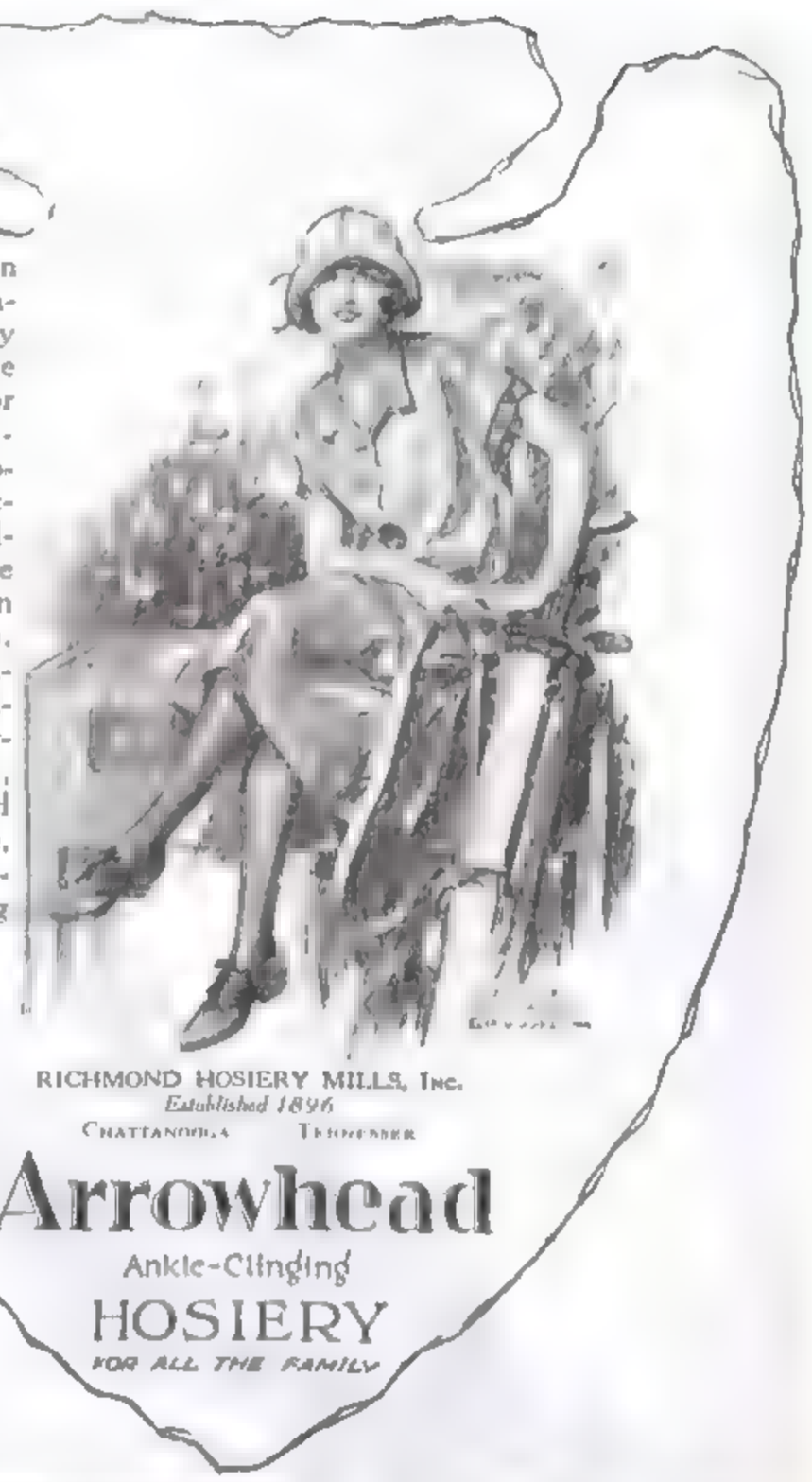
Peering Into the Future

"In Fascism," begins an article in the Labour Monthly for August, 1923, "the proletariat is confronted by an extraordinarily dangerous enemy." And the article ends with the words: "Only by instilling class consciousness into the soul of every worker will we succeed in preparing also for the military overthrow of Fascism, which . . . is absolutely necessary. If we succeed in this, we may be sure that it is all up with the capitalist system and with the bourgeois power."

That, I think, correctly represents the Socialist attitude.

By the time this article is printed the curtain will have gone up again on the British parliamentary stage and what is probably the prologue to a new epoch in British political history will be in full action. No one can prophesy what will happen. But it may be taken as a certainty that should the extreme Socialists get power into their hands they will infallibly prepare a Fascist reaction in England which, as in Italy, will drive them out of sight, and the nineteenth-century political theory of democracy will suffer a further eclipse. What is much more probable is that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's government will sink its a priori theories and do its best to govern in the best interests of the nation; that Mr. Macdonald will be accused of being a bourgeois reactionary by his own side and find himself thrown over; and that in the next election the Socialists will be hopelessly outvoted by a general combination against them. That is the probability.

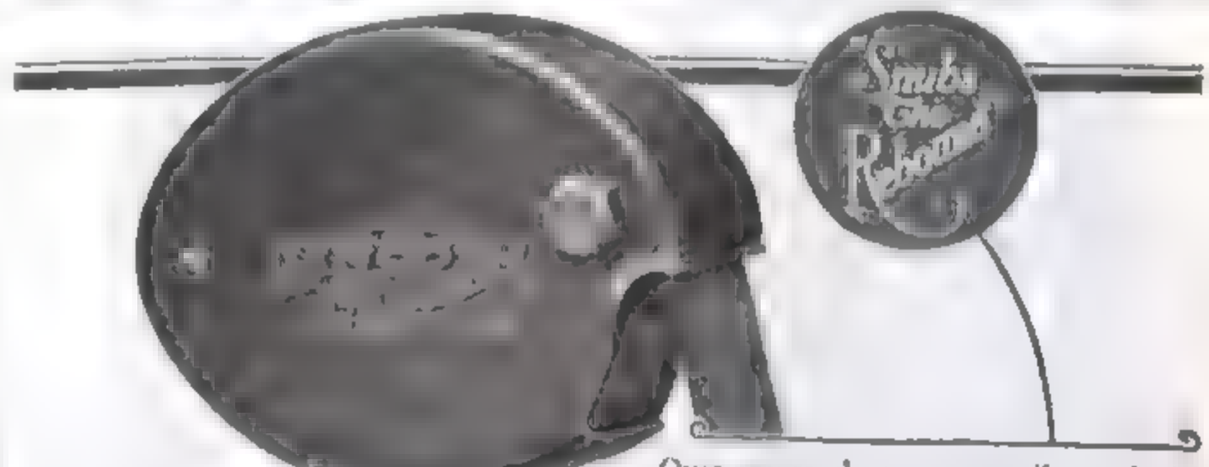
But forces beyond calculation are being released. The European atmosphere is electrically charged with storm. Its focus has been shifted to that British House of Commons where a government vaunting its freedom from all ancient tradition sits in office. To what happens there in the next few months no nation in the world can remain indifferent.



THE possession of trim, youthful ankles is largely a matter of choice—of asking for Arrowhead Ankle-Clinging Hosiery with its acknowledged ability to enhance nature's own graceful lines. Ask for "Pocahontas"—a stocking of shimmering, pure silk, with mercerized top, heel and toe, notable for unusual wearing qualities.

RICHMOND HOSIERY MILLS, Inc.
Established 1896
Chattanooga Tennessee

Arrowhead
Ankle-Clinging
HOSIERY
FOR ALL THE FAMILY



Over any road—your car will travel with remarkable smoothness after you put on fast-acting Lincoln Shock Absorbers. They snub the rebounds, reduce vibration, save wear and tear on your motor and prevent rattles developing in your car's body.

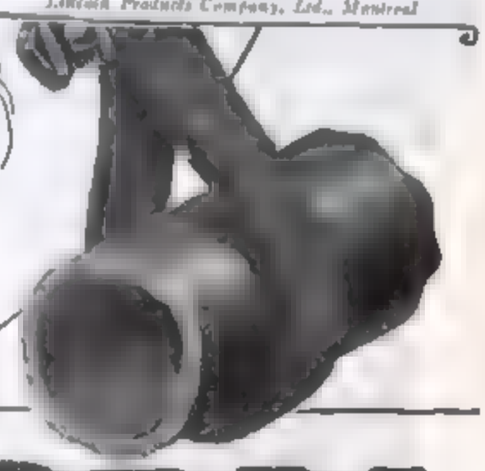
DEALERS. *The Lincoln Department Plan has been evolved to aid you in giving better service and securing bigger sales. Write us for name of jobber who distributes Lincolns in your territory.*

For All Cars—$15 to $36 per Set of Four

LINCOLN PRODUCTS COMPANY
2649-59 North Kildare Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Factory
Lincoln Products Company, Ltd., Montreal

Smooth Vibrationless Flight

For the Utmost Riding Comfort
USE



LINCOLN
SHOCK ABSORBERS

Korrect Shape
TRADE MARK
THE BURT and PACKARD
"Korrect Shape"
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK STAMPED ON SOLE
Styles for all occasions, with the comfort you need all the time in "Korrect Shape" shoes.
"They Have That Look"
combined with the foot comfort that results from building them over exclusive "Korrect Shape" lasts embodying "Korrect Shape" principles which are molded in.
$10
for most styles
"Korrect Shape" shoes fit, hold and support the feet—in style!
All Korrect Shape" Shoes
on lasts under
-ton pres-
Field & Flint Co.
Brockton, Mass
Send for booklet and name of dealer
Trim-Toe Last

BLACK & DECKER
QUARTER-INCH
PORTABLE ELECTRIC DRILL
"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"
Now $28
The Black & Decker Quarter-Inch Drill was $65 a year and a half ago. It is now only $28. In this case American Quantity Production Methods have saved you $37.
"The Drill of a Thousand Uses" ranging from production and maintenance work in large factories to the home mechanic and radio builder.
Carried in stock by the leading Mill Supply, Machinery, Electrical, Hardware and Automotive jobbers.
Bench Drill Stand $12 (Without Drill). Drill and Stand Complete $40
THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MD.

THE BLACK GOLCONDA

(Continued from Page 13)

El Segundo. Its sea of 3,000,000 barrels of fuel oil was grim, black, almost terrifying. Steel tanks range in capacity from 35,000 barrels to a maximum of 175,000 barrels. The average tank holds 55,000 barrels.

Oil is piped from the wells through pipe lines to field storage and tank farms, which are usually adjacent to the refineries. The Southern California output, which forms the bulk of the production, is now largely so-called high-gravity oil and therefore of high volatility. The higher the specific gravity of crude the greater its gasoline content. In order to prevent loss by evaporation oil is generally put through the refining processes at once. The lighter products—gasoline and distillates—are removed and stored in steel tanks, where the evaporation is relatively small. The residuum of low volatility is sent to the concrete reservoirs. It is necessary to build approximately one barrel of steel tankage for the light products to every two or three barrels of the heavier products. Steel-storage cost is, of course, much higher than reservoir storage. One detail of oil transport in California is distinct in that the heavier grade, being very viscous, must be heated in order to pass it through the pipe lines. This procedure is not necessary in the fields east of the Rocky Mountains.

But all this wealth of resource and faculty does not guarantee oil. As I pointed out in the preceding article, and it is well worth emphasizing again, oil is the most fugitive and capricious of all minerals. California's good fortune is that, thanks to the immemorial upheavals and processes of Nature, she happens to overlie immense reservoirs of the most precious, perhaps, of all existing raw materials.

The story of the California oil fields of today is really the record of the big companies that dominate the situation. Each great organization has pioneered in one or more areas. The Standard of California, for example, not only opened up the Montebello field in Los Angeles County, wrested Wheeler Ridge from aridity, got the initial commercial production in Elk Hills, but launched Huntington Beach. In the same way the Union Oil Company uncovered the rich crude in Richfield and later discovered the Santa Fé Springs domain. Signal Hill owes its amazing exploitation to the tenacity of the Shell Oil Company of California. The Pacific Oil group, including the Associated, led the way in sections of its own particular domain—the San Joaquin Valley. Thus the impress of a specific corporation or personality attaches to nearly every big producing section.

Selling to the Consumer

First among the California oil producers, both in the wealth of resource and extent of output—it brings in more than one-quarter of the whole state supply—is the Standard of California. In the roster of the so-called Standard group it is surpassed only in prestige by the Standard of New Jersey and the Standard of New York.

Like most of the other outstanding oil corporations of the United States, the Standard of California represents an evolution from obscure beginnings. The history of the company goes back to 1879, when McPherson and Felton, two of the pioneers, organized the Pacific Coast Oil Company to drill wells in the Pico Cañon, where California oil development really began. This company was acquired by the old Standard in 1900, and since the dissolution of 1911 has operated on its own. The complete story of the Standard of California, however, will be told in a subsequent article in this series which will deal with all the Standard interests. Therefore, it will only be necessary just now to fit the company into the bigger California scheme of oil.

A few distinctive features of the Standard, however, must be outlined, and particularly those that touch or affect the general consumer. Every motor-car owner, whether he drives his little flivver or sits behind the chauffeur in a costly limousine, knows the value of the service station where he replenishes his fuel supply. This national institution, for such it is, owes its origin to the Standard of California, and in this wise:

The forerunner of the service station was the garage whose owner bought gasoline wholesale from the big company at a certain price, with a discount, and often added what he pleased to the retail rate. A situation that aggravated this condition existed in Seattle, where one of the large California companies had tied up most of the garage owners with yearly contracts with the result that the retailers of gasoline were charging prohibitive rates.

The Standard had the inspiration to sell direct to the consumer and opened its own retail establishment. This is generally accepted to be the origin of the thousands upon thousands of service stations that dot the whole United States.

Speaking of service stations reminds me that in no state perhaps are there quite so many as in California. Inside, and within hailing distance of the big communities, especially in the south, you cannot throw a stone without striking one. The prestige of Los Angeles as an oil capital is only matched by her preëminence as prolific mother of service stations. At scores of intersections there is one on each corner. Competition has reached the point where the English language is strained to the utmost to meet the situation.

I saw one sign which read, We Sell Hi-Gasoline Here.

It is natural that Los Angeles should head the roster of service stations. Perhaps nowhere in the world, not even in Detroit, has there been such a phenomenal increase in the number of motor cars. From 8415 in 1913, there was an advance to a total of 200,000 up to last year. With a total registration of 1,093,669 automobiles and trucks throughout the state, you have practically the same automotive average for the entire commonwealth.

Self-Made Oil Barons

To return to the Standard, let me indicate a second detail worthy of note. It lies in the fact that every one of its directors, and this list includes the highest in office, rose from the ranks. K. R. Kingsbury, the president, is conspicuous in this respect in that he has been successively stower, pipeline checker, timekeeper, gauger, foreman, salesman, vice president, and finally elected president at forty-three. This achievement in oil has only been duplicated by Walter C. Teagle, who was made president of the Standard of New Jersey when he was thirty-nine.

A third innovation fostered by the Standard, which has been adopted by all the other leading California companies, is in the improvement of working and living conditions. In a state where some of the oil fields are on the edge of a paradise of sunshine, fruit and flowers, it is natural that such an experiment should be made. These happy hunting grounds for oil, so far as environment is concerned, are the exception and not the rule; but even in the desert and other isolated areas great changes have been made. They are an essential part of the story of California petroleum, because the oil worker is, when all is said and done, the prop of the industry.

In the old days in California, as elsewhere, the oil camp was not to the traditional mining camp after a big strike, in that it was wild and often as unsanitary as it was unmoral. In the rush for wealth the primeval instinct asserts itself and man is brutal and unashamed. Oil is an aesthetic article to work with. Moreover, oil production is unceasing once the well is brought in. The crude flows or is pumped every hour of the twenty-four. The machine must be geared up incessantly to a high pressure and the field is the scene of continuous activity. No other industry presents such a spectacle of eternal effort to garner the output.

It is only in comparatively recent years that there was any thought of the comfort of the employes. Today the California camps have hospitals, dormitories and recreation halls interspersed with gardens of flowers, fruit and vegetables.

Once the average employe had no interest in his company save what was contained in his pay envelope. Now an employe of one year's service is permitted to set aside up to 20 per cent of his pay each month for the purchase of stock. In the case of the Standard, as with other companies of the Standard group, for each dollar so set aside the company adds fifty cents as a bonus to encourage thrift and to induce participation in the plan. The combined total is placed in the hands of trustees who purchase stock

(Continued on Page 233)

Wayne's Newest—America's Finest

Visible Pump

The striking appearance of this handsome new Wayne Pump is but one of its many superior features. Its greater accuracy, speed and operating economy are as far ahead of ordinary pumps as its beauty.

It is a distinct Wayne triumph—a worthy companion to the famous Wayne Pumps that have already held the approval of filling station operators and the motoring public.

Model 490 is a 10-gallon visible dispenser operated by the new Wayne air pressure system which possesses many distinct advantages over other methods of power operation.

1 Operates by air pressure from tire filling compressor tank.

2 Saves extra motor and pump.

3 Continuous service is possible in spite of motor breakdown or current stoppage as the storage capacity of the average air compressor tank will dispense over 200 gallons.

4 No motor in base of pump, avoiding all danger of fire from this source.

5 Uses less electric current than any other type of power operated pump. Average cost less than 3 cents per 1000 gallons.

Thus you see that this newest Wayne Pump adds great economy to its many other desirable qualities.

Like all other Wayne Pumps, Model 490 is built to meet every requirement of Safety Engineers and Weights and Measures Officials. Fully guaranteed and backed by a company of thirty years' experience and world-wide distribution.

To Oil Men: By all means see this pump before you buy. It is the most economical to buy and to operate—besides being in a class by itself as a sales-getter. It is logically destined for leadership among visible pumps.

Wayne Engineering and Architectural Service

This service covers every detail of establishing a filling station, from the preliminary counsel regarding the site to architectural plans and selection of equipment—a service rendered free to the trade, entirely without obligation

To Motorists: The millions of motorists who buy their gasoline from Wayne Pumps are not only sure of full measure but also of clean, filtered gas, free from water and dirt

Wayne Pumps are also built in a large variety of other styles and sizes—a measuring pump for every purpose. Complete literature on Model 490 or any other Wayne Pump gladly sent on request. Prices quoted on application.

Wayne Tank & Pump Company

739 Canal St. **Ft. Wayne, Indiana**

Division Offices in Atlanta Boston Chicago Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus Dallas, Detroit Kansas City, Los Angeles, Memphis Minneapolis New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco and St Louis

Foreign Offices Toronto, London, Paris

Warehouses in: Philadelphia and San Francisco

An International Organization with Sales and Service Offices Everywhere

Measuring Pumps
Oil Storage Systems
Air Compressors
Air & Water Stands
Household & Industrial
Water Softeners
(Borrowmean Patent)

REG. U.S. TRADE MARK

Wayne

Honest Measure Pumps

Copyrighted 1924 by Wayne Tank & Pump Co.

The Good Angel of the War *becomes at last* the Servant of Peace

The homes of the nation can now be made as safe against infection as were the war hospitals in France. The great war antiseptic which saved hundreds of thousands of wounded from amputation is now obtainable under the name of Zonite. This germicide is as powerful as pure carbolic, yet it is absolutely non-poisonous.

A NEW antiseptic was discovered by two scientists during the World War. It drove infection from the war hospitals of France and saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of wounded men.

This miracle was performed by the new antiseptic, because: First—it had the active germ-killing powers of poisonous, burning compounds which could not be used freely on the human body. Second—it had the non-poisonous, non-irritating properties of the so-called mild antiseptics which could be used freely on the body but were not effective in killing germs.

The new antiseptic is now used in hospitals throughout the civilized world. It has opened up many new methods of preventing germ attack. Until the discovery of this antiseptic, it was exceedingly difficult to disinfect the delicate membranes of the mouth, nose or throat. Now it can be done safely and easily—and everyone *should* do it at least once a day.

Zonite is the form in which this remarkable antiseptic has been made available for household use. Among other things, it has made possible the practice of really *effective* oral hygiene (habitual cleansing of the mouth) in hundreds of thousands of homes. A teaspoonful of Zonite in a quarter of a glass of water will sterilize saliva (kill *all* the bacteria) in a few moments. Many antiseptic mouth washes and gargles won't begin to do it. Zonite doesn't bubble, doesn't taste sweet, doesn't smell sweet—but it *does* kill germs.

It is tremendously important that the bacteria which accumulate in the mouth be destroyed at regular intervals. When allowed to multiply, it is generally recognized that they are responsible for the disease of the gums which is sweeping civilized nations like a plague; they can also be the direct cause of all respiratory diseases from ordinary colds to influenza and pneumonia.

Zonite not only kills the bacteria, but it instantly overcomes breath odors, hardens the gums and leaves the mouth with a wholesome, cleanly, aseptic taste.

A recent survey indicated that a large percentage of the dentists of New York City are using Zonite as a mouth wash *in their own homes*. Dental literature indicates why this is so. One dental authority says: "The wonderful antiseptic which has revolutionized war surgery in the hospitals of France and England is just as invaluable in dental practice as in general surgery * * *. For irrigating pus pockets and sterilizing root canals it has no equal."

Another dental authority writing of the new antiseptic says: "It was first recommended as a mouth wash and oral germicide. This led to an investigation and finally resulted in the adoption of the solution to the exclusion of all other drugs. The solution is much more efficient, less irritating, less toxic than any antiseptic we have ever used."

Zonite was placed on the market a year and a half ago. It is now in use in leading hospitals, industrial first aid stations, and by physicians, surgeons and dentists throughout the United States. Millions of people are now being protected from infection and disease by Zonite.

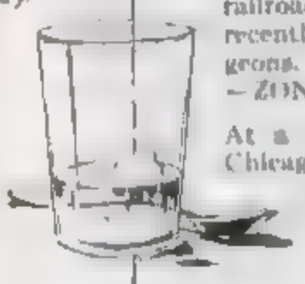
Are you one of them? If not, the sooner you are the better. You owe it to yourself and to your community to combat germs with a medico-chemical achievement that has been pronounced the greatest step forward in the field of medicine since the discovery of anaesthetics.

Use preventive measures against diseased gums, coughs, colds and more serious respiratory diseases daily in your own home! The only safe germ is a dead germ. Use a mouth wash, gargle and nose spray that does the work!

Although more powerful than pure carbolic acid, Zonite in proper dilution, can be used freely on any part of the human body to destroy germs. While deadly to germs, it is harmless to man and beast and no fatal accident can ever come through its presence in the household. Zonite is absolutely non-poisonous.

Zonite's effectiveness as a mouth wash and gargle is only one of its invaluable properties. The Zonite Handbook on the Use of Antiseptics in the Home describes the many new methods of controlling infection and disease made possible by this modern form of antiseptic. The book will be sent anywhere free of charge upon request. *Address Division D, Zonite Products Company, 342 Madison Ave., New York City.*

For mouth-wash or gargle a teaspoonful of Zonite in a quarter-glass of water twice a day.



FACTS ABOUT ZONITE

The head surgeon of one of the greatest railroad systems in the United States recently lectured to 600 fellow-surgeons. The subject of his lecture was —ZONITE.

At a medical meeting just held in Chicago, a lecturer with an international reputation called the particular attention of the 2000 nurses and physicians present to—ZONITE.

A paper was recently read before the graduating class of a leading dental college. The subject of that paper was—ZONITE.

The casualty engineer in charge of first aid for an industry employing more than a million men recently called together the casualty engineers at the head of various branches of the industry and talked to them for two hours about—ZONITE.

FOR HOME USE —*prevents contagion*

Use Zonite to protect your family against coughs, colds, grippe and more serious respiratory diseases. Gargle or spray the throat and nasal passages daily.

(Continued from Page 230)

and hold it in the names of the employes. As the shares bear dividends they are credited to the workers' accounts and applied to future purchases as the plan progresses. During the first twenty-two months of operation the Standard employes saved $7,709,243. To this amount the company added $3,854,621, and dividends on purchased stock amounted to $441,513. Thus the employes accumulated $12,005,377. It is not straining the point to say that these welfare and stock-buying features, as well as the profit sharing that exists in the Union, have contributed to the really unusual spirit which animates the personnel of California oil workers.

Where the narrative of the Standard of California is one of gradual growth in which teamwork has been a factor, the record of the Union Oil Company, one of the giants of the coast, is a dramatization of the long ... and effort of Lyman Stewart. In some ... ts he bears the same relation to pro... that the elder Rockefeller does to ... g and tra sport ... John D., he was noted for his piety. When fortune came to him he endowed many religious charities.

It was said of Stewart that in the early days of Union Oil he opened stockholders' meetings with prayer. He invariably carried a Bible.

Stewart was nineteen when Colonel Drake brought in the first historic well in 1859. Curiously enough, he was born near Titusville, the cradle of the business. His father was a tanner who hoped that his boy would carry on the business. The lad refused because of the smell of leather and went into oil, in which there was slight, if any, improvement.

In Stewart's young manhood, Pennsylvania was oil-mad. Oil leases were so much in demand that many, including Stewart, bought as little as a sixty-fourth interest in a single lease. He got his experience in the ... field and in 1882 went to Califor... where, because of his operations in ... holds, and until his death last year, was prominently identified with pro... in it.

It is with Union Oil, however, that he registered his most notable performance. By combining three small companies he launched this concern in 1890. Typical of the vicissitudes of the oil industry is the fact that at one time the fate of this company, which also meant Stewart's whole future, depended upon a loan of $10,000, which was finally granted by I. W. Hellman, in his day the leading banker of Southern California.

Cases of Chronic Optimism

Lyman Stewart personified the chronic optimism of the oil man. E. W. Clark, who is now executive head of the company, told this story about him: At a time when oil was very scarce and high, Stewart gave orders that every possible contract for oil for future delivery should be made. When the question of supply was raised he answered, "Never worry about that. We will get the oil." I relate this anecdote to show that Stewart, like every old time producer, always felt that when you needed oil you could always find it.

One of Stewart's cardinal rules was summed up in this sentence: "Buy all the oil land you can get, but never sell any." The result of this foresight was that the ... has never lacked available produc... ... on one of his properties.

That Stewart never played favorites, even with members of his own family, is indicated in the following incident which I got from his son, W. L. Stewart, now president of Union Oil: It involved a certain ... ferred ting for a subsidiary company. All ... ... als for shares had to be submitted in ... ... Young Stewart had told some of ... friends about it and he assured them that he would get them in on it. He thereupon submitted their requests for allotments with his own. When the allocations were made he found that he had been left out in the cold, whereas his friends got what they wanted. He spoke to his father about it, whereupon the only reply he got was, "I thought you could manage your own affairs better."

Linked with the Union Oil is a California oil enterprise well worth dwelling on for a moment. It is the Independent Oil Producers' Agency. It was organized in November, 1904, by 150 oil-producing corporations or individuals operating in the San Joaquin Valley and is the only organization of its kind in the oil business anywhere.

The Union Oil Company, which is a member of the agency, guaranteed the financing of the Producers' Transportation Company, which built a pipe line from the San Joaquin Valley to tidewater. Prior to its operation the only other outlets for the crude from this area were the pipe lines of the Standard of California and the Associated Oil Company. The Producers' pipe line enabled the independents to have their own line.

Under the plan of the Independent Oil Producers' Agency, of which the Union is the marketing agent, the oil is sold in the regular markets tributary to California, Chile, British Columbia and Hawaii under what is practically a pool arrangement in which all overhead costs are equally distributed. A commission of 10 per cent is paid to the Union for acting as marketing agent. The agency owes its inception, as well as its continued existence, to L. P. St. Clair, who has been president for sixteen years.

With the Union Oil Company we encounter for the first time the long arm of the Dutch-Shell coalition. In a previous article you may recall that I explained how this powerful British-Dutch group was reaching out for oil mastery all over the world, under the stewardship of Sir Henri Deterding, the European Rockefeller. Nowhere in America has it expanded to such a point as in California. It has a huge and highly organized enterprise, the Shell Company of California, which is not only in keen trade competition with all the out-and-out American corporations, but is likewise a distinct factor in every phase of the industry on the coast. It was the Shell Company, for instance, that opened up the treasure-trove of Signal Hill.

Dutch-Shell Enterprise

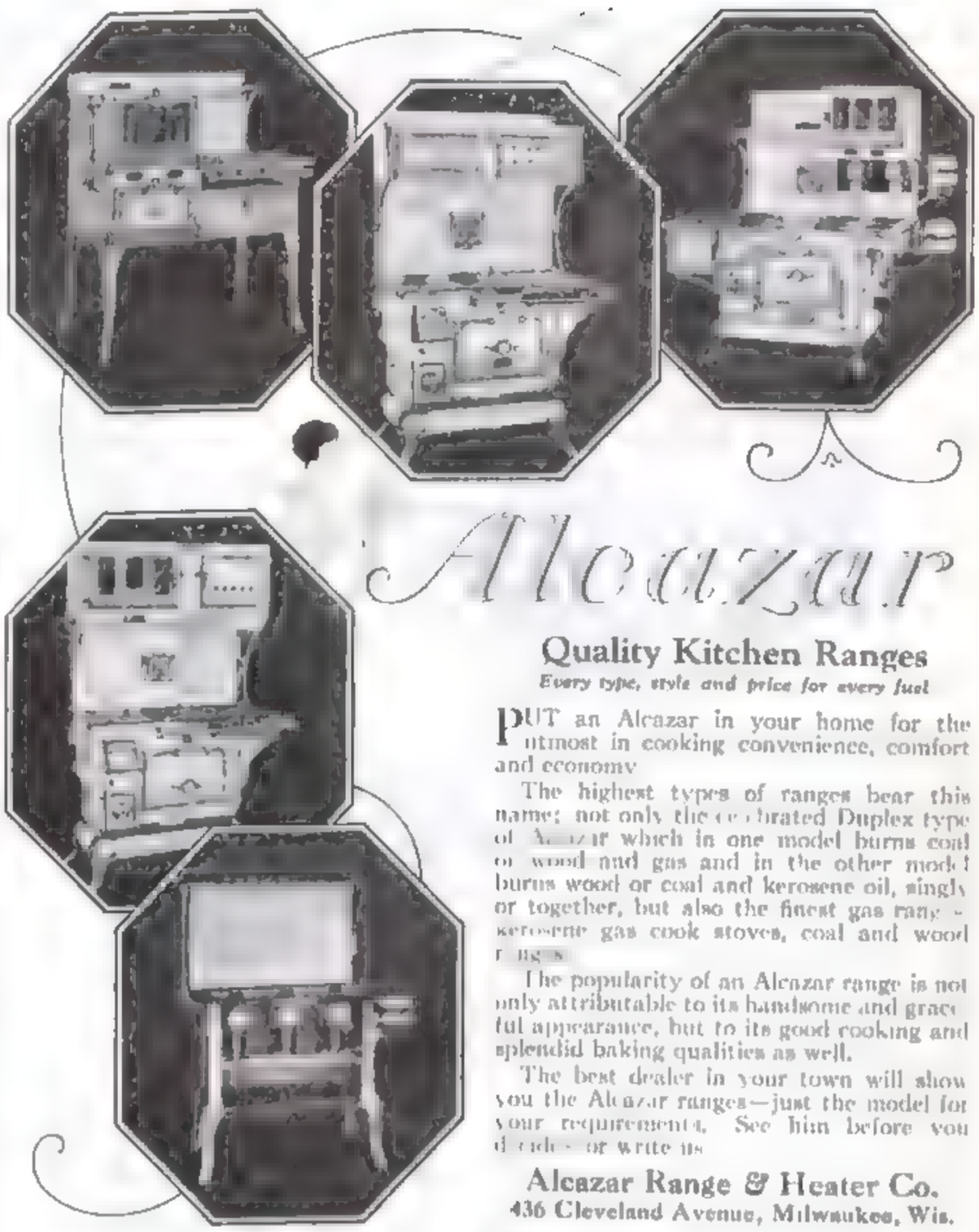
The Shell link with Union Oil is interesting. Two years ago the Dutch-Shell interests bought the Union Oil Company of Delaware, now dissolved. This latter company had a 27 per cent stockholding in the Union Oil Company of California, and it therefore passed into the hands of the aliens. Most of this stock, I might add, had been bought in the open market. This transaction instigated a Federal Trade Commission investigation, because it was believed at the time that the Dutch and their allies had acquired control of the California company.

The transfer disturbed the Union of California. The officials viewed with alarm the advent of Dutch-Shell, and as a result, and in order to maintain a purely California ownership, organized the Union Oil Associates, in which a control of the parent company is now vested. Thus, though the Dutch-Shell may increase its line of stock by open purchase, it cannot dominate the company.

The Shell Company of California is part of the Shell-Union Oil Corporation, one of the two concerns through which the Dutch-Shell interests operate in the United States. Other members of the group are the Roxana Petroleum Corporation and the Ozark Pipe Line. Deterding is president of the Shell-Union Corporation, and the Dutch-Shell combine has a 72 per cent ownership in it. In the Shell of California, as in every other concern that flies the Dutch-Shell flag, Deterding is the court of last resort. From his office in London he dictates the policy and performance of the California section of his world-wide empire.

More picturesque in human-interest details than the story of Lyman Stewart is the narrative of Capt. John Barneson, whose name is synonymous with the rise and expansion of the General Petroleum Corporation. In him you have the hardy sailor who left the perils of the deep for the no less perilous fortunes of oil production. The liquid that he employed to calm the troubled waters failed to function ashore, for a time at least, because his career in petroleum has been full of stress and storm.

Barneson was born in a fishing village in the North of Scotland. The son of a sea captain, he really went to sea when he was six weeks old, because his mother usually accompanied her husband on his trips. At fourteen he became an apprentice on a ship that carried immigrants to Australia. For some years he was in the Oriental trade, and at twenty-three became captain of a clipper which participated in many of the famous races of the tea ships



Alcazar

Quality Kitchen Ranges

Every type, style and price for every fuel

PUT an Alcazar in your home for the utmost in cooking convenience, comfort and economy

The highest types of ranges bear this name; not only the celebrated Duplex type of Alcazar which in one model burns coal or wood and gas and in the other model burns wood or coal and kerosene oil, singly or together, but also the finest gas ranges, kerosene gas cook stoves, coal and wood ranges

The popularity of an Alcazar range is not only attributable to its handsome and graceful appearance, but to its good cooking and splendid baking qualities as well.

The best dealer in your town will show you the Alcazar ranges—just the model for your requirements. See him before you decide or write us

Alcazar Range & Heater Co.
436 Cleveland Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Barry-More—new smart squared lines, skilful decoration, trim, sleek look. Rich tan or black calf at $9 to $10

THE NEXT bright spring morning you'll see a lot of men in new Bostonians. And along toward midsummer you'll see the same Bostonians, still in step with the style, and still keeping their shape.

BOSTONIANS

$7 to $10

WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER CO BOSTON AND WHITMAN, MASS

A HOT SPOT right ready quick when you want to light your smokes! That's one thing you'll like about your Cuno Electric Match. It isn't "delicate", doesn't need adjustment, and lights up immediately without fuss or delay. It's as reliable and convenient as the oil gauge and equally necessary to a well equipped car. All good things are imitated—so be sure you get a Cuno. Your garage man will put one on in one hole and a few minutes. Might just as well smoke in comfort and safety while driving! At all good accessory stores or direct on receipt of price.

Special Dash Type $5.00 — Tonneau Model
De Luxe Dash Model $6.50 — With Ash Receiver $8.50
Separate Ash Receivers $1.00 — Other Types to $15.00

THE CUNO ENGINEERING CORPORATION
6 South Vine St. Meriden, Conn.

ELECTRIC MATCH

18 or 80
Here's
Cash for
Your Spare Hours

Whatever your age, we will offer you liberal payment to care for our present subscribers and enroll new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. "Curtis work is my main source of income," says Mr. Charles W. Matthews, a High School boy in Wisconsin, "and I have made about $5.00 in one day." Mr. W. E. Dockry, of Michigan, on the other hand, is a Civil War veteran, a college graduate and a retired physician, who earns extra money by our plan every month.

You Need No Experience

We need more men and women workers in your locality right now. You need only the willingness to try work that is easy, pleasant and dignified. To learn all the attractive details of our offer just send the coupon which is printed below.

For Your Convenience

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
789 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: I'll be glad to look over a proposition which will pay me up to, say, $1.50 an hour for my spare time. No obligation, of course, if I don't like it.

Name

Street

City *State*

from China to England. The first ones in port always got the highest prices for the cargo and there was keen rivalry.

Captain Barneson's sea life was full of adventure. Once at Tahiti, when all his crew had deserted on the night before sailing, he rounded them up, put them in irons, and with his handful of officers put out to sea. On another occasion he defied a mutiny single-handed and brought the rebels to their knees. Knowing these incidents, and I could relate others, you can understand how and why he brought the General Petroleum safely into harbor after the concern had narrowly escaped the rocks more than once.

In 1890 Barneson left the sea temporarily and became agent of a British shipping company at Seattle. When the Spanish-American War came along he went back to his old love as captain of the United States Transport Arizona, and carried thousands of troops to the Philippines. With the conclusion of peace with Spain he went ashore, and there, so far as business is concerned, he has remained ever since.

It was in 1900 that Barneson became associated with oil in historic fashion. Petroleum was being produced in quantities in California, and he began to figure on the substitution of oil for coal as fuel at sea. The Santa Fe and Southern Pacific had proved the desirability of oil in railway locomotives. The captain therefore argued:

"Three and a half barrels of fuel oil can do the work of one ton of coal. You can buy oil from thirty to sixty cents a barrel, while coal costs some seven dollars a ton. It is high time to make the change."

When he first suggested the conversion to shipowners they regarded it as heresy. Finally he got the owner of the Enterprise—the ship did not belie its name in view of subsequent events with which she was associated—to change from coal to oil. Prejudice against the innovation was now reinforced by official precedent. The Treasury Department regulation stipulated that every ship should carry coal passers, but with oil fuel they were unnecessary. The Enterprise had to make three trips to Pearl Harbor with the officially designated number of coal passers, who had no coal to pass, before the regulation could be changed.

Mr. Huntington's Answer

Captain Barneson also early saw and urged the immense value of oil fuel to the American Navy. In this respect he emulated the service of the late Lord Fisher, whose advocacy of oil for the British Grand Fleet led to an epoch-making transition and really resulted in the British Government becoming a partner in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company in order to guarantee an adequate source of fuel both for war and peace.

Having sponsored to a large extent the momentous change from coal to oil, it was natural that Captain Barneson should become interested in oil production himself. His first association was with the Esperanza Oil Company. With his introduction into oil the captain began to do the daring thing. He helped to build the first important pipe line in California. It ran from the Coalinga Field 110 miles to the sea at Monterey, and it was the forerunner of the pipe line 400 miles long which he subsequently laid down across the Tehachapi Mountains linking the Valley Field with San Pedro Harbor. When he first announced the latter project he was told that it was impossible.

The General Petroleum Company was the natural evolution from the original Esperanza concern to meet modern needs and competition. As I have intimated, there were times when its fate hung in the balance and when the retired sea captain practically had to go it alone. He persevered, with the result that General Petroleum today is one of the most important of the California group and is in most of the California fields, as well as in Mexico and Wyoming. The bulk of its domain, however, is in the San Joaquin Valley.

When you ask Captain Barneson to tell of his oil associations he invariably says, "I am only a sailor." His office reflects his old environment, for he learns the progress of time from a ship's bell, and an old chronometer that aided him on many voyages stands upon his desk. When I inquired how he had withstood the vicissitudes of those years of General Petroleum travail he made this interesting reply:

"Many years ago I asked Collis P. Huntington to name the trait that had been of most service to him in his lifetime. His answer was, 'The ability to be patient.' It has been my stand-by ever since."

From Barneson to Capt. William Matson, another of the romantic oil figures of California, is a natural step for various reasons. Each sprang from obscure seafaring folk. Each sprang from obscure seafaring folk abroad; each left a marine command to enter petroleum production, and each achieved a notable self-made success.

Matson was born in Sweden and became a cabin boy on a coaster before he was ten. At fourteen he worked his way across the Atlantic and arrived in New York with a few cents in his pocket. He shipped as sailor on a vessel going around the Horn and turned up at San Francisco, where he made his home until he died. His first employment on the Pacific Coast was as cook on a scow. Subsequently he became captain of a small sailing schooner plying the waters of San Francisco Bay and vicinity. When he was twenty-one he borrowed enough money to buy a 200-ton schooner, with which he began a regular freight service between San Francisco and Hilo in Hawaii. This was the nucleus of the steamship line that now bears his name.

Mr. Matson's Activities

We now come to the link with Barneson. As his shipping interests grew, Matson acquired the Enterprise, his first steamer. Like the founder of the General Petroleum Company, he realized the value of oil for fuel at sea. It followed that when Barneson broached the idea to him, after having been turned down by various skeptical skippers, he found an ally in the Swedish shipowner. The conversion of the Enterprise into an oil burner followed, as I have already told, and a new era began on the Pacific. It is typical of Matson's enterprise that he is said to have been the first to use the radio on a ship in those waters.

Having helped to introduce fuel oil in ships, it was inevitable that he should turn to oil production. He always said, "If you use fuel in large quantities you must control the source of it." His initial interest was in the Western Union Oil Company in the Santa Maria field. Soon he was building pipe lines, tankers, and acquiring productive acreage on his own.

Having demonstrated the safety and economy of oil-burning in the Enterprise, he interested the Hawaiian sugar plantation owners in the use of fuel oil for their extensive irrigation-pump requirements. With his small but growing fleet of tankers he carried the fuel to the islands, where he pioneered a consumption which is now in excess of 2,000,000 barrels a year.

Following the organization of the Honolulu Consolidated Oil Company, which merged all his growing oil interests, he entered the Midway field and continued his pioneering. As was the case on Wheeler Ridge, he wrested oil from the desert. Water had to be piped for miles, frequently to high elevations, and it was necessary to develop a gas-fuel supply. The enormous gas reservoir and pressure in the Buena Vista hills, where he also operated, led Matson to pipe the gas to Los Angeles. In 1910 he began to experiment with the extraction of gasoline from wet gas and built the first plant in the San Joaquin Valley field to obtain gasoline from gas—a process by the way, with which few people who use gasoline every day are familiar. It was the source of one-eighth of our gasoline in 1923.

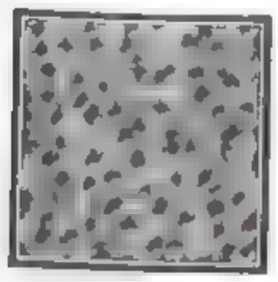
Thus the penniless Swedish lad who landed in New York traveled far. A fleet of liners flies his name at the masthead; his name is linked with a significant advance not only in the use of oil, but in the refinement of it, and among other monuments to his energy is a seventeen-story skyscraper on Market Street in San Francisco.

No phase of California oil development is quite so rich in the romance of the unexpected as that which relates to the Southern Pacific Railroad. A huge grant of land from the Government, bestowed years ago as a subsidy, part of which was sold to settlers for the proverbial song, suddenly became a petroleum domain of immense potentialities. Here, in a word, you have the outstanding fact in the life of what is today one of the great Coast companies—namely, Pacific Oil.

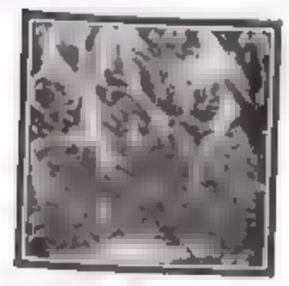
To get to the beginning, so far as oil is concerned, we must go back to 1901, when the California production was approximately 9,000,000 barrels. The Kern River field was in the hands of a large number of small operators, and it was the usual case of

(Continued on Page 237)

Only all-leather soles let your feet BREATHE!



Look at a piece of leather through just an ordinary magnifying glass, and you will see its porous nature—the natural pores of the animal's skin and the tiny perforations where the hairs have been—leather lets your feet *breathe*



These are the fibres of leather many times magnified—tough, resilient, these fibres give leather its wonderful strength, its "give" and its power to hold shoes in shape as nothing else will

Did you know that leather can be made to be as pliable and soft as a piece of cloth? When tanning leather for the soles and heels of shoes, it is made to have just the right pliability for the purpose—stiff enough to support your feet, yet with the proper amount of "give."

YOUR DOCTOR will tell you why all-leather shoes are best for you—why they do not "draw" your feet—why leather supports the arch of the foot—why leather, day in and day out, will keep your feet in perfect trim.

Leather is really a second skin for your feet. It has pores like the soles of your feet—pores that let your feet *breathe*.

That is why leather keeps your feet cool and comfortable in summer, warm in winter. That is why your feet do not perspire and become damp—why you are less subject to colds—in all-leather shoes.

The stylish all-leather shoe

The popular, stylish shoe is the all-leather shoe. But it is not altogether the dictates of style that have made its popularity. The all-leather shoe is the comfortable shoe—those who are on their feet most know that nothing takes the place of leather for foot-ease. The all-leather shoe is the economical shoe, the practical, stylish shoe.

It's the inside of the sole that counts. After a day's wear you won't be able to remember whether the bottom of the sole was black or white, rough or smooth. But your feet will tell you whether the sole was leather or not!!

And how good leather wears! Thousands of tiny fibres like those in the magnified picture at the left are bound together to give leather its strength and toughness. These fibres are so pliant, so resilient that they "give" with every movement of your foot. The tanning processes have made these fibres even tougher, even more elastic than ever.

Let your feet breathe!

When you buy shoes or have old ones repaired, insist upon leather soles and heels. How important leather is in children's shoes. How hot little feet get after vigorous play. And how unnecessary are the colds, the many illnesses that result from damp feet.

Let your feet breathe through leather soles. They not only insure foot-health and foot-ease, but nothing wears like good leather; nothing so holds shoes in shape as good leather; nothing is so easily replaced when, after months of the hardest wear, that good leather is finally worn out.

AMERICAN SOLE AND BELTING LEATHER TANNERS
17 Battery Place, New York City

The American Sole and Belting Leather Tanners is a group of independent and competing sole and belting leather tanners formed for the purpose of public information. It is not a company operating for a profit. Its primary object is to explain to the public, by means of national advertising, many of the highly interesting facts about leather and the tanning industry. The committee believes that everyone who buys shoes or machinery belts, or other products of leather, will welcome these facts as a safe, sound basis for buying

Nothing takes the place of LEATHER

—even if he doesn't Dim, You're Safe

Photo showing how E & J Type 20 Headlights project light past approaching car

The E & J Type 20 Headlight

This wonderful new lamp is a radical change in automobile headlight equipment. Its scientific construction provides a light ray of distinct pattern. The lower zone being clear and white for a distance of hundreds of feet, while the upper zone is amber in hue

This complete lighting unit elliptical in shape actually enhances the appearance of any motor car. It is bracketed in black enamel with a nickel lens ring. E & J Type 20 Headlights are equipped with the standard S A E bracket for mounting

YOU do not fear the dazzle and glare of approaching lights—if your car is equipped with E & J Type 20 Headlights.

Even though "the other fellow" fails to dim, you are safe because the strong, white beam from E & J Type 20 Headlights illuminates the roadway beyond the point where lights of oncoming motor cars become a menace.

You have a feeling of comfort and safety when driving behind E & J Type 20 Headlights. Not only do they cast a perfectly patterned ray of high intensity to light your path of travel for many hundreds of feet, but you know that the approaching motorist sees only a soft, amber glow. That is why you never have to dim.

In addition to the ideal road illumination and absolute elimination of glare, E & J Type 20 Headlights are so scientifically constructed that the light beam may be adjusted to conform to the lighting laws of every state. This is an important feature due to the rapidly increasing demand for automobile lighting regulation.

To equip your car with E & J Type 20 Headlights is a kindness to yourself, your passengers and other motorists. These remarkable, complete lighting units have introduced an element of safety into night driving that heretofore has been unattainable.

Do Your Part to Enforce Correct Automobile Lighting

EDMUNDS & JONES CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"The Safest Light in Motordom"

(Manufactured under Bone Patent, August 30, 1921; other Patents Pending)

(Continued from Page 234)

each for himself. Consequently there was [illegible] of action. Marketing, refining and pipe-line facilities were poor. Fuel oil as a substitute for coal was still regarded with distrust. Those who admitted its efficiency doubted the permanency of the supply. A price war among operators brought oil from one dollar a barrel down to twenty cents.

It was to meet this situation through organization that the Associated Oil Company was formed by W. S. Porter, sales manager for a Los Angeles oil-well supply house. With him were associated A. F. L. Bell, who introduced California asphalt to the world; William Mulholland, discoverer of oil in Santa Barbara County; and Bernard Bienenfeld, consulting engineer of the Southern Pacific. Forty-five companies came into the concern, with the result that the industry was stabilized in the Kern River area. During the early years large holdings of oil lands were acquired in the Conlinga, Lost Hills, Midway and Santa Barbara County field. Recently the producing areas were extended until they now include 100,000 acres of proved and prospective oil lands in California. The company also has extensive [illegible] interests in Texas, Wyoming and Kansas.

With coordination began a period of expansion. It meant the acquisition of pipe lines to the seaboard and the purchase or construction of refineries. Two innovations marked the period. One was the formation of a supply company, the other the establishment of an ironworks for the manufacture of pumps, tanks and other oil-field equipment. Meanwhile, various subsidiaries came into being.

Then came the link with the Southern Pacific. In 1909 the railroad, unconscious of the fact that it had a petroleum domain all its own, and seeking to conserve an adequate supply of liquid fuel for its locomotives, steamers and other activities, bought a controlling interest in the Associated. This need for fuel was not the sole oil interest of the Southern Pacific, however.

Back in 1866 the United States Government granted rights to certain alternate sections of land in the San Joaquin Valley to the Southern Pacific under an act of Congress "to aid in the construction of a road and telegraph line from the states of Missouri and Kansas to the Pacific." In those days it was the custom of the Government to encourage railroad construction with acreage gifts. A similar procedure was followed with the Union Pacific, which first spanned the plains with steel rails. The patents for the Southern Pacific territory were granted on the certificate of government surveyors that the lands were mineral. A similar affidavit was filed by the company.

The Southern Pacific Oil Lands

Many years later—that is, in 1905—when oil in commercial quantities was discovered on the Southern Pacific lands, suit was brought by the Federal Government to have the patents annulled. The allegation was that the Big Four—Huntington, Stanford, Hopkins and Crocker, who built the great unified system which opened California to the world—had previous knowledge of the presence of oil on the property. After long litigation it was proved to the satisfaction of the court that not only had the company no idea of the mineral value of its grant lands but that it had sold much of what is now valuable oil acreage for farms at prices ranging from $2.50 to $4 an acre. It was also shown that when the Southern Pacific, seeking a supply of liquid fuel for its locomotives, engaged engineers to locate oil lands it was on outside leases.

The discovery of oil on the Southern Pacific lands altered the fortunes of individuals as well as corporations. The story is told of a horse dealer who arrived at Bakersfield with $4000 in cash with which to purchase livestock. He was inveigled into a poker game and also indulged in strong drink. When he came to his senses about twenty-four hours later he found that he was minus his cash and that in the course of the game he had acquired a considerable amount of apparently worthless property in the San Joaquin Valley. His partners were furious with him for betraying their trust and he was expelled from the group. He got title to the land and a few years later sold it for more than $3,000,000. The supposed lemon turned out to be a melon.

Once in the possession of oil, the Southern Pacific developed and expanded its mineral properties, first through a department in its organization and later with a subsidiary company. It extended its operations to the Buena Vista Hills and finally to Elk Hills. The organization expanded until a sixty-mile trip is required to visit all its active areas in one field.

In 1920 the railroad segregated all its oil interests in a new company, the Pacific Oil, which was turned over to the stockholders of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Paul Shoup, who had been elected president of the Associated Oil Company in 1918, became head of the new organization. It took over all the grant lands of the Southern Pacific Railroad and also retained the controlling interest in the Associated Oil Company, which had been acquired in 1909. The Associated remained a separate entity, however.

A Dominating Personality

One of the distinctive features of Pacific Oil is that it is solely a producing company. With 259,000 acres of land, it has one of the great oil reserves of the United States. A large part of the area remains unexplored.

The refining and marketing end are carried on by the Associated Oil which, as I have indicated, is closely allied.

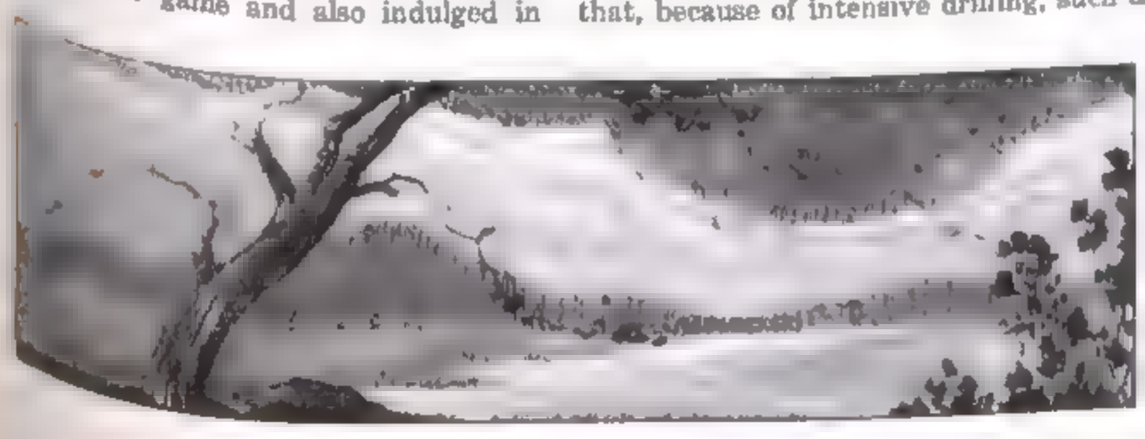
The dominating personality of Pacific Oil is Paul Shoup. At fifty his career ranks as unusual even in steam transportation, where a brakeman sometimes becomes chief executive. He not only rose from a simple clerkship, by way of a telegraph operator's desk, to be the principal vice president of the Southern Pacific, but turned to oil and registered a corresponding success. When he was fourteen he worked his way through school, first by serving a route for a Los Angeles newspaper and later acting as its correspondent at San Bernardino, where he lived. His first full-time job was in the mechanical department of the Santa Fe Railroad—he soon went to the Southern Pacific—and save for his presidency of the two oil companies, he has been in railroading ever since.

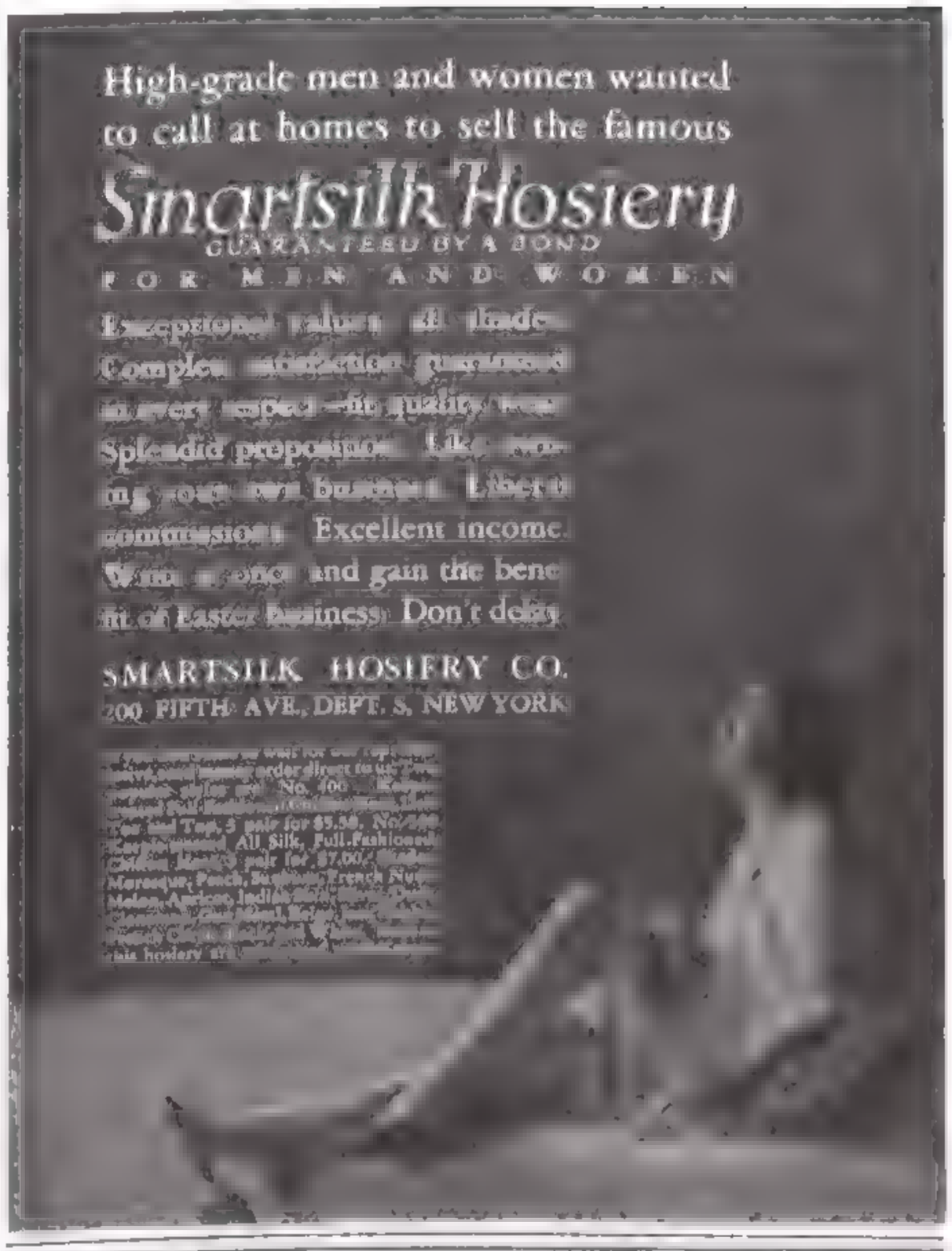
A little-known episode in his early life shows the man's versatility. While clerk in the passenger department of the Southern Pacific he showed facility as a writer and prepared most of the company's literature. It ranged from a Prune Primer to glorification of winter resorts. One day he got a special appropriation of $100 to boost patronage, and incidentally California. The result was a house organ. For its first issues Shoup was editor, photographer, staff writer and business manager. Today it is the Sunset Magazine.

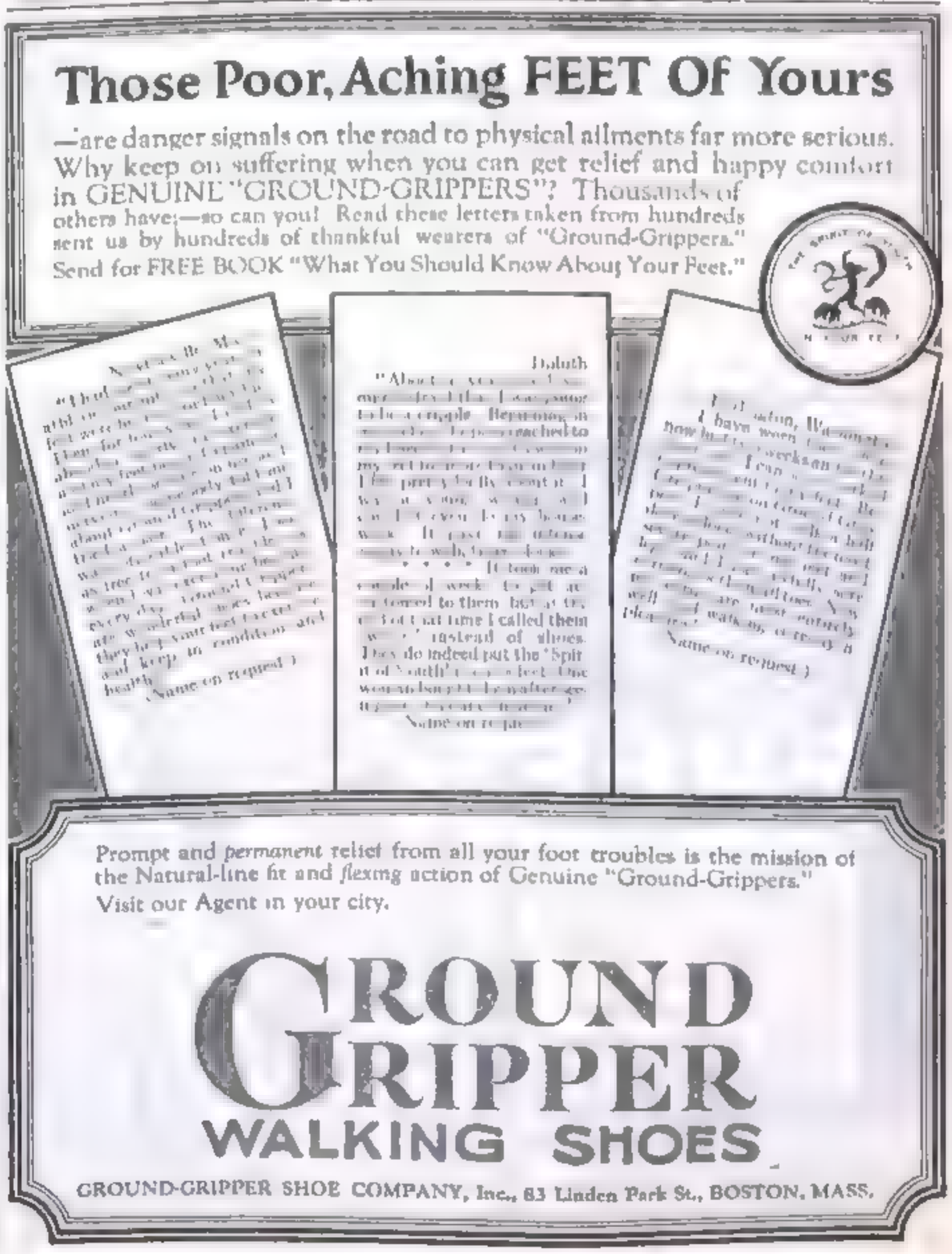
The late E. H. Harriman picked Shoup as a comer. The wizard of the Union Pacific had a vast traction dream for California and intrusted its consummation to Shoup, who made Pacific Electric, with its 1040 miles of track and therefore the most extensive interurban system possibly in the world.

California oil has done more than roll up this imposing list of major companies. The huge overproduction created an issue that is perhaps the livest in the business. It grows out of the intensive operations that made the record yield of the Los Angeles Basin possible, and is summed up in the question, Was it waste or otherwise?

On one hand you have the contention that, because of intensive drilling, such as




High-grade men and women wanted
to call at homes to sell the famous
Smartsilk Hosiery
GUARANTEED BY A BOND
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
Excellent income.
SMARTSILK HOSIERY CO.
200 FIFTH AVE., DEPT. S, NEW YORK


Those Poor, Aching FEET Of Yours
—are danger signals on the road to physical ailments far more serious. Why keep on suffering when you can get relief and happy comfort in GENUINE "GROUND-GRIPPERS"? Thousands of others have;—so can you! Read these letters taken from hundreds sent us by hundreds of thankful wearers of "Ground-Grippers." Send for FREE BOOK "What You Should Know About Your Feet."
Prompt and permanent relief from all your foot troubles is the mission of the Natural-line fit and flexing action of Genuine "Ground-Grippers." Visit our Agent in your city.
GROUND GRIPPER
WALKING SHOES
GROUND-GRIPPER SHOE COMPANY, Inc., 83 Linden Park St., BOSTON, MASS.

Should Anything Happen To Your Regular Job How Would You Make a Living?

IT has often occurred to me, writes Mr. [illegible] Peebles of Iowa, "that should anything happen that would deprive me of my regular position, it would not be a bad plan to have some other means for a livelihood. As I wrote you my first month, I had no idea I could do so well."

That "first month" was in 1919. Ever since, Mr. Peebles has been building up a list which pays him extra dollars from month to month and to which he can always turn should anything happen.

JUST suppose, that, wholly without warning, a fire, an accident, sickness or some other cause should deprive you of your regular position—what would you do then? If you were young, and had something to sell, you no doubt could find something else; but if you knew only one thing—how would you make a living? Here's an opportunity which is enabling literally scores of keen business men and refined women to make

$50.00 a Week Extra

Briefly, they make this extra money by representing, in their locality, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. And many of them are still holding onto their regular jobs—our plan enables them not only to make extra money just when it suits their convenience but it also insures them against want in the future.

Without Experience

We have just such an offer to make you, no matter what your age or in what line of work you are now engaged. Then, too, you do not need previous sales experience to succeed. You need only follow the simple suggestions which we will give you—but now is the time to start. Our publications are popular everywhere. You can be prepared for any emergency. *And your profits begin at once!* Write for all the details.

The Coupon Will Tell You

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
795 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

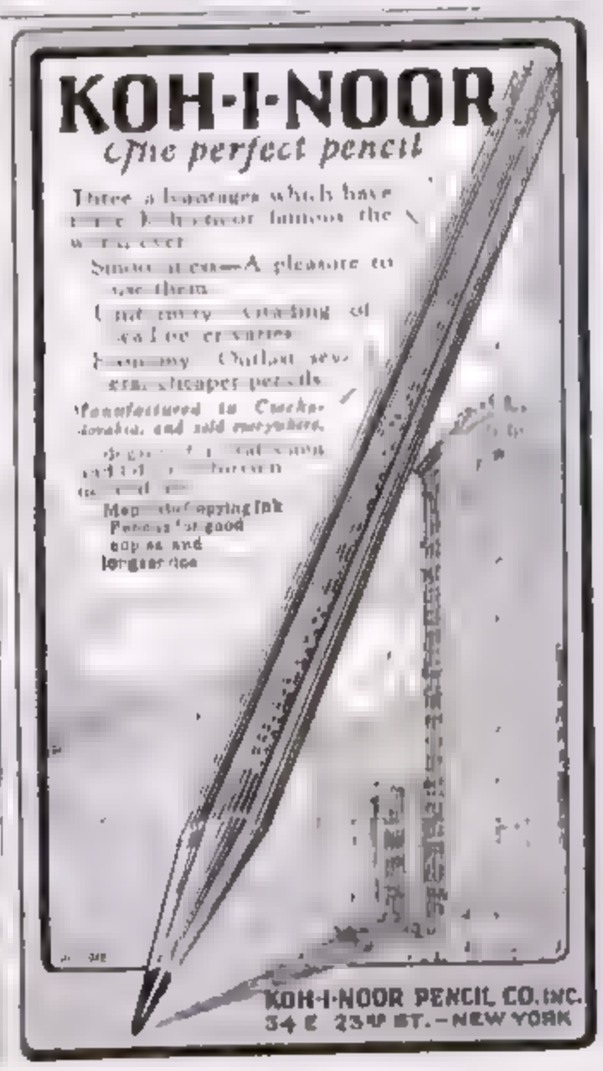
Gentlemen: Yes, I should like to know how I can always make some extra money. Send me your plan, and explain just how I can try it, if not, we're all friends.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

FREE
140 page Book full of life size ruled forms, each one completely filled in. The answer to problems of accounting and record keeping for any business or profession.
Send for this Book Today
John C. Moore Corporation
(Established 1839)
2126 Stone St., Rochester, N. Y.
MOORE'S
Used In More Than 300,000 Offices



exists, for example, at Signal Hill, where wells are drilled on adjacent town lots, some of which are not more than 120 feet square, there is costly duplication of effort and a demoralizing flood of oil, much of which must be disposed of outside its logical geographical market area. In support of this is the fact that during the fifteen months ending December 31, 1923, approximately 80,000,000 barrels of crude were shipped from California through the Panama Canal to Gulf, Atlantic and European ports.

With sixty-four companies operating on 770 acres at Signal Hill, the investment is considerably more than $100,000,000. Everybody in the field worked madly to get out all the oil possible and prices slumped.

It was cheaper for the Dutch East Indies refiners to buy the California crude and conserve their own. Less frenzied production competition would have meant an expenditure of one-tenth the present outlay, a conservation of supply and better prices.

Of course, the gasoline consumer everywhere has temporarily benefited. Unless new California bonanza fields are discovered, however, it is only a question of time when the Pacific Coast will pay dearly for the overproduction in the Los Angeles Basin.

On the other hand, the argument advanced by certain California operators is that competitive drilling, because of the great gas pressure, leads to a larger recovery of oil than would have been the case if the wells had been widely spaced. The immense storage facilities are held up as evidence that there is no actual waste of the product. Furthermore, this storage is regarded by the defenders of the overproduction as a market stabilizer against shortage.

Here you have both sides of a question that is purely academic.

One more conspicuous fact in California oil production remains to be pointed out. Not only are the wells deeper than in any other part of the world, but also more expensive. This applies to both the dry hole and the producer. During the past two years the Standard has drilled six dry holes, representing a total cost of $1,483,000. I disclose this fact to show that when the glib promoter of oil stock solicits your money for developments you can have some idea of the resource necessary to successful production, as well as the hazard. If a great company, with all its geological information and its technical experts, can drop this sum in six wells, what chance has the piker organization? Of course, one big producer will practically offset such a loss as I have indicated, but the promotion company lacks the sinews with which to persist.

Whether overproduction is waste or conservation, the black flood of 1923 placed California in the premier place among producers. Although the peak of output has been passed, it is not likely that she will be dislodged this year. Her recent oil history is a typical American drama of immense effort and result.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with American oil. The next will be devoted to the Mid Continent field.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

April 5, 1924

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

Pirate Blood—*Dana Burnet* . . . 8
Here Comes the Bribe—*Sam Hellman* . . . 10
The Manly Art—*Thomas McMorrow* . . . 14
The Gulf Stream—*Richard Matthews Hallet* . . . 16
Upstairs—*Richard Dwight Hillis* . . . 20
That Smith Girl—*Sewell Ford* . . . 24
The Dolphin Finial—*Aaron Davis* . . . 26
Money Mud—*Hugh Wiley* . . . 30

ARTICLES

Labor Arrives in England—*F. Britten Austin* . . . 3
The Black Golconda—California's Oil Empire—*Isaac F. Marcosson* . . . 12, 13
Jersey the Untaxed—*Freeman Tilden* . . . 18
Kindred Britain—*Lothrop Stoddard* . . . 19
How to Live on $36,000 a Year—*F. Scott Fitzgerald* . . . 22
Jungle Folk—The Dinner Thief and Pickpocket—*George S. Dougherty* . . . 23
The City Complete—*Felix Isman* . . . 28
Lead, Kindly Light . . . 29
The Diary of a Dude Wrangler—*Struthers Burt* . . . 32
The Crux of the Wheat Problem—*Alonzo Englebert Taylor* . . . 37
As Others See Us—*Princess Cantacuzène* . . . 46

SERIALS

The Rawley Steeplechase (In two parts)—*George Weston* . . . 5
The Rational Hind (Second part)—*Ben Ames Williams* . . . 34
A South Sea Bubble (Fifth part)—*Roland Pertwee* . . . 40

MISCELLANY

Editorials . . . 36
Short Turns and Encores . . . 38

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

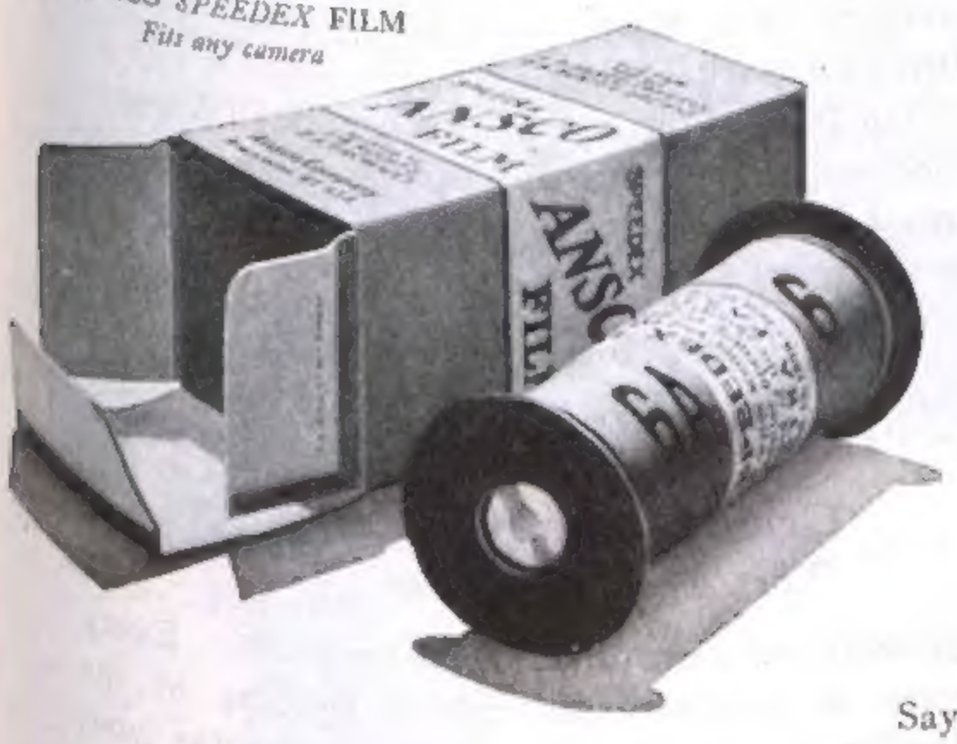
(Remember, these are magazine electrotypes,—mere reproductions of the real photographs)

A Cloudy Day

A Bright Day

YET — both come out right!

ANSCO *SPEEDEX* FILM
Fits any camera



What's *New* in Photography

This wonderful, new film we've succeeded in perfecting is typical of Ansco progress. We are making new inventions and improvements all the time.

Cameras—you should see 'em! (You can at any dealer's.) The Automatic Ansco!—winds its own film—a brand-new idea in cameras. No more double exposures. Six pictures in six seconds, if you wish. The Ansco Ready-Set! It's foolproof. No more guess about focusing or setting the shutter. Gets the pictures every time. And the Ansco Dollar Camera, the only roll-film camera at that price in the world.

Says Archie Ansco:

"Cloudy day, bright day
Ansco gets them either way."

I TWISTED that sentence around into rhyme on purpose. Funny how easy it is to remember a thing when a rhyme is tacked onto it.

Frankly you ought to remember that jingle—remember it the next time you go to buy *film*. Remember to ask for Ansco Speedex Film. Because it means better pictures for you—more fun from your camera.

I say *real fun* because you don't have to be a 100% judge of light to get good pictures. Why? Because you'll get good pictures in deeper shade and in brighter sunshine with Ansco Film than you ever believed possible.

In short, Ansco makes it hard for you to fail—easy to get the pictures you're after. Even if the light conditions aren't just right, it's just plain fun to get good pictures with Ansco.

Which one of these three classes are you in?

1. *You have been taking pictures with just fair results*—then you're the person I'm after! Here's a sporting proposition I want to put up to you. Load your camera with a roll of film. Take your pictures, some in the shadows, some in the light. Then do the same with the film you have been using. Compare the pictures and you'll be an Ansco user for life!

2. *You've put your camera away on the shelf* disgusted with your pictures. Then blow the dust of ages off your long-lost companion. Stick in a roll of Ansco film. You'll get back all your old enthusiasm when the first pictures come from the finisher.

3. *You use Ansco film already.* No need to say another word! From your own results, you know I'm the champion truth-teller of the world. "Cloudy or bright—Ansco comes right."

It's easy to get good pictures with

Beautifully illustrated catalog upon request.
Ansco Photoproducts, Inc., Binghamton, N. Y.

ANSCO *SPEEDEX* FILM

The Pacific Northwest

$86

round trip
from Chicago
to North Pacific
Coast destinations.
Round trip from
St. Louis $81.50

© R. I. Gifford, Portland, Ore.
The Great Falls of the Yellowstone

Burlington Route — Northern Pacific — Great Northern Railway

The great American vacation

Those who have traveled "everywhere"—those who *know*—will tell you that here, in our own country, is a great vacationland that has no equal on earth.

The Pacific Northwest—the American Wonderland—offers you this summer vacation joys that await you nowhere else. Here are five of the nation's premier scenic attractions:

Yellowstone National Park
Glacier National Park
Rainier National Park
Crater Lake National Park
The Alaskan Tour

Scenic beauty unsurpassed is everywhere. Every form of outdoor sport—from bathing in the Pacific to climbing the glaciers—invites you. You'll enjoy the friendly, modern cities and the fine hotels. The climate is glorious.

The Burlington-Northern Pacific-Great Northern Travel Bureau will help you plan your vacation. It will tell you where to go, what to see, and how to make the most of your time. It will give you an estimate of the cost. And, if you are going to any other point on the Pacific Coast, it will tell you how to plan your trip so as to include the Pacific Northwest.

Write for free booklet

The free booklet, "The American Wonderland," tells you in words and pictures all about the unrivalled vacation possibilities of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming—the Pacific Northwest. It's free. Fill in the coupon below and send for this interesting booklet now.

P. S. Eustis, *Passenger Traffic Manager*
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad
A. B. Smith, *Passenger Traffic Manager, Northern Pacific Railway*
A. J. Dickinson, *Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway*

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Great Northern Ry.
The Northern Pacific Ry.

Coupon

Travel Bureau, Dept. 20-A
1403 Burlington R. R. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your free book, "The American Wonderland."

Name _____
Address _____

The Baxters couldn't keep a maid

Mrs. Baxter surveyed the disordered living-room. She thought of the kitchen full of dirty dishes. She heard Billy Junior in the nursery again demanding attention. With a sigh she slumped into a chair and protested against the unreliability of servants in general and in particular of Lucinda, who had left just after dinner the night before.

But Alice Osgood, who had come to take Mrs. Baxter for a round of golf, looked on this predicament with different eyes. To her, Lucinda's leaving was just an index of a disorganized Baxter home. Why, the night before there wasn't even silverware enough to serve the guests properly. Lucinda had had to wash pieces between courses. Now she was gone—well!

HERALDIC PATTERN
Dessert Server
Reduced about one-third

Does your silver "make things go smoothly"?

OF course you realize the infinite planning that must go into every meal—even the luncheon or dinner for the family. But in selecting menus and in attending to their preparation, perhaps you have not realized the part that *enough silverware* plays in successful entertaining—and in comfortable everyday living.

Even though you have realized your need for more silverware, perhaps you feel that to provide enough would be too expensive. But it will not be—if you purchase sensibly and wisely of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate.

In this fine silverplate you may provide the needed knives or forks or spoons at reasonable expense. Yet you are purchasing the silverware of a lifetime—unrivaled in beauty or durability.

You may select in as small quantities as you wish those niceties of the well-set table—bouillon spoons, orange spoons, coffee spoons or serving pieces. And, should the occasion demand, you will have no difficulty in adding to your "1847 Rogers Bros." Leading dealers everywhere have the newer patterns in stock.

May we send you a copy of our booklet R-90, "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense," with authoritative table settings made in the Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations? You will find it full of suggestions for successful entertaining. Write for it to-day.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

HERALDIC
Bowl, Candlesticks, Tray and Vase.
These handsome pieces and many others are made to match the tableware in 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

© Matzene

DE GOGORZA
Victor Artist

De Gogorza's voice has endeared him to music-lovers everywhere. Such artistry is sure to be recognized, and it is so perfect on Victor Records that De Gogorza makes Victor Records only. Six of his sixty-nine selections:

	Double-faced	
Non è ver O sole mio	6075	$2.00
Beauty's Eyes Could I	573	1.50
In Old Madrid Juanita	581	1.50

Victrola No. 260
$150
Mahogany or walnut

© Apeda

SAMAROFF
Victor Artist

The art of Samaroff places her among the greatest of living pianists and her Victor Records possess that quality of tone which is altogether hers. It is in recognition of this fact that Samaroff chose the Victor to reproduce her art. Her Victor repertoire includes:

	Double-faced	
Liebestraum Nocturne in E Flat (Chopin)	6269	$2.00
Sparks Turkish March (from "Ruins of Athens")	825	1.50
Spring Song (Mendelssohn) Naiads at the Spring—Etude	826	1.50

Victrola No. 210
$110
Mahogany, oak or walnut

© Kubey-Rembrandt

ZIMBALIST
Victor Artist

Zimbalist's fame rests upon his playing—and upon the reproductions of his playing. He is insistent that they shall exactly parallel each other and he finds Victor Records necessary to attain that end. Among his forty-eight numbers are the following:

	Double-faced	
The Deluge—Prelude Orientale	886	$1.50
Salut d'amour Serenade (Pierné)	890	1.50
Le Cygne Menuett in G (Beethoven)	6332	2.00

Victrola No. 405
$250
Electric, $290
Walnut

The Victor Company originated the modern talking machine and was the first to offer the public high-class music by great artists. Victor Supremacy began then. It has been maintained by the continuing patronage of the world's greatest musicians and by the merit of Victor Products.

In buying a talking machine, consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well, and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more. The Victrola instrument line includes twenty-one models of the three general types shown at from $25 up. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalog.

To be sure of Victor Products, see the following trade-marks—under the lid of every instrument and on the label of every record.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.